DECEMBER, 1946

Esquire

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Maine chance

We have the finest correspondents. Miss Sharon Blaine of Portland, Maine, is certainly one of our favorites. We first heard from her in 1944 when she wrote an affair outlining in our Sound and Fury how many servicemen were asking for more mail from home. We fell in with them and Miss Blaine and we printed her letter inviting the boys to drop her a line. She received more than eight thousand replies!

Well, now the generous girl is back again after seeing to it that all those letters were answered one way or another. You'll find her current letter in Sound and Fury of this issue in which she says she doesn't want to let her correspondents in foreign lands and hospitals down just because the shooting and the flag-waving is all over. But her files have been destroyed and she has no other way of reaching them all except through the pages of Esquire.

You bet we'll help Miss Blaine. And we can't think of a better way to bring Holiday cheer to the world at large than the one you've chosen.

—D. A. S.

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Editorial: This Is For Those . . .

Even acknowledging that our peace on earth is a troubled one and that good will toward men can sometimes be a matter of expedience, we must know that this holiday season is a glad one compared to the others which have preceded it.

But before we take to the holly and gay wrapping and mistletoe we might reflect somewhat on a world which could not possibly revert even to its imperfect prewar status merely because an ambitious house painter suddenly was turned into a few charred rags. Reflect, for instance, on 10,000 children found by the UNRRA to have been kidnapped and carried off to Germany during the war—some to be screened for their I.Q. and possible spirituality in special schools for the education of potential S.S. men, others who were "inferior" to be herded as guinea pigs into the tragic pens of Nazi eugenics laboratories.

Perhaps even more criminal than the slaughter of these innocents was the cunning Nazi system of placing individual children in childless German homes to be reared by German parents. If the kids were young enough, they never realized that they were not German. Others were trained in giving the right answers to interviewers, no matter how their memories might play vague tricks on them with a blurred image of another home. One little lad, for example, answered questions in such good German and with such convincing logic that interviewers were about to call him German. A last question, however, brought the distant answer "Nem, nem *nesta*," and a sharp-eared UNRRA linguist pounced on the clue which proved the child to be a Yugoslavian Serb. His German custodians had threatened him if he ever told the tale of his kidnapping from his native Yugoslavia. Another tragic incident in the UNRRA quest was the meeting of a father and son in Stuttgart. The boy had been brought up under the vicious lie told by his Nazi foster parents that his father had murdered his mother and then deserted him. Actually, the father had been dragged away to a concentration camp and the real murderers were the operators of *Auschwitz*. But the boy had learned to hate him.

There is still hope, fortunately, for many of the children who can be located, identified as Allied nationals, and reclaimed, from the *kinder*-loving Germans. The children are moved to special centers operated in the American and British zones, where medical care, re-education, and the kindness they had almost forgotten help to restore some of the damage. Many of them still freeze at the sight of a uniform, any uniform. A candy bar is a treasure that often helps thaw them out. SS men gave no candy bars. The final task, of course, is restoration to home and family, if possible.

For so many of these little ones, and for the fate of untold numbers of other peoples, Walter Benton has spoken with lingering eloquence in the poem we have placed on this page. It too deserves a place in this 1946 issue.

But even in the face of such sobering truth, the full meaning of Christmas must still be joy to the world, and perhaps that is why this traditional issue of Esquire has been such a pleasure to assemble as its beauty and color grew. It has always been our hope to capture within these covers something of the seasonal spirit and, somehow, renewing it in a fresh aspect every year has always been an exciting task, like trimming the tree when you've got a crick in the back already from carrying bundles and wrapping presents. We've noticed that the same thing happens to our contributors. There's always a little something extra there, a flick of the brush, an extra glow in the words, when the work is meant for the Christmas issue.

We had always hoped that someone would tell the story of the man who enjoyed Christmas more than anyone else, but perhaps it is too sentimental a tale to repeat except in the informal atmosphere of this page. This fellow used to appear regularly in a big clothing store just a few days before Christmas with some urchin in tow. He'd buy the kid the works—everything a boy needs and wants. It all went back to a boyhood Christmas long before when he himself was picked up by a stranger as he peddled his papers on the same corner and was whisked into the same store for a new outfit. We can't say how long the chain of giving has been stretched, but it looks like one that's sure to last. It never was hard to look into that gentleman's face as he paid the bill. You knew then that *God Rest Ye Merrie* is a wish that will never die in human hearts.

This Poem Is for Those

by WALTER BENTON

THIS POEM IS FOR THOSE:
who died unarmed, bewildered behind high voltage fences,
behind barbed wire fences or dark, impenetrable walls
who died slowly and dully, with days and weeks and years of dying—

the peasant Pole and the fisherman Greek, the Norseman
and the Russian,
the Jew, the Frenchman, the Yugoslav, the Czech . . . the German—

the parachuted flier, the cut-off doughboy,
the surrendered poilu, the captured Tommy, or the wounded Red—

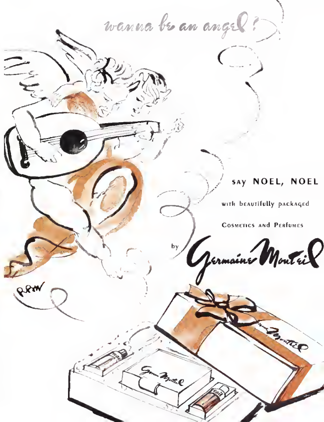
this is for the slave worker dying, when he could work no longer,
the idealist, when he dared to dream a better world
the wise man, dead for his wisdom incompatible with murder,
the freeman, for his freedom,
the good man, for his God . . . the colored man, for his color—

this is for the guerrilla and the partisan
the Maquis, the Elas, the Loyalist . . . the saboteur—

this is for the little nobody people who got in the way and died
anonymously, without glory or hope,
without food . . . or weapons in their hands,
without a hearing or a trial . . . without sense, without reason,
without medicine or God . . . without the Last Sacrament—

for whom there will be no marble chiseled, no copper hammered
in their tortured images,
no crosses, stars, commemorative stamps or purple ribbons—

because they died as Christ may have died at the hands of advanced
more expert murderers
and because they were many millions . . .
mostly poor.



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[illegible]

The Sound and the Fury

friend to 8000

Back in 1943 I wrote you and told you that I had written to a number of servicemen after reading their letters in Sound and Fury, and that their response had prompted me to ask you to help me write to more of those who weren't receiving enough mail from home. In May of that year you printed my letter, under the title of "Tell Mail Call." In answer to that letter I received more than eight thousand replies.

I answered hundreds of them personally and found friends delighted to help with the rest. I can't begin to tell you about all of those letters. Some were amusing, many unhappy, frightened and discouraged, but all pathetically wonderful. There were even some letters from officers, thanking me for what I was attempting to do for the morale of their men.

Some of my regular correspondents returned to the States, and to hospitals while my letters were en route to them, and so the letters were returned to me. Then my files were accidentally destroyed, and so I have completely lost track of many whom I know still need a good bit of cheering up. I should very much like to have a "letter reunion" with all of my wartime correspondents and any others who are overseas and find the distance from home a little too much for them.

There wasn't a letter but what praised Esky for its part in making life a little brighter in those far places and I know that Esky is our only hope of letting those lads know that I didn't let them down just because the shooting and flag waving is over.

Yours truly,
SHARON BLAINE

Portland, Maine

invitation to kibitzers

It was with pleasant surprise that I saw the poem The *Highwayman* by Alfred Noyes with the beautiful art layout in your September issue. Prior to your publication date I had purchased the film rights to the classic and I intend to make a feature-length picture with it as the basis. Mr. Noyes, Jack DeWitt and Ronald Hamm are now working on the screenplay.

Perhaps some of your readers have ideas about casting the principal characters in the story, as a possible guide in our efforts.

If they would care to write them to me at 8730 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood 46, California, I would be very happy to give them careful consideration.

Sincerely yours,
JAMES S. BURKETT

Hollywood, Calif.

donuts wanted

The following request will probably seem trivial but it means something to two Clubmobile girls who have spent the last twenty-two months overseas giving out coffee and doughnuts to American soldiers.

Just after we landed on our first assignment in Greenock, Scotland, we came across a September '44 Esquire and cut some of the pictures out to light up our room. One was a picture of two angels—one was quite angelic and the other's halo was a bit ruffled. The caption under it was "No matter what, men will be men."

The cartoon has been with us across the Channel, through France and into Germany. When we left Germany to come to Vienna, it was a hurried up affair and the angels were forgotten. We wrote to our old base asking for it but evidently someone else had liked it too.

Cammy and I would each like very much to have a copy of "Men will be men." We expect to spend a little more time in Vienna and our present rooms lack the original touch.

Sincerely,
PRISCILLA DE EVANS

Vienna, Austria

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This cartoon ran only in the Overseas edition of the September '44 issue of Esquire and our file of Overseas editions is limited. However we did manage to rustle up one tear sheet containing the drawing and dispatched it to Miss Evans. If any reader has another copy, and is willing to part with it, Esky will be delighted to act as middleman.*

undershirt concert

I am in the Royal New Zealand Air Force stationed at Iwakuni, Southern Honshu, Japan, where it is so damn hot that you could fry an egg on a table in a photographic darkroom.

Ever since the age of 3 I have abandoned undershirts, until a week ago.

The occasion of this sudden change was the result of reading an article written by O. E. Schoeffler in the April Esquire, wherein he states that a man is more comfortable in hot weather if he wears an undershirt. I decided to try his idea. Until then I couldn't wear a shirt at all during the day and at night my life was just hell with my shirt sticking to my back like a dirty old rain-soaked rag.

Since this change of ideas I have been comparatively comfortable and have been able to wear a shirt all day.

I owe Mr. Schoeffler my undying gratitude and believe me if he never does anybody else any good as long as he lives, he can rest with the thought that he once made happy the life of an airman in Japan.

He can quote my case to the "Club locker room cons" if he likes and if they still don't believe in the wearing of an undershirt in hot weather, tell them to come and try it out over here where the heat is worse than that at the Equator.

Very truly yours,
MERVYN OLIVER

Iwakuni, Japan

King's crossing

If you want another puzzle to keep the ball rolling, here is an old one.

A man lives on an island at the junction of two rivers. How can he travel from the railway station to his home by crossing every bridge once and once only (see sketch)?

It is assumed that the bridges are all connected by roads and that the rivers are impassable except over the bridges.

Very truly yours,
F. N. KEEN

Keighley, Yorkshire, England

just-so stories

Esquire has given us so much entertainment here in Calcutta that it seems only fair to retaliate with these true tales of the recent riots.

During the worst of the street fighting, a local transport official was approached by a gang of Hindus who told him that unless he put his street cars on the road at once they would burn them in the streets.

Hardly had he got over the surprise when he was confronted by an angry mob of Moslems who threatened to burn his cars on the streets if he dared to send them out.

The official, very puzzled about the whole thing, saw the police chief and demanded to know what he was going to do about it.

"Well," replied the chief, "that is entirely your own affair. It all depends on where you want your cars burnt!"

In another section of the city the Bengal police were trying to break up a pitched battle when they noticed an old Hindu on the roof of a near-by building blazing away with a rifle at the mob below. Infuriated and nearly in the teeth, they rushed the roof and demanded that the rifle be given up, which the old man did with the optimistic remark:

"That's all right, Sahib. I've got a brace."

Sincerely yours,
ALBERT DOWSON

India Command

pix click

I have been wanting to congratulate you on the initiation of the Esquire Gallery and very particularly on the illustrations of J. Frederick Smith. His drawings are extremely intriguing with an outstanding quality which is refreshing in this era of "striptease."

Sincerely yours,
A. F. THOMASSON

St. Petersburg, Fla.

daughter's dossier

Your article in the September issue of Esquire about my father, John Banvard, makes interesting reading, and as to the panorama of the Mississippi, practically correct. However, there are some statements which are erroneous.

You say that "in presenting his panorama to the birth of the nation's culture," complimentary tickets brought Governor Briggs and other notables to the exhibition, who made speeches and adopted resolutions at the end of the evening. As a matter of fact the exhibition at which Governor Briggs and other state officials attended occurred on April 20, 1847, the last showing of the panorama in Boston, and not at the first as you intimate. The presence of Governor Briggs and other officials as well as the speeches and resolutions adopted came as a surprise to my father.

The description of my father's appearance is far from correct. He had brown hair, grey eyes and fair skin. He wore the customary evening dress when presenting his panorama, as the picture of him when showing it to Queen Victoria and the royal household at Windsor castle testifies. That one, as well as two portraits painted of him while in England show him as smooth-faced. In his studio he wore informal attire, and usually a skull cap to protect his hair as he had a habit of sticking small brushes behind his ears as he worked.

It appears you have not seen a picture of Glenada or you would not describe it as a hodge-podge of different styles of architecture. And there was no dungeon included, as many unless you wish to so designate cellars which houses usually used for storage. I regret these inaccuracies in an otherwise interestingly written article.

Yours truly,
(Miss) E. M. BANVARD

St. Paul, Minn.

ease for delicate strategy

Very many thanks for your letter and for the pin-ups which arrived here a couple of days ago.

We were rather inclined to think that our letter would go the way of most scrounging letters—to the waste-paper basket, but we are very pleased that you saw fit to accede to the request of a couple of admirers of the Esquire charms and beautiful ladies.

You may be interested to know that the Field Officer of this unit has recently noticed that the Officer Commanding looks more reasons to visit them had previously been the case, and we have already had to adopt counter measures in order to avoid your offer being inundated by applications from the officers for pin-ups to brighten their mess. We are now sitting back and awaiting the arrival of the Divisional Engineer Commander, when we anticipate we shall be forced to disclose the origin of the young ladies.

Sincerely,
A. R. THOMPSON

Middle East Land Forces

unheard melodies

Joseph Wechsberg's September article, "Down Beat for the Movies," has as a concluding remark the comment of an usher upon guess, "Oh, can't they play music?" and I was reminded of a similar lack of appreciation during my Naval career. I personally projected the movies at our base and although I had already seen Song of Bernadette I was so impressed by the picture that I volunteered to project it when it came to the station. I had previously purchased the recordings of Alfred Newman's score for this wonderful picture and wore out a set playing them over and over. On this particular afternoon I was walking down the street with a fellow officer who had a superior education and was much disliked by fellow servicemen for his highbrow manners. He remarked on my having been "struck" with something—the picture. I replied that I didn't feel struck in any degree but I enjoyed the film and particularly was impressed with the music. He then made this choice remark:

"Oh, was there music?"

Surely Newman must have dropped a note in his current recording at that point!

JOHN McCREARY

San Francisco, Calif.

Continued on page 330

Three steps to a "Roses Toddy"

In three very easy steps you can make yourself America's oldest mixed drink at its delightful best.

We're referring to a Four Roses Cold Toddy, nicknamed the "Roses Toddy."

1. Into a large Old Fashioned glass put 2 ice cubes, ½ teaspoon of sugar and ½ jigger of water
2. Pour in a generous jigger of matchless Four Roses
3. Twist a strip of lemon peel over the drink and drop it in. Stir gently.

We think, when you taste it, you'll discover how delectable a Cold Toddy can be when it's made with that truly magnificent whiskey—Four Roses.

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Original in design . . . striking in color . . . correct in any wardrobe . . . favored in any age group from college sons to old grad fathers . . . yes, there's all that and more in a tie with the Cheney label. It's a name that really counts at Christmas—and all year 'round. Look for Cheney ties in a wide variety of patterns at better stores.

Chambure is the Cheney name for this superb moired rayon. Rich blended tones make this tie a sure success with men who like a spot of color. Ask for Chambure ties by Cheney. $2.50

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Leg o'Lamb so tender, [illegible] that folk can't ask for more? [illegible] First baste it gently with [illegible] California Sauterne or Rhine Wine [illegible] with [illegible] glasses of the same kind of good wine. This is one of many wonderful wine recipes in our free booklet.

To do right by dinner

Wine

is what you need

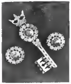
IS THAT YOUR hand pouring Sauterne wine to go with that juicy leg o' lamb? You are setting up something pretty tempting in the taste department! Get the meat carved and begin enjoying things.

A tempting wisp of wine fragrance starts you off. But something even better follows. Take a bite of the lamb, then a sip of well chilled wine. That's when your taste buds really cheer.

If eating can be perfect, this is it! And you'll want some more, so try rich red California Port with fruit at dessert time. Or set out Port wine with coffee and your favorite cheese.

We wine growers think perhaps you'd enjoy some of the other ideas in our wine and food book. We'll send it to you *free*. Just write to Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market St., San Francisco 3.

Port 'n Pears—just place pear (or peach) halves in dessert dishes, cover with California Port wine and chill until ready to serve. A luscious dessert to set out with small glasses of Port.



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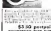

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Talking Shop with Esquire

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GIFT TIES. Stone in Alabama packages its gift ties with a specially designed greeting card which slips into the tie box and looks like part of the packaging itself. There's a space for some particular sentiment and the name of the donor. Ties included in the special gift box are made of a new fine firm poplin weave and all have the famous 4-fold construction, which, as you know, eliminates use of wool interlining making for more perfectly balanced four-in-hands. Choice of club and college striped patterns, plaids and 18 Scottish clans.

YACHTSMAN'S KIT. Shop which specializes in equipment for yachtsmen, gets out a sewing kit for repairing sails. Kit was originally made by a well known sailmaker for his own boat. Now for the first time since the war, other yachting brethren can buy same. Kit contains all the gear needed to do a real sewing job . . . twine, needles, palm, wax, pencil and a booklet by Ratsey on the care of sails. Kit can be hung on a bulkhead, or rolled up and stowed.

Ranger

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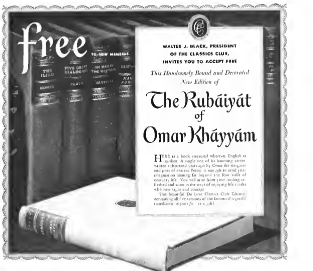

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Ranger

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Talking Shop with Esquire

SEW WHAT? Stymied on what to give Mater for Christmas? If you hurry you might be able to snag one of the new portable electric sewing machines. The new ones weigh about 11 lbs., can be operated on AC or DC current, and fit into a carrying case which looks like a portable typewriter case. Technical features include a reverse mechanism which enables Mom to sew backward as well as forward (in case she is in a perverse mood); hinged presser foot making it possible to sew over pins and heavy seams, a small, light dialed tension, etc.

PICK UP THE THREADS. Further sewing equipment might include a flower decorated wooden box to hold sewing paraphernalia. The removable partition tray holds pincushion and has ample room for spools, scissors, etc. Then there's a nifty gadget which holds 21 spools of thread on a rack which folds up compactly when not in use, or hinges out in stair-like formation, each vari-colored spool held securely on its own spindle. Rack is decorated with roses.

SO RED THE ROSE. Here's one for Gramma, Aunt Tillie or Mama (accent on last syllable, please). On Christmas day each lady receives a cellophane box containing a huge artificial rose and a card from you announcing that there's more to come. Come planting time, recipients welcome a number of live rose plants, potted and ready to place in the ground. You can send single rose bushes, or elaborate collections of 36 different plants.

MUSICAL XMAS TREE STAND. If you go in for small apartment-size trees and want something to astound your friends and relatives, set your Christmas tree into a white enameled stand gayly decorated with green trees. But here's the payoff—this stand actually plays "Silent Night" or "Adeste Fideles!" Further developments in treeholders also include a [illegible] all steel stand — an automatic which fits any size tree. In fact, the heavier the tree, the tighter it holds, and without nails, screws or bolts. The center cone holds moisture and fireproofing solution which is soon absorbed to fireproof the entire tree.

Ranger

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Why keep dangerous used blades around the house? This unbreakable lustrous plastic barrel holds a year's supply of used blades.

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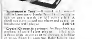

"Sportsman's Tray"—[illegible] handsome wall plaque $20.95

"Crystal Cheese Assortment"—[illegible] filled with a [illegible] assortment of cheeses. Cheddar in wine, Edam in sauterne, Baby Gouda and others. $7.50

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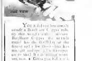

Your fishing line travels inside a Beryllium Copper tube [illegible] Beryllium Copper, the miracle metal, has the flexibility of the finest split bamboo—but has strength and spring far superior to steel. [illegible] • Gives you [illegible] accuracy and long [illegible] when shooting at your fish target. • Go to your dealer and try the Warren GUIDE-FREE. [illegible] • Write today for free [illegible] today!

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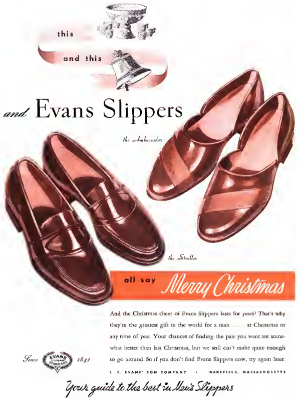

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And the Christmas cheer of Evans Slippers lasts for years! That's why they're the greatest gift in the world for a man . . . at Christmas or any time of year. Your chances of finding the pair you want are somewhat better than last Christmas, but we still can't make quite enough to go around. So if you don't find Evans Slippers now, try again later.

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Talking Shop with Esquire

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CONVERSATIONAL COCKTAIL NAPKINS. Newest cocktail napkins go in for a courtship motif. Amusing little figures are hand appliqued into the napkins . . . boy popping the question, bridal pair, honeymoon pair and finally a baby carriage.

RICH UNCLE. The game people have come up with a new one called "Rich Uncle" which introduces a completely new technique in speculative "big money" games. Each speculator starts out with ten grand, (on paper, of course) and tries to pyramid this to fifty grand. There's a stock board panel inserted at the side; market prices are changed with each dice roll, etc. All very hectic and exciting for a gang to play. More meditative game for two players is called "Senet", the favorite game of the Pharaohs some 4000 years ago. The manufacturer worked in collaboration with the Metropolitan Museum of Art, whose archeologists discovered an ancient copy of the game in a pyramid tomb. There's a senet board consisting of ten safety squares on each side and a "valley" in between. You play with pegs and dice, and object of the game is to eliminate opponent's pegs by landing pieces on their positions in the valley. Requires certain skill.

TAKE IT WITH YOU. Nickel cocktail shaker and four nested nickel-plated 24 kt. gold lined cups. Whole works fit into a leather case, handsomely saddle-stitched. Standard business trip equipment! Same firm makes a combination cigar and cigarette humidor, leather covered and mighty stunning.

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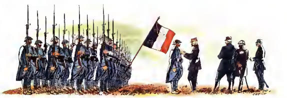

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We have pictured only a few of the many pattern types available in the Remsenfold Scarf. Every tie was printed by hand to produce the bright sharp colorings so characteristic of all McCurrach ties. Ask to see the McCurrach label at better stores everywhere.

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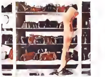
You may wear peanuts soon

1870 **Exciting new clothing** fabrics, created by the magic of chemistry, are coming your way—soon. In 1870, 12 years after the name Corby's came to Canada, buyers were limited to fabrics made of animal and vegetable fibers—like house-spun cotton and wool.

1919 **"Wooden shirts"** were on the market. Rayon, made from cellulose derived from wood pulp, was the first chemically created textile widely used. It was continually improved from this date when the name Corby's was in its 61st year of Canadian fame.



1938 **The wonder fabric,** nylon created from elements found in coal, gas and air—proved an immediate hit when introduced in this 80th year since the name Corby's came to Canada. Returning after war service, nylon is on most "want" lists today. And in

1946 **Peanut protein** fibers have been converted to cloth in experiments. Wrinkle and shine-proof fabrics that hold their crease and shape indefinitely have been perfected from other materials. And speaking of perfection—*odds are you'll find it in light, sociable Corby's whiskey.* This whiskey with a grand old Canadian name is something special in the way of good taste. Next time, try Corby's in your favorite drink.

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

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Talking Shop with Esquire

MONEY CLIP FOR FORMAL WEAR. The black or white tie routine is back again, and with it comes the need for proper accessories. To wit, a billfold designed for formal evening wear in satin striped black moire, wafer thin, and we do mean wafer, calculated to slip into the pocket of your dress clothes without the slightest bulge. Decorative gold-filled metal binding acts as a spring to keep it compactly closed and the unbreakable clip grasps twenties or more, snugly—each bill is instantly visible and may be inserted or withdrawn in a jiffy. You'll like the billfold so well you'll probably want to have it made up for daytime in black or colored morocco leather or pigskin.

MATCHING LEATHER ENSEMBLE. Fine functional gift is a group of related accessories, wallet, cigarette case, key case and secretary all in hand-crafted, rugged shell cordovan leather. (Shell cordovan is so tightly knit, it's almost completely airtight and waterproof, and in addition, boasts of a superb, glossy, gleaming sheen.) For long lasting wear, these sets are "strength-stitched" in nylon.

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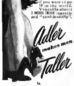
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Talking Shop with Esquire

HAPPY DOGS. One of the Redman's greatest contributions to posterity is the Indian moccasin. Variations on these are still going strong for indoor and outdoor occasions. What better gift than an all leather moccasin with staunch rawhide laces, adjustable ankle fit, sturdy leather soles. In men's sizes, also sizes for the distaff side of the menage.

CALENDAR WATCH. So he has a watch . . . but maybe not a calendar watch. Here's the ne plus ultra in wrist watch design, in as much as it automatically tells the days of the week, month and date in addition to the correct time. Days of the month are tallied in the outside rim of the dial, the next row chronicles the days of the week, and set in at the top . . . the month. If you know a guy who is too lazy or too busy to wind his watch, give him a self-winding job. These wrist watches wind automatically with the motion of the wrist. Both of these are of stainless steel, waterproof and shockproof.

POCKET ALARM. Traveling men prone to oversleep or on a strict appointment schedule will welcome the pocket alarm watch. This round nickel plated monitor looks like grandpa's old pocket time piece, except that the back opens up so it can be propped up on a table at night. If a chap wants to make a train, he simply sets the alarm, puts watch in pocket and at the stated time comes a raucous warning from the depths of his pocket!

PRESENTATION BAND. Fellows who were in the service got used to wearing I.D. bracelets. Good gift for them is one of the new flexible watch bands which carries an identification disc suitable for initials, name, fraternal emblem, etc. Gold filled in yellow or pink finish. Will fit any wrist or any watch.

KEY CHAIN PENCIL. Remember the nifty key chain which carried a flashlight at one end? Some firm now makes a key-chain combined with a collapsible, mechanical pencil. All metal, or with smart leather covering. A peach of an inexpensive gift for either sex.

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Talking Shop with Esquire

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dept 12, 1 w 34th st. new york 1, n. y.

Talking Shop with Esquire

"WELL SLUNG!" If you really want to win femmes and influence people, let your gift be an important handbag. Might be of calf or suede with a novelty handle which looks like twisted spaghetti, or a calfskin bag which expands accordion fashion into a capacious interior. Has a handsome French lock of brass and an adjustable over-the-shoulder handle. Regardez, aussi the cocktail bag — a circular affair in black satin studded with sequins and rows of black beaded jet fringe. Its unique feature is a telescope swivel top. Lastly the two roses bag with huge black sequin roses embossed on each side.

ALL IS VANITY. When in doubt, give a compact (commonly known among gentlemen as a vanity case). In the sentiment class is a huge round metal compact emblazoning with a blue bird of happiness in deep blue enamel, or a handsome "true love" compact with a gold figurine of cupid playing his bow and arrow—actually perched atop the lid of the case. Reminiscent of the Olivier film "Henry V" is a compact with the fleur de lis in gold on black or royal blue. Strictly conversation pieces are compacts depicting Lady Godiva complete with flowing hair, horse and all, or Adam and Eve with serpent in black enamel and gold. Or a round compact shaped like a huge picture hat.

MILADY SMOKES. She'll take great pride in showing off a new cigarette case in gold lustre metal. As she presses the case it snaps open and a snug inner compartment rises smoothly, automatically, presenting a row of cigarettes in an upright angle. Each cig is held in the inner rack without pressure or friction for easy selection. With the case you might send an unusual cigarette lighter of rolled gold shaped like a small, delicate pencil.

LIPSTICK QUARTET. No gal ever has enough lipsticks. Deluxe way of remedying that, is the gift of a small case of jewelled lime, lined with gold kid and fitted with four metal lipsticks, each a different shade. Another novelty lipstick comes from a Hollywood designer. Shaped like a Grecian column, its base is of gold plate which sets off the fluted, white bone case.

Ranger

For an answer to all your letters, send self addressed stamped envelope
[illegible] 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Hard-to-Get
ALL WOOL
Cable Stitch
SWEATER!

For Sports or Leisure
•
WILL WEAR FOR YEARS!

HERE'S new [illegible] like the [illegible] Cable Stitch style [illegible] fully [illegible] long wear. (Comes sleeveless or with sleeves.)

COLORS: Camel Tan, Blue Jay Yellow, Maroon, [illegible] Green and White. SIZES: [illegible] 14 to [illegible] $6.95 [illegible] Small, Medium, Large $6.95 [illegible] Quantity limited. ORDER NOW!

MEN: Write for information on other sweater styles and all wool coats

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE
Dept. 117 Winchester Mass.

Christmas Gift He'll Appreciate

Enjoy the smartest of all brogan loafers—the new Loafer and "Buckle and Strap" moccasin. The bold and distinctive whip-stitched vamp and the unique "kicker-back" on heel sewn by expert craftsmen. Flares a touch of burgundy in the rich brown leather. Top quality assured by [illegible] of fine shoe making. Ideal Christmas gift! Order Model 1 today. State exact shoe size and width. Available NOW sizes 6 to 12 B C D. **$7.95**

CONCORD SHOES, Milwaukee 1, Wis.
Send a pair of Loafer Buckle and Strap Loafers Model [illegible] size [illegible] width [illegible]
(Here I enclose $7.95 plus [illegible] mailing.)

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

Your COMB
should have these
5 advantages

- ★ Smart styling, lovely sparkling colors
- ★ Rounded teeth to avoid scalp injury.
- ★ Micrometrically spaced teeth for perfect combing.
- ★ Complete range of styles for men and women.
- ★ Open design for easy washing.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Combs
in POST-WAR PLASTIC

RABAR
XMAS SPECIAL!

New Type Shaver

Comfortable head grip especially designed for smoother, speedier shaves.

Carryall: a water-resistant plastic handled shaver has streamlined built in compartment for gold plated razor head and blades. Slot slides open, head loosens to shave in a second!

The compact CARRYALL set, including Genuine Cowhide leather case and 100 finest keen double-edge blades in watch spring steel . . . a perfect gift for any man at home or on the road . . . a welcome treat in new shaving ease and comfort!

Gift packed in two De Luxe boxes
Reg. $3.00 for Carryall
2.50 for blades
$5.50

XMAS SPECIAL $5.00

Postage paid on pre paid orders

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15 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Time in advance of its time

The watch that [illegible]
the achievements
of a hundred years
of precision watchmaking
the Omega Chronometer
For six consecutive years holder
of the highest accuracy rating
in the International Tests
at the British National Observatory . .
Omega smashed its own records
by winning the most recent of the world-
famed Geneva Observatory Competitions.
The Omega Chronometer, a watch
in advance of its time, is for those men alone
who are leaders of their time.

Every Omega Chronometer is a precision instrument, accompanied by an official timing certificate testifying to its unbelievable accuracy in different positions and under varying conditions of heat and cold. The watchmaker's ceaseless efforts to capture absolute accuracy and the many lengthy tests of the completed watch necessarily limit the number of Chronometers that are available.
14 K Gold, 17 Jewels

OMEGA

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WORLD WIDE SYMBOL OF ACCURACY

Springmaid delivers the goods in a fine *Airman* shirt

A happy landing brings together a great name in fabrics and a quality leader in men's shirts.

Here's a new take off in style—a topnotch Airman shirt tailored from a fine Springmaid fabric! Style-cut collar; figure-fit body shape; sloped shoulders; tapered sleeves; and guaranteed not to shrink out of fit. At better retailers everywhere.

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SHIRTS
TAILORED BY **SHIRTCRAFT**

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ARE YOU A DEEP SEA DIVER?

Are you the man whose daily tasks take you down six fathoms ... a man with a fool swishing secretary?

If you are then a

PEERLESS

P38

is NOT for you ... because a PEERLESS P38 gives dependable writing performance ONLY out of water ... (the stuff we all walk in and breathe)!

$8.75

GUARANTEED FOR ALWAYS!

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Moccasins in your style

The gift to give!
The gift to get!

Jordan Williams Dept. 38
15 Moore St., N. Y. 4
I enclose outline of bare foot
☐ Send Huskies C.O.D.
size marked at $3.95 plus postage.
Boys' sizes 1-5 $3.00
☐ I enclose check or M.O.
Send postpaid

Talking Shop with Esquire

BETTER IN A SWEATER Sweaters used to be solid (in color and preference), now they're really sharp. Teen-agers are collecting 'em like crazy. Standard crew neck, long sleeved all wool jobs have designs that are really groovey. Covered with musical clefs and do-ra-me-fa'gence notes. 'Nother has musical notes plus a yoke knitted to resemble a piano key board. For balletomaniacs a sweater designed with a huge ballet dancer figure and ballet slippers strewn around at random. Or you can have telephone numbers and college pennants, reindeer or moose, algebraic sums and tiny school houses. Ah, Youth!

NATCH. Scarfs, too, go screwy. Take the slanguage scarf called "Hubba Hubba." Has such immortal expressions as "Def", "Roger", "Chickery Chick" scrawled over the surface in a definitely non Spencerian hand. More sophisticated are other silk scarfs, bearing chess play squares, Victorian tea party figures, Manhattan skylines, etc.

RING WATCH. Practical and decorative is the 17 jewel solid gold watch set into a stunning gold ring. Unusually beautiful is a bracelet watch which has space for two concealed keepsake photographs plus a little gem of a watch all set into the gold bracelet band. "The Voice of the Turtle" is heard in another watch clip done in the shape of a turtle, sparkling with simulated emeralds and rubies.

HI, MATE, LET'S COMMUNICATE! by means of costume jewelry. There's the "date" bracelet in gold plated sterling ... wide flat links with a disc containing a fake watch face with movable hands which can be set at the time when you first met her or at the time of your date, etc. Another bracelet flaunts a facsimile of a phonograph platter to be inscribed with the name of your favorite song and hers. Or, to show your attachment, a pair of hand-cuff bracelets held together by a chain ... her name engraved on one, yours on another. And how about the two bit necklace which actually carries five bona fide nickels set in medallion-like discs. And the brooch set with a genuine silver dollar.

Ranger

For answers to all queries send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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BRIGHT NEW GIFT IDEA!
PERSONALIZED
bantamlite POCKET
FLASHLIGHT

handsomely engraved with 3 initials

Looks like slick cigarette lighter but lit it and you have super-powered flashlight! Choice of chrome or gilt finish and brown case. Ideal for pocket or purse. Gift packed.

$2 with 2 batteries

Postpaid—Send cash, check or money order. No C.O.D.'s

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A TIE'S BEST FRIEND

the new modern
TI-D-TIE*
Rack

BEAUTIFUL—sparkling clear Lucite rack and smooth-grip plastic holders assorted in Red, Green, Ivory & Blue. Makes a gorgeous display of a man's ties!

EFFICIENT—ties can't wrinkle or fall off! Keeps ties orderly and tie easy to select—better-looking ties and longer wearing.

A DELUXE GIFT—practical, sure to please every man. Smartly boxed. Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfied. No C.O.D. Dealers: Order as New product NOW!

LUCITE Rack 18½" long with 48 holders, $5.00 postpaid.

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SMOKING PIPE
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- genuine imported briar bowl
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$12.50 at your dealer or order direct sent postpaid. No C.O.D.'s.

AYRES PIPE GUARANTEE: Smoke your favorite pipe. Then smoke the AYRES. If you don't enjoy a cooler, sweeter, more satisfying smoke, return pipe in 5 days for money refund.

Send for FREE descriptive booklet
THE OLD AND NEW IN PIPES

ERSKINE-MILLS CO. ELIZABETH NEW JERSEY

The Rum to Remember

GOLD LABEL OR WHITE LABEL · 86 PROOF · SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

LAST DAYS OF THE PONY EXPRESS *From St. Joseph, Mo. to Sacramento, Calif., 2,000 miles of unknown territory with but one permanent settlement, the Pony Express carried the U. S. Mail in 25 mile relays. Saddle bags were passed from pony to pony for nine days across the plains, the Rockies and the Cascades. Winter and Summer for two years the schedule was maintained in all weather against Indians and bandits. Mail written by the original founders of the Kaywoodie Company was carried by these riders. In 1860 the Overland Telegraph Company began building the telegraph and as the lines advanced the Pony Express operated only between the ends of the wire and in 1862 became a picturesque memory. (Reproduction of illustration in colors and booklet illustrating Pipes, will be sent on receipt of 10¢ to cover mailing costs.)*

KAYWOODIE grew up with America

For 95 years it has been our business to make the best pipes that enterprise, skill and research could produce. The first of the Kaywoodie family of pipes, in 1851, were known by the brand mark "C.P.F." and some may still be in existence. But Kaywoodie Pipes of 1946 are vastly better in balance, "feel," comfort of mouthpiece and smoking properties. We have added to manufacturing equipment and technique since the war. Each Kaywoodie is a pleasure to own. At dealer's $3.50 to $25.00. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London.

Sweeter as the years go by

At left—the new "Ninety-Fiver" Apple shape $20.

At right—the new "Centennial" Dublin shape $25.

Trade Mark

"Kaywoodie Briar" means briar that has been imported, selected to meet our exacting requirements, and seasoned exclusively for Kaywoodie Pipes.

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be very careful to give these exciting new Jantzen sweaters only to people you want to have as friends for life. Jantzen sweaters are always very high-powered affairs, all 100% virgin worsted wool, the very finest. It's a fact that many smart women and strong men weep when there are not enough Jantzens to go around, which should give you some idea of how wonderful they are. 3.50 to 15.95 at most stores.

*Jantzen sweaters

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

As Traditional of Scotland
as THE BAGPIPES

FESTIVE occasions throughout Scotland are celebrated to the colorful skirl of the bagpipes. It's a great old tradition—like serving Scotch Whisky. And many a toast to good fortune is made with Dewar's, Highball of the Highlands! Wherever you are in all the wide world, enjoy this wee bit o' Scotland in a glass!

CLAN LESLIE
Renowned in many centuries. One of its early members was signatory to the famous letter in 1320 asserting the independence of Scotland.

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Medal Scotch for more than 80 years

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THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

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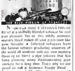

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THE BLUE RIBBON OF TOBACCOS

No question about it, SEEMAN'S PRIVATE BLEND is a skillfully blended tobacco for real pipe pleasure. Yet all this mildly aromatic mystery blend makes all your pipes taste like your favorite • Selected tobaccos from the famous tobacco producing countries of the world all combine with our own mystery flavoring to blend a pipe tobacco that has been pleasing many discriminating pipe smokers for a long time. That's why we are proud to call it Seeman's Private Blend. Pocket size pack 30¢. Why don't you try it?

Mail Coupon For 5 oz. Canister

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I was unable to get Seeman's Private Blend from my dealer. I enclose $1.00 for 5 oz. canister, mailing costs [illegible]

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[illegible] SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOG

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On the Raad Again In 2 Minutes

"OSCAR"
TIRE INFLATOR

Don't be 'lost'! Don't risk life or soil hands on [illegible] changing tires on highway. Most flats are caused by slow leaks and [illegible] OSCAR [illegible] to the flat to [illegible] OSCAR [illegible] on the road again in 2 minutes [illegible]

Only $1.50

[illegible] Coupon
[illegible]
Enclosed $ ____
Name ____
Address ____
City ____ Zone ____ State ____

Talking Shop with Esquire

DOUBLE OR NOTHING. If you and your spouse are double-bed advocates, you're doubtless run into plenty of cover trouble. She likes it hot. You like it cold. She likes four blankets, you hold for one, and so it goes. Here's the sleep happy solution . . . the new electric *twin-control* blanket. Shiver our timbers . . . you have one blanket with *separate* bedside controls which operate independently of each other . . . one for each half of the blanket. Two individual wiring systems make it possible for you both to sleep happily in bed temperatures of your own liking. Separate controls automatically adjust to weather changes so that each half of the bed is kept electrically warm at the exact temperatures chosen, regardless of dampness or chill winds.

"BIRD IN THE GILDED CAGE" is now supplanted by "plant in enameled cage". To wit: charming gift for any female . . . a whimsical birdcage to be filled with flowers, ivy, statuettes or vines. The cages can be suspended from the ceiling, fastened to the wall or placed on tables. Made of strong metal wire, in white, 20" in height.

GOOD CLEAN FUN. Time was, if you gave a woman a vacuum cleaner for Christmas, she'd feel like committing mayhem. Now, however, when her electrical household helpers are limping along pitifully after those lean war years, there's nothing she'd welcome more than some of the new postwar aids to more leisure in the home. Take one of the fine new vacuum cleaning units for instance, there's a lightweight *upright* cleaner for rugs, carpets and floor coverings, a lightweight *tank-type* unit to use for all above the floor chores such as walls, drapes, furniture; a combination of newly developed interchangeable cleaning devices for both vacuum units and a power-driven floor waxer and polisher for use with the upright cleaner on hardwood floor surfaces and linoleum. There's also a long brush for cleaning dust and surface litter from floors, walls and rafters; an upholstery brush for the furniture, mattresses, etc., and an attachable paint sprayer to be used for a paint job or for spraying insecticides as well as varnishes. Final triumph is a de-mother gadget for easy use of moth compounds for rugs, clothes, closets, storage places.

Ranger

For answers to all queries send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, [illegible] Avenue, New York [illegible] N. Y.

OPERS
[illegible]
PROUD MATCHES
[illegible]
No C.O.D.'s please
Eunice Novelties Dept. E 12b
5th Floor Women's Exchange Building
541 Madison Avenue New York 22 N. Y

A Gift She'll Always Treasure

Here is a Personal Manicure [illegible] she'll thank you for [illegible]

Thousands of women now enjoy exquisite manicures with Beautilator. Send cash or money order for $29.75 to the Beautilator Company, Box 8750 Woodland Ave., Cleveland 4, Ohio. [illegible] on request.

Beautilator
ELECTRICAL MANICURIST

THE SPOON IS THE ENEMY OF THE HIGH-BALL - - -
STIR WITH SELF-STIRRING
BILLY BAXTER
CLUB SODA
[illegible] RED RAVEN CO. [illegible], PA.

$25.00

"Continental"
17 Jewel Lonville extra quality. Yellow gold. Raised gilt figures on silver-centered dial

Proud gift!

The ancestry of Lonville Watches dates back to 1878. Their counterparts are sold in every civilized country. Repair parts are available everywhere. With what pleasure and pride you may give a Lonville Watch and how happy you will make the receiver! Lonville Watches are as reliable and consistent as old friends.
*Fed. Tax [illegible]

Lonville WATCHES
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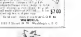
590 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.



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New Triple Compact by Plato
[illegible]
$7.00
Send cash, money order or C.O.D. to
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Give this gorgeous basket heaped with the finest of
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"The Magnificent" IN TOILETRIES FOR MEN

Faultlessly masculine . . . original and exclusive . . . for men accustomed to impeccable grooming Four bracing, virile scents in the Cologne Plus Shaving Bowl and After-Shave to match In superbly wrought, richly colored, porcelain type flacons.

Blue Flacon with [illegible]

Individuals	$3 50
2 Goal Set	7 00
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3 Goal Set	10 00

(All prices subject to Federal Tax.) In leading stores everywhere.

Saddle Tan Flacon with [illegible]

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Few things that are chosen as gifts to a man can be as appropriate and *welcome* as fine letter paper, chosen with his special taste in mind.

This paper is new and correct in every way It has the captivating crackly feel of new money . . . the same marvelous sense of rightness that makes a man respond to the touch of fine leather or fine linen.

Eaton's Private Stock! A fine laid bond letter paper, with Eaton's watermark of quality Warm white in color A surface suited to all kinds of handwriting and to typing In every way—letter paper for a man's private mail, written at home or office *Eaton's Private Stock* comes in two beautiful boxes, the contents specially tied with wax sealed lawyers' tape—75 large single sheets, 50 envelopes, $2 50; 125 large single sheets, 100 envelopes, $5. Now available in fine stores.

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$1.50 to $2.50 per pair at leading stores and specialty shops everywhere. For one nearest you, write

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The New BROOKS DeLuxe CRIBBAGE SET

$5

ELANSON Co., 535 Fifth Ave., New York 17

the perfect **GIFT** for **FISHERMEN!**

FISHERMAN'S **DE-LIAR**

WEIGHS and MEASURES FISH!

LANGLEY CORPORATION
San Diego, Calif.

Name
Address
City State

Talking Shop with Esquire

SMALL FRY DEPT. After all, we have come to think of the Nursery Set, come Christmas. You might consider a gift of a fluorescent night lamp to stand nocturnal guard on a bedside table. Lamps are shaped like a kitten or a bear cub, each holding a ball shaped bulb. Bear and kitten are enameled in pastel colors, and the soft glare-free fluorescent light doesn't disturb the child.

NO PHONE BOOKS NEEDED. When Junior gets big enough to get out of his highchair and sit at the table in a *regular* chair, no need to prop him up to eating level with phone books. Buy him a "Hi-Seat" for Christmas. It's 4" high, adjustable as the child grows, and is covered and padded with a washable fabric.

NO "PAPER DOLLS", THESE. Little girls will take to the new "rime" dolls dressed like nursery rhyme characters. Soft cuddly, with unbreakable painted faces, tots can choose "Mistress Mary", "Boy Blue" with a horn which actually blows, "Mary" leading a lamb, etc. And for preteen girls, a 21" high doll called "Sissy." "Sissy's" soft, lanky stuffed body is dressed in the casual costume of the Coke set, plaid slacks, shirt tails hanging out, and a red bandana binding a page boy bob. Cute as punch.

MERRY GO ROUND PHONOGRAPH. A really joyous present for a child. An honest to goodness phonograph which plays 7", 10" or 12" records. The case is made of steel and solid wood to resist the destructive tendencies of the average child. There's a carousel with colorful figures mounted on horses, and a calliope type in line with golden organ pipes.

MERRY GO ROUND RECORDS for tots 2 to 8 years of age. Each album contains a complete educational story with music and sound effects. There's an enchanting "Children's Opry House" with child actors; "Aesop's Fables" set to music; "Mother Goose" Party rhymes in dramatization, "Rumpelstiltskin," etc.

Ranger

For answers to all queries send self addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

WHICH HORSE WINS?

Place Your Bets . . . Play the Record

DO YOU WIN OR DO YOU LOSE?

PLAY the races at home... on your phonograph with this amazingly genuine recording. It's thrilling! Mysterious! Always a surprise finish. Hear the crowds roar. The announcer calls every turn... each race in doubt up to the last second. Enough you play it again and again. Form sport for any number of players. New, improved 1946 recording, 12" and reading into the plastic; 20 combinations. Win, Place and Show. PHOTO-FINISH HORSE RACE comes to you complete with Automatic Odds Recorder, WINdicator, 4-color 11" x 17" Betting Board. Perfect for parties. $5.00 Postpaid.

HOME EQUIPMENT CO. Dept L-28
2512 JARVIS AVE. CHICAGO 45, ILL.

EVERYTHING FOR FUN AT HOME
Write for big Booklet. ... Entertaining at Home ... It's FREE!

AVOID SERIOUS NASAL INFECTIONS

Caused by Scissors or Tweezers

Use the Hollis **KLIPETTE**

NEW INVENTION

You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors or tweezers is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove superfluous hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Cannot cut or prick the skin.

SO SIMPLE! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently.

$1 Made from fine Surgical Steel, Chrome plated —also a 24 Kt. Gold Plate in smart leather case at $3.50 (plus 70c Federal Tax)—a perfect gift for any special occasion.

GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR MONEY BACK

HOLLIS CO. 11 Commerce St., Newark 2, N. J. • Dept. 10E
Enclosed is $ for KLIPETTE(S) at $1 (no tax), gold plate at $3.50 (plus 70c Fed. Tax). If I'm not entirely satisfied I may return the above for refund within 10 days.

Name
Address

Sponsored by members of Organized Baseball

PRO Baseball GAME

A GREAT NEW INVENTION CONSTRUCTED WITH MECHANICAL PRECISION FOR PERMANENT USE

VOLUNTARY
PITCHING OF CURVES
BATTING AT IN & OUT CURVES
BASE RUNNING
DOUBLE-PLAYS-HIT & RUN PLAYS

A Great Gift for Youth or Adult

Quickly you sense the intense feeling of Major League ball players in action

$5.00 Complete Game

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PM GAME CO., 389 5th AVE., N.Y. 16

NAME FLAMES

Box of 25 Books (1000 Lights) is $1.45 Personalized, By Mail Postpaid.

BAR-JACK

Mail Postpaid.

LUCITE BAG TAG

$1.25 Postpaid

Write for Gift Catalog
Miles Kimball
KIMBALL BUILDING
72 BOND ST., OSHKOSH, WIS.

BOTANY

BRAND

WRINKLE - PROOF TIES

America's National Gift
these always fresh ties will make
a man thank you every time he wears
one. In Planned Patterns to go with
whatever he wears ... at leading stores.
$1 each "Botany" Brand
Regence Ties $1.50

LOOK FOR "BOTANY" BRAND
You'll Find It on Men's and Women's
Wear Fabrics ... Botany Brand 500
Suits ... Ties ... Robes ... Mufflers ...
Sportswear ... No Dye Lot Yarns ...
Lanolin Cosmetics ... Certified
Fabrics (Certified by
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Brand is the trade
mark of a mill pro-
viding extra quality
extra fashion extra
value ... at no
extra cost

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS • PASSAIC, N. J.

Solution...
to your Christmas Gift problem

Give him this miniature of Jarman's
Golden Shoe Horn··· Good for a pair of
Handsome, Authentically Styled Jarman Shoes

LEFT: Style 1102. Distinctive wingtip, rich chestnut finish

CENTER: Style 1140. Smart plain toe blucher in "golden bamboo"

RIGHT: Style 3165 Authentic straight tip with medallion toe.

Puzzled over his Christmas gift? Solve your problem now with a miniature of Jarman's classic Golden Shoe Horn and a Jarman Gift Certificate—good, at his convenience, for a pair of handsome distinctive Jarmans. Because millions of American men find Jarmans' top bracket styling correct in every detail ... and their long wearing qualities and famous *friendliness of fit* so pleasing to every step, your man is sure to prefer Jarmans. End your yule problem easily for yourself and to his complete, year-round satisfaction—stop at your Jarman dealer's for a Gift Certificate today.

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY • DIV. OF GENERAL SHOE CORP. • NASHVILLE, TENN.

Jarman

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN SHOE HORN
YOU DISCOVER JARMAN'S "FRIENDLINESS OF FIT"

Jarman's princely Golden Shoe Horn ... in full size ... also makes the perfect gift for the man ... a gift he'll use with pride and pleasure. Ten inches in length, finished in 24-karat gold, with plastic handle and golden cord. Can be purchased at your Jarman dealer's

★★ From the finest wine grapes of the San Joaquin Valley ★★

A gift to royally please your friends...

Nourished by naturally richer soil ... in a warmer, sunnier clime ... the grapes of the San Joaquin Valley grow to matchless perfection.

Well schooled in the old skills of wine making, Croix Royale vintners lavish close care in the selection of these wonderful grapes. At vintage ... in crushing, racking and bottling ... perfection is patiently guarded.

The result ... your own taste tells you ... *full bodied, rare flavored ... rich in bouquet.* We believe Croix Royale Private Stock Wines are the finest California Wines ever grown.

Enjoy them yourself ... select them as gifts for those you wish to please royally. For Croix Royale Wines truly bring "Royale" pleasure.

Croix Royale Brandies are made on European type pot stills which give wonderful flavor and smoothness. Liqueur type Grape Brandy. Fruit Brandies made from fresh ripe California fruit. All 84 proof.

CROIX
ROYALE
PRIVATE STOCK
CALIFORNIA
WINES

Make Mulled Wine for your Merry Christmas

Put four small cinnamon sticks, four cloves, half teaspoon allspice, two dashes Angostura Bitters, one cup sugar [illegible] for sweet dessert wine, [illegible] cups water. Boil [illegible] Add two lemons [illegible] Then add six glasses Croix Royale Wine, table or dessert. Heat gradually. Do not boil. Serve piping hot from a pitcher or brown jug.

Send for free new recipe book

Write Dept. 12, Central Vineyards Co., Fresno, California.

Use a Royale Private Stock California Dessert Wine — Tawny Port, Madeira, Muscatel, Pale Dry Sherry, *California Table Wines* — Burgundy, Chablis, Sauternes.

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New KEY CHAIN-PENCIL

Smart, trim, beautiful — a must for every woman. Ideal for motorists and shoppers. Handy key-chain for car and house keys combined with genuine made all metal collapsible mechanical pencil. Covered with [illegible] leather. Almost jewel-like in appearance. In beautiful gift box, postpaid $1.[illegible] [illegible] with reptile leather $2.00 [illegible]

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The gift no home should be without. The [illegible] gadget of the season. [illegible] safely [illegible] to the glass — [illegible] for frosty [illegible] drinks. A [illegible] item for [illegible] home bar [illegible] model [illegible] packaged in [illegible] box — $1.50 [illegible]

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Every bridge player [illegible] will want one of these magic [illegible] A [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] right, because this [illegible] Culbertson authority. A super mechanical pencil [illegible] in beautiful gift box — only $1.00 [illegible]

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Travelers-Here's a Distinctly New Luggage Tag
2 for $1.00

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Handee comes in a handsome compact steel carrying case with 45 most popular and useful accessories. Sent postpaid for only $27.50. Handee only with 7 accessories $20.50.

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Talking Shop with Esquire

PUP PIPES. One of the leading pipe manufacturers puts out midget-sized editions of their regular sized pipes. Good for a short smoke and convenient to carry in coat pockets, the pups are made of imported briar and available in bulldog or full bent shapes. Smart idea to team a full sized papa pipe with the matching pipe in the pup version.

POCKET LIGHTERS. You might investigate a line of new cigarette pocket lighters in *colored* aluminum. It seems that, for many years, both jewelry and aluminum industries have been trying to color aluminum satisfactorily. Now it's a fait accompli. Lighters come in glowing red, blue, green, bronze or black with a satiny sheen that's really handsome and entirely different.

HERITAGE OF THE FUTURE. For the booklovers on your list, buy a membership in a unique book club specializing in fine editions of the classics. The books are real works of art ... collectors' items, tastefully printed, artistically bound and illustrated by the best artists. As a further evidence of quality, each book is printed on paper which has been chemically tested to assure a life of two centuries. An annual subscription entitles the subscriber to a series of sixteen volumes a year ... and at surprisingly little cost.

TRIGGER FISH BOOKENDS. Fellows who have been in the Pacific will appreciate a gift of a pair of hand-crafted, carved-wood bookends in the shape of the well known trigger fish found lazily floating in tropical waters. Fashioned of simulated mahogany, hand-rubbed and finished, the trigger bookends contribute a decorative, modern note.

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Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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Red plaid Hunting Coat — full depth waterproof game pocket — six front pockets — brilliant red lining. All Wool. Sizes 36-46 $24.95

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The new streamlined Silverlike ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER at $2.50 is a gift that will be long remembered after other presents are forgotten. Initials or facsimile signature $1.00 extra... Sports motifs, Fraternal, Club Emblems, also Firm Insignia, Trade Marks, etc., also available as special gifts, prizes, etc... New! Exquisitely engine turned case in 14K Gold $175* or the Sterling Silver $20*... Plain Silver $15*, Plain Gold $165* (*plus 20% Federal tax) All ZIPPO Lighters are lifetime guaranteed—no one ever paid a cent to repair a ZIPPO

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This Christmas, give gifts styled for years of smart wear... gifts made brighter and better of VINYLITE Brand Plastics! All-round, feather weight sportsjackets that ward off wind and rain ...richly colored belts and suspenders that hold their trim shape... handsome slippers that stay comfortable and good looking... all owe their brighter, longer life to that miracle of chemistry, VINYLITE Plastics!

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Talking Shop with Esquire

WRITING PAPER FOR A GENTLEMAN. Too many men nowadays use paper with a business letterhead for personal letters. Or any piece of feminine note paper they find about the home. It's high time more chaps realized the social importance of correct stationery ... masculine in size and conservative in appearance. With this in mind, one of the leading paper concerns has created a writing paper of quality which they call their "Private Stock." It's a bond type, smooth surfaced, with a fine laid pattern and a distinctive watermark. Packaged in an aristocratic box. A worthy gift.

ICE SAVER. No matter how large the refrigerator, ice cubes usually run short before the party ends. Best way to avoid this is to furnish your friends with an insulated ice bucket. One of the new ones is a honey, holds two quarts and is thermally insulated. The space between its double walls is packed with the same high quality insulating material found in many deep freeze units. The shell is a new type material developed during the war for radar.

MORE POWER TO YOU! Fellows who like to putter around will consider it a good Christmas if they receive one of the new power tool kits. This AC-DC outfit consists of a hand power tool complete with 38 accessory attachments that will do just about everything. Ideal for wood, metal, plastic. Cuts, drills, burnishes, engraves, etches and polishes and has a high built-in safety factor plus bracing at all frame points. One vet we know got hold of one of these kits and is now conducting a profitable costume jewelry business.

RACING FANS or horsemen will relish a heavy, bronze plated ashtray with figurines of horse motifs done by Gladys Brown, famous artist and breeder of horses. Trays are done on metal, plated in bronze, silver or gold with a lacquer finish. There are also handsome horse head bookends, paper knives with riding boot handles. Western series of paper weights or ornaments consists of rearing horse, roping horse and rider, rearing horse and rider done in realistic style in gold or silver metal on ebony black bases.

Ranger

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Dr. Scholl's Height Elevators $3.95
SEND NO MONEY
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WITH
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The time-tried trouble shooter for night-time flats or balky motors. Just PLUG INTO THE CIGAR LIGHTER, stretch the 12-foot cord to any part of the car, hang up by the little hook, and both hands are free to work. It's handy to carry in the glove compartment ... ready for instant use. See this more efficient emergency light at leading department or hardware stores, auto dealers or gas stations.

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Want better looking hair? Want to avoid embarrassment of falling dandruff or scalp? Itchy scalp? Then you need a Vitabrush and you need it now! Doctors and competent scalp authorities have long recommended brushing ... vigorous, frequent, regular brushing as the approved and sensible way to care for the hair. Vitabrush gets your scalp really clean and stimulates life giving blood supply to your scalp. Not a vibrator, but an electric powered brush. Takes only 3 minutes a day. Restful! Pleasant! Write now for information and satisfaction guaranteed offer. Hershey Mfg. Co., 107 S. La Salle St., Chicago.

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Relax with a »MARXMAN→

This is the famous MARXMAN "Four Hundred"—the world's aristocrat among fine pipes. In the beginning there's a massive, flawless block of rare-grain, thoroughly-aged, imported briar. Then skillful hands fashion the bowl . . . carefully carve the distinctive design . . . give it perfect heft and balance. No two pipes are alike . . . each is entirely different. With the "Four Hundred" comes a personal Certificate of Registry and a Guarantee of Lifetime Service. Each pipe is numbered and the owner's name is recorded in the MARXMAN "Blue Book." A superb gift! MARXMAN makes fine pipes in many exclusive shapes and in all popular styles, $3.50 to $25.00. Write for FREE Booklet, "Relax with a Marxman", which shows how fine pipes are made and tells how to break in a pipe. Please address Department 2812.

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IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

JUMBO—individually carved of imported briars. Elegant pipes of exclusive design. These pipes for collectors—and for all men who like luxurious smoking. Priced according to size. $10.00

The BENCH MADE—... $7.50

The SUPER BRIAR—each piece of briar is selected for its natural beauty of grain pattern ... the grain heightened to enamel-like brilliance by hand rubbing and polishing. Imported briar. All favorite shapes. $5.00

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Set of Sportsman Shave Lotion, Cologne, Hair Dressing, Talc and Shave Soap, $7.75

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16 fl. oz. for $10 . . . 8 fl. oz. for $5
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Nothing says "Merry Christmas" better than one of these distinguished gifts of SPORTSMAN . . . his favorite GROOMING ESSENTIALS in their famous sports-print bottles and bowls.

Set of Sportsman Shave Lotion and Cologne $5

Sportsman
GROOMING ESSENTIALS

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At your fa[illegible] Here or write Cohama Tie Fabrics
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AND THERE APPEARED A STAR IN THE EAST

Here's your cue . . . one of these beautiful dependable Elgins. Both Lord Elgin Watches have 21 jewels and, like the 19 jewel Lady Elgin, have 14K natural gold cases

ELGINS *again*

WATCHES MADE IN AMERICA BY AMERICAN CRAFTSMEN

For generations no other gift has quite so well expressed the love and joy of Christmas as an Elgin Watch. Presenting beautiful, accurate American-made Elgins is a Christmas tradition broken only through the war years . . . when Elgin craftsmen were busy making special timing instruments that helped speed the day of peace.

Now there are Elgins again. *New* Elgins styled with breathtaking beauty, their accuracy timed to the stars. And in these smart new Elgins is a lasting precision directly due to their being made and accurately adjusted to temperature and positions by the same trustworthy group of American craftsmen.

Your jeweler's supply of Elgins is still limited but for many of you there need be no compromise this year. Yours can be the thrill of an *Elgin Christmas*. So . . . let your heart sing. (Prices, including the Federal tax, range from $29.75 to $5,000.00.)

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Choose either the ready-tied Clipper or the tie it yourself. Four shapes to suit every type of face. At all fine stores

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Painting the Town with Esquire

WHERE the "Cole Porter crowd" put in their time between Cole Porter openings on Broadway is a mystery to some people, but not to Roger Stearns of the 1-2-3 Club (123 East 54th). He's got 'em. They've been everywhere and seen everything, and this serene, fastidiously conducted but non-stuffy spot offering no entertainment except friend Roger's piano playing, is their pick.

MAN BITES grog at the ship-shape Whaler Bar, Madison Ave. & 38th. . . Swell cargoes for alimentary canals are taken on at the Holland House Taverne, Rockefeller Plaza and 48th. . . Happenstance dance partners at the Open House for Officers, second floor of Hotel Delmonico, not infrequently develop into happy table-making duos. . . La Martinique, bent on being unique, now serves breakfast with the two o'clock show. Better file your ham and eggs order before the skillets get swamped.

IN THE Washington Square sector, dilly gal Hazel Webster keeps proving she's number one attraction at the "No. 1 Bar" of No. 1 Fifth Avenue. . . On the strength of the success its cuisine and shows have brought it, Bill Miller's Riviera is slated to stay. Comes a blizzard, people will get there by dog sled.

A LIVE and lusty set of downtown brokers, bankers, marine insurance men do justice to the noontime nutriment at the Falstaff Restaurant, 31 South William St., with rotund host Andy Leone (Falstaff's beardless double) gravel-voicing salutations à la Brooklyn. Tropical fish tanked in the aquarium but drink water consistently, Andy's flock [illegible].

MAGNIFICENT is the boiled chicken with matzoth ball (broken up, light as thistledown), noodles and vegetables fetched to your pet table at Lindy's, 1307 Sixth Ave. (at 52nd), henceforth Avenue of the Epicures. By the second mouthful you wonder how anybody ever considered the Taj Mahal and the Mona Lisa achievements. They seem so picayune compared to *this*. And similar reappraisals are inspired by the superb roast prime ribs of beef and the boiled beef in pot with fresh vegetables, and "Mother's gefuelte fish" with grated horseradish and beets—in fact the whole menu is rigged in favor of your gullet as a foxy scheme for making you come back. We hereby accuse Sam Horowitz (he was one of the founders of Lindy's) of running this restaurant in such a manner that nobody who's taste-conscious can stay away from it.

For information about our foods, restaurant or night clubs, write "Pay 'n-about town", [illegible]

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Personalized COASTERS
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"America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco"
POCKET PACKAGE 40¢
$3.20 PER POUND
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FINE TOBACCOS SINCE 1852

Old Fitzgerald
100 PROOF
OLD FASHIONED but still in style
Bottled in Bond
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
STITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY INC. SHIVELY, KENTUCKY

You'll always treasure them

These are the Dunhill masterpieces.

The Denicotea crystal filter holder in 14 kt. gold, $35 . . . The Rollalite lighter, the most perfect mechanism of its kind, in an outer jacket of 14 kt. gold, heavy ribbed, $160 . . . small size, $150.

Prices subject to 20% Federal tax

alfred dunhill

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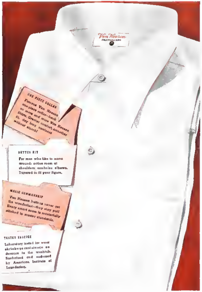
how
to cook up a successful appearance!



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Famous Van Heusen one-piece collar—back on more and more Van Heusen Shirts. Greater comfort, smoother fit, day long neatness without starch!

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For men who like to move around: action room at shoulders, armholes, elbows. Tapered to fit your figure.

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Van Heusen buttons never get the wanderlust—they stay put! Every smart seam is masterfully stitched to master standards.

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None but the finest fabrics go into the recipe . . . But it's the telling touch of Van Heusen styling and craftsmanship that wins the grateful applause of shirt-gourmets! Lovers of good taste appreciate the conscientious artistry that goes into every perfect inch of a Van Heusen White Shirt. And remember, every inch is precious—so care well for the Van Heusen Whites you now own. We'll be serving up more and more delectable Van Heusens every day!

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PARK & [illegible]LFORD [illegible] CORP. NEW YORK N.Y.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • [illegible] PROOF

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America's finest swimtrunk.. adds that young champion look! [illegible] Call or write [illegible] stores everywhere!
GANTNER & MATTERN, Mfrs., S.F., Chicago, N.Y.

Painting the Town with Esquire

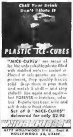
IF YOU'RE all set for an evening at the Stork Club and are told no table is available don't conclude you're conspired against; don't blast the name of Sherman Billingsley and all his works. Right now his works include blueprints of additions and alterations. Our guess is that by the time the new rooms materialize, there'll be such a crowd wanting into them, he'll be in the same fix he is in now. So don't get sore at Sherm. Sympathize with him. Every time he sits down and thereby withdraws a chair from circulation, ten applicants at the door yell, "Favoritism!"

CARNEGIE HALL performers and applauders are table neighbors at the Casino Russe, located right beside the stage door . . . Opera loving legs that need stretching during intermissions at the Met steer instinctively for the refreshment buffet. No matter how numerous the highballs, champagne cocktails, etc., that the catering crew of concessionaire Louis Sherry have poured ready, curtain rises on emptiness.

INNER contentment breaks out in song at Place Elegante, 33 West 56th, unabashed by the red brocade (tarnished), palatial ceilings, and mirror framed in 22-karat gold, and suchlike souvenirs of the days when this five-story mansion was the answer to a Woolworth son-in-law's housing problem. What these walls witnessed during Prohibition as Tommy Guinan's Club Napoleon and racketeer Larry Fay's Casa Blanca was plenty, including the demise of Mr. Fay at the foot of the grand staircase down which the bullets of a displeased henchman had tumbled him. But unless and until the Drys shove us back into that sort of crimeocracy, the lawful, orderly cheer that has flourished here ever since soon after Repeal will keep going. Instead of revenge at the head of the stairway it's amiable Joe Andono, alumnus of the old Café Martin, welcoming incomers, most of them regulars whose routine requires that they say hello to Bill Farrell, smiling Negro pianist-singer, as they check in at the bar. Height of regularity is attained only by those who utilize the top of Bill's piano as a bar annex where they take their stand for Whiffenpoof Song participation and a fealty tour of all good campuses. If your Alma Mater has been skipped it's because you haven't been in there promoting her interests.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs write "Esquire-about town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self addressed stamped envelope for reply.

Favoured Through The Centuries
JAMAICA HIGHBALL
[illegible] A generous portion of Jamaica Rum plenty of ice and fill with soda—a simple recipe with a sensational payoff!
Right ONLY WHEN MADE WITH GENUINE
JAMAICA RUMS
THE SUGAR MANUFAC[illegible] ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA) [illegible]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PLASTIC ICE-CUBES
"NICE-CUBES" are made of ice like unbreakable plastic filled with distilled water — sealed in. Placed in refrigerator ice compartment, they quickly freeze solid. Drop them in your drink and watch it chill — and stay chilled! Use again and again — last FOREVER — tasteless, odorless. Rapidly ices beer, wine and soft drinks without dilution.
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The full, rich flavor of Kingsbury Pale Beer is always the same. Its mellow goodness never varies—*always* satisfies those who demand a *better* beer.
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Here is [illegible] vacuum [illegible] enough to hold [illegible] a large party. A [illegible] will hold more ice and [illegible] than any tub you [illegible] $15.50 postpaid. Send check or money order
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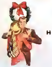

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GIFT No. 8—$13.25—Same size as above. Mixed available varieties of Oranges. Also Grapefruit, Tangerines, Kumquats, Persian Limes and a large sugar-loaf Pineapple

Orders should be in our hands by December 5th for guaranteed Christmas delivery. Unless immediate shipment is specified, delivery will be made for Christmas.

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GIFT No. 4—$ 75—Same size as above. Re-usable bushel size basket of mixed Oranges, Grapefruit, Tangerines, Kumquats, and Persian Limes

GIFT NO. 2—$5.75

Approx. 27 lbs. Half bushel reusable Basket containing mixed Oranges, Grapefruit, Tangerines, Kumquats, Limes, 1 lb. Jar each of Tropical Fruit Conserve, Orange Marmalade and Guava Jelly

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WHEN you consider the time and shopping inconvenience you can save, is it any wonder that thousands of people, year after year, rely upon COBBS to bring the delight of a tropical Christmas to friends, business associates and loved ones?

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When tinsel glitters on the tree and friends gather to help you celebrate the year's gayest season, pour glasses of sparkling Renault Champagne—light as laughter, delicious as a stolen kiss. For 76 years the Renault vineyards have been producing America's finest champagne. Choose them for the sure to please gift, the right thing to order when you dine out, for the gala touch that adds importance to small parties.

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The "how" and "when" of wine service are made simple in a booklet yours for the asking. Address E-12, L. N. Renault & Sons, Inc., Egg Harbor City N. J.

Painting the Town with Esquire

TENSE-BROWED titans of large business responsibilities feel eased and de-jumpied the moment they cross the threshold of their friend Robert (pronounced Robair), of 33 West 55th, restaurateur and restorer extraordinary. He does it by sheer pleasantness, plus provender and service perfections which pretend they just happen. Robert himself, or right bower François, helps you plan your meal or, if you prefer, takes the job off your hands entirely, as you sip your cocktail in the sharp little Drum Bar. Presently you are informed that your table awaits, and not for ten million dollars would you disappoint it.

PHOTOGRAPHIC studies worth studying of Thornton models in languorous and lively poses are the decorations of the chipper little bar lounge and restaurant called Pin-Up Room, 242 Lexington Ave., just above 34th, populated by a young crowd at lunch and dinner who find the continental chow eminently O.K.—or maybe it's the good looks of the waitresses that make it seem so. At cocktail time, host Bill Kelly bonuses the drinks with hors d'oeuvres on the house, and for evening entertainment, from 9:30 till 2:30, he offers Larry Ackland at the piano, with a backlog of request numbers. . . . Fish at the Aquarium, 711 Seventh Ave., are dancing in their frying pans to the music of Duke Ellington and his orchestra.

THE OPPORTUNITY of meeting Wiener Beuschel—ragout of calves' lungs and hearts—might not cause you to rush madly uptown to 323 East 79th, where Eberhardt's Cafe Grinzing extends its awning of invitation. But if you *did* venture thither and let yourself be ushered to a table among good natured folks manifestly enjoying themselves—some of them diving at this very dish—and if you *tried* it, you'd find it amazingly edible, a new flavor experience to chalk up in your diet diary. As for the expecteds in a place like this—the sauerbraten with red cabbage and dumpling, the goulash with nockerln, the plain and Vienna style schnitzel, the paprika chicken, the apple strudel, cheese strudel and so on—Grinzing versions are bellringers. After dinner the small stage in the center of the room, occupied by Gypsy violinist Villanyi and his men, takes on vocalists possessed of pipes as well as personality in accordance with the strange Hungarian notion that singers should be able to sing.

For information about any hotels, restaurants or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town," 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

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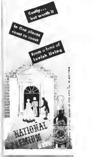
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Painting the Town with Esquire

NEW YORKERS don't begrudge sharing New York with plush-hungry descenders upon it, as there's enough town to go round. Selfish, though, they hold onto certain choice haunts which the average visitor is less hep to. Wheezers from coast to coast know, or know of, the Plaza's Persian Room, glitter cage of glamour thrush Hildegarde; by plane, train and back they swarm to hear and huzzah her. But only Plaza frequenters know the Oak Room, traditional social meeting and eating place adjoining the cherished Plaza bar lounge, the latter exclusive to males until cocktail time. . . . The Waldorf-Astoria's Wedgwood Room, Sert Room, Flamingo Room, and array of Peacock Alley Cafes all draw patronage from the four quarters of the globe. Ditto the Men's Bar. But the Norse Grill, (north-east corner) where cliques of Manhattanites are wont to lunch and dine, is unexplored territory to Waldorf-Astoria first-timers getting a load of this super-impressive caravanserai.

WELL GROOMED mankind that sets its watch by the clock in the Biltmore and whets its whistle in the central paddock (immediately beyond), or in the Men's bar, can point out the trails to the Bowman Room and the Madison Room. It takes a habitue, however, to boast acquaintance with the oaken-paneled Biltmore Cafe, special favorite of the late Al Smith, where cronies chew together under the benign eye of headwaiter Frank Hofstatter, proferring menus which list palate ticklements from the kitchens of white-bonneted Maurice Gonneau.

ROMANTIC twosomes who burrow into the basement of the Hotel Lexington to meet moonlit Hawaii in full croon wouldn't know that Neptune Atlantic edition is doing business in the snug little haven for the chowder hungry entitled Cape Cod Room, located at street level. Here amid New England nautical knickknacks, such fodder as lobsters, crabs, frog's legs, shrimp, and fishes big and little, are of the freshest. Oyster stews prepared by special oyster stewman. If you don't happen to have been born under the sign of the Fish, and hence prefer flesh of beasts or fowls, Cape Cod Room will comply, for the Lexington's prexy Charles Rochester has issued orders that your happiness is a must.

WHITE-TIED burghers into the social whirl at the Hotel St. Regis, where maitre John Kroll is in charge of table service suavities, needn't have waited till nightfall to hop St. Regis lift. The King Cole Bar, displaying the celebrated Maxfield Parrish mural of the merry monarch and his fiddlers three salvaged from the bar of the old Knickerbocker Hotel of fragrant memory, functions all day, serving lunch for the sterner sex and admitting the softer after 1:00 P. M. His majesty's cellar resources are vast and resourceful—truly a kingdom of quench.

AT THE Commodore—ever thronged on account of being so grand-centrally located—main floor traffic is easy and gathering cocktails preparatory to besieging the Century Room citadel of swing. Free samples sent out over the air waves have made "Century Room of the Hotel Commodore" a major objective for the agile. But never a mention of Tudor Room—meaning apparently, that admission is by discovery only. This room, of which Charles K. ("Sarah Bernhardt's Old Waiter") Westphal has charge, is a fine feeders' pasture where lunch and dinner are really rites. Breast of young guinea hen under bell, for example, admits to the name of ideal

---

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Like her fairest visions—these watches with the grace of fine jewelry for her own slender wrist, with the smart dignity of design she covets for her gift to him. That is why we say the new Walthams are truly *watches to end all wishing*. Your jeweler will tell you that is because Waltham beauty *begins within*—in the meeting of America's finest handcraftsmanship with the newest precision skills. These make possible Walthams more beautiful, more exact—the finest in our century old tradition. Men's and women's designs, from $42.50. None under 17 jewels. As with all precious gifts, let your jeweler be your trusted adviser.

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Backstage with Esquire

★ The Esquire Gallery

Coby Whitmore

COBY WHITMORE, whose artistic flair for fair women is manifest on page 94, says his greatest enthusiasms, in the order named, are racing cars, his work as an illustrator and smart clothes on good-looking American gals. After finishing a course at the Dayton (Ohio) Art Institute, he wangled a job as apprentice to a leading illustrator in Chicago, and attended the Chicago Art Institute at night. Then came marriage, and successive hitches on the now extinct Chicago *Herald-Examiner* and in the Cincinnati studio of Carl Jensen. When he decided he was ready for big-time magazine illustrating, he joined Charles E. Cooper in New York. He is thirty-three, a contented commuter from Briarcliff Manor and the father of two boys and a girl. Nine years ago BEN STAHL married the girl who posed for *Dalliance* on page 100; they now live happily on a Connecticut hilltop with a year-old daughter. Stahl believes he was the healthiest 4-F in the country, having been rejected because of sleepwalking. However, this idiosyncrasy did not interfere with such war work as doing portraits of hospitalized servicemen. While he makes his living through national advertising and slick magazine illustrations, he finds time to do serious paintings. These canvases, which hang on the walls of his Westport home, reflect the influence of the French Impressionists. His only formal education in art consisted in briefly attending a life class—without instruction—at the Chicago Art Institute. Some years later he taught a class at the Institute and enjoyed heckling his students by saying: "Why do you come to me for instruction? Your masters are all in the galleries." FRITZ WILLIS, who is Art Director of Marcel Rodd Publishing Company, shares a studio in Hollywood with his literary and artistic partner, JON DEMERS. Both have written and illustrated a number of excellent children's books, and their paper dolls for adults have been wowing Esquire's audience since their debut last September. For these they frequently use amateur models who are harder to find than you'd think, even in Hollywood, and one favorite is a young concert pianist. Ballet dancers make excellent subjects, they tell us, because of their training in pantomime.

Ben Stahl Self-Portrait

ROBB WHITE's last story in Esquire described his island home in the West Indies and inspired a lot of excited queries from escapists among our readers. Since then, he has lived on Makin, Majuro, Kwajalein, Manus, Leyte and an artificial affair under the Bay bridge in San Francisco, but confesses that after four years in the Navy tropical islands have lost their romantic appeal for him.

For the past year LOUIS UNTERMEYER, the eminent poet, anthologist, essayist and lecturer, has been editor in chief of Decca Records' cultural program. Rutgers University recently issued *The Love Poems of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, edited by Untermeyer. On the lighter side Simon and Schuster has just published his *Treasury of Laughter*, which covers the cream of British and American jest, and is prefaced with Mr. Untermeyer's witty, informative commentaries.

Louis Untermeyer

At Princeton University RICHARD MORSE received travel scholarships to study in Chile and Mexico. After graduation he served on a Navy destroyer and at the war's end was transferred to the Office of Public Information in Washington "to write admirals' speeches." He is now doing graduate work in Latin-American affairs at Columbia.

JIMMY JONES, author of *Georgia Sparkin'*, was a public relations specialist for the U. S. Marine Corps during the war and is now director of public relations for the University of Georgia.

RICHARD JOSEPH crows triumphantly that his assignment to do a series of travel articles for Esquire (see *Brazil—Land of Wonderful Nonsense*, page 164) is the crowning result of his efforts to get away from his home town—New York. He says: "I went to Ohio State University because I had played in a stock production of *The Poor Nut*, the locale of which is Ohio State, and became a reporter when I couldn't get a job as an actor. I went to Europe because I had nothing else to do with some overtime I had collected on a murder story, and I married an English girl I had known for five days—three of which were spent alone in Scotland thinking things over very carefully. We're still married. During my military career I was attached to the French Army for liaison work, was awarded the Croix de guerre for a D-day landing in the South of France with a group of French commandos."

Richard Joseph

Everyone must know that F. HUGH HERBERT is the author of the highly successful play *Kiss and Tell*, to which he has done a motion-picture sequel called *Meet Corliss Archer*. His patient teen-aged daughters, Diana and Pamela, furnish most of the material for his stories and plays about adolescents. He says, "I contemplate producing *Christmas Eve at McConnell's Bar* (page 142) as a motion picture ribbing all types of horror pictures."

Brooks Atkinson

BROOKS ATKINSON had a fine time for himself writing *Put This in Your Pipe* during Mondays off at the Metropole Hotel, Moscow, while stationed there as the correspondent for the New York *Times*. *Times* readers know him variously as editor of the Book Review section, as drama critic and as war correspondent in China, as well as in Russia. He took a voluntary sabbatical from drama criticism as his contribution to beating the Axis (he was a corporal in the first World War) and is delighted to be back in the *Times* theatre section again. His books include *Henry Thoreau: The Cosmic Yankee* and *The Cingalese Prince*.

JOHN FREDERICK FRANK was a vice-consul at Cartagena, Colombia, before the war. He writes: "A private in the infantry and absolutely not a hero, the war's end found me and my Carolina wife nursing my pneumonia-shot body back to health in—Tombstone, Arizona. *Dream of a Sawdust Christmas* was inspired on our arriving in the New York area last fall to live, by the amazing materialistic attitudes on the part of so many people who should know better."

ROBERT COATES, author of *You, Too, Can Ski—Maybe*, also likes hunting and badminton and has written many essays of art criticism, and short stories as well as the following books: *The Eater of Darkness*, *The Outlaw Years* and *Yesterday's Burdens*.

If our typesetters are any criterion, BILL GRAFFIS is going to have a tough, Freudian time living down his old man's literary reputation. When Bill's *Nocturne in Lace* (page 168) went to them, the typesetters said they knew better, and changed the by-line to read Herb Graffis. Graffis *fils* relates: "My father had his heart set on my becoming a great pianist. However when juke boxes replaced pianos in saloons, both my father and I lost our ardor for playing for free lunches. I was a cub reporter for the Chicago *Daily Times*, and (before my friends and neighbors' called) a night-club press agent. During service in the Air Force Troop Carrier Command, I moved all over Europe, winding up as a major. I bounced from a job as writer for RKO to Republic Studios, to the publicity department of Enterprise Productions. My wife and I are living in the orange crate our landlord has the nerve to call an apartment."

Bill Graffis

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

What in the World . . .

In which Esky embarks on a safari from Hollywood to the Congo Basin, stops over in Alaska and in Princeton, has words with Shakespeare and a lullaby at the phane's end

Letterature

Sid Carroll's article on Harry Ruby, which you'll find on page 115 of this issue, mentions the stream of correspondence between Harry and Irving Hoffman. Recently published in the latter's column *Tales of Hoffman* in the *Hollywood Reporter*, is a Ruby letter too choice to overlook.

We give you the scribe:

"There are some people outside (and inside) of Hollywood who will tell you that you can't get a job in the motion picture business unless you are related to a studio higher-up.

"Let some studio executive give a job to a son, a second cousin or a distant aunt and immediately the charge of 'nepotism' echoes through the land.

"(Nepotism, for the sake of those who find a racing form more interesting than a dictionary, is 'Favoritism extended toward nephews and other relatives' and, according to a certain group always poised for an attack on the Movie Mecca, the practice of providing employment for a member of one's family is indigenous to the soil of Hollywood; in fact, in no other place or business is it practiced.)

"Why deny it? Let's face it. Buddy De Sylva, when he was head man of Paramount, assigned Leo McCarey to direct *Going My Way*. Why? Because Leo is a great director (besides having thought up the idea), you say. Don't be so naive. Everyone knows that Leo McCarey is Buddy De Sylva's son. Buddy denies this, just as he has repeatedly denied that Johnny Mercer, his partner in Capital Records, is his nephew.

"And why did Leo Spitz and Bill Goetz take Nunnally Johnson with them when they formed International Pictures? Admittedly, Nunnally Johnson is a top-ranking motion picture man. But having Leo Spitz and Bill Goetz for uncles didn't hurt him any.

"There is a story going the rounds that Joe Pasternak, who has a habit of turning out one hit picture after the other, is L. B. Mayer's half-sister, and that he (Pasternak) goes about dressed as a man to avert suspicion.

"This is a little farfetched.

"Let's take a look-in at the industrial world. J. P. Morgan, Sr., when he was looking for someone to break in as his successor, consulted a list of likely candidates: Babe Ruth, Lucius Beebe, Sophie Tucker, the Avon Comedy Four, Mike Romanoff and J. P. Morgan, Jr. For some reason, which no one has ever been able to understand, J. P. Morgan, Jr., got the job. By an odd coincidence, when John D. Rockefeller, the elder, was ready to step down, he turned over the reins to Junior (despite the fact that Mike Todd was available at the time).

"In Wilmington, Delaware, so great is the family feeling among the members of the DuPont family that if they catch a man working for them who is not a DuPont, they take him out in the back yard and beat him to a pulp.

"The Borgias used to go about poisoning each other. They carried nepotism to such a chauvinistic degree that they never poisoned anyone who was not a member of their family.

"Anyway, the above gives you a rough idea of how old nepotism is. Only one thing is older. A certain profession I dare not name."

Retort

The other day some of the boys in the press box, bored with what two highly defensive teams were doing to a promising Saturday afternoon, called to mind a pair of undying high points in gridiron history. One, of course, harks back to Yale's fabulously talented end, Larry Kelley. He perhaps never attained the heights so magnificently as on that autumn afternoon a decade or so ago when Yales were unmercifully beating a weakish Princeton eleven.

The Princeton coach, desperate beyond measure, had sent in nearly every footballer on his bench in an effort to stem the Eli's. Finally he called upon a young sophomore who had never before seen varsity action. The sophomore sprang from his seat, grabbed a helmet and rushed up to the referee, forgetting meanwhile to find out whose place he was taking. To the referee's question, the bewildered gridder could only reply:

"I'm in for somebody in the Princeton backfield."

Now there were two of them confused and the referee retired to the side lines to ponder the matter. At this juncture, the irrepressible Kelley walked over and said:

"Maybe he came in for me, Mr. Referee. I've been playing in the Princeton backfield all afternoon."

The other incident is neatly told in Fred Russell's book, *I'll Go Quietly* (McQuiddy Press). Seems the team was behind three touchdowns at the half, largely because the line had played miserably and particularly because the huge 235-pound tackle had been taking a wicked pushing around. As they gathered in the dressing room between halves, the little 140-pound coach was fuming. Finally he stopped in front of the big tackle, brandishing his finger.

"You—you're just a bum, that's all," he squinted. "You can't take it. Oh, if I had your size—if I just had your size I'd be heavyweight champion of the world. Nothing could stop me."

Registering no emotion whatever, the big tackle (with modulated brashness) remarked:

"What's keeping you from being lightweight champion?"

Barkless Basenjis

London bull terriers who like to chase cats may be in for a rude awakening one of these days if they pick on something licking its coat into shape in a back alley. It won't meow and run away, by a long shot, but more likely will come forth with a loud yodel and sink a mouthful of well-developed canine teeth in the surprised pooch's tail.

Such would be a run-in with a Barkless Basenji, a new kind of dog recently imported by the English from the Congo Basin. The B. B. is about the size of a Dalmatian, licks its back legs like a cat or washes the whole chassis with the tongue, sometimes whimpers like a kitten but makes with a yodeling cry in moments of stress, and, backed by generations of training in Africa as a hunting dog, can give any hopeful cat-chaser a bad half hour.

The breed is enjoying boom popularity in southern England, and had its first formal show recently in London's Trinity Hall. Basenjis first came to Britain in 1923, but the few specimens died in quarantine. Now it looks as though they're there to stay, and times are going to be difficult for those dog lovers who can't abide a cat. The Barkless Basenji, as his name implies, can't bark, but burglars who hear a yodel in the parlor better make tracks, and fast.

Sound and Fury

Readers and writers of our The Sound and the Fury department, where you can speak your piece for or against the way in which Esky conducts himself, have long since tagged the name of the section as a phrase lifted from Shakespeare.

However, the *Shakespeare Quarterly*, (via Bennett Cerf's Trade Winds column in the *Saturday Review of Literature*) which is naturally on very intimate terms with friend Bill and his doings, has pointed out that the same ten lines from *Macbeth* (Act V, Scene V) have inspired at least fifteen modern authors as well as ourselves to use titles coined by the Bard. The original lines are as follows:

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow,
Creeps in *this petty pace* from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And *all our yesterdays* have lighted fools
The way to *dusty death*. Out, out, *brief candle!*
Life's but a *walking shadow*, *a poor player*
That struts and frets *his hour* upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of *sound and fury*
Signifying nothing.

And these are the fifteen titles:

Tomorrow and Tomorrow: A play by Philip Barry (1931)
This Petty Pace: A book of cartoons by Mary Petty (1945)
All Our Yesterdays: Stories by H. M. Tomlinson (1930)
Dusty Death: A novel of the 1930's by C. Robbins
Brief Candle: A novel by Norman Venner (1928)
Brief Candle: A play by Robert H. Powell (1934)
Brief Candles: Short stories by Aldous Huxley (1930)
Brief Candles: Essays by Laurence Binyon (1936)
Walking Shadows: Tales by Alfred Noyes (1918)
Walking Shadows: An essay on silhouette films by Eric W. White (1931)
A Poor Player: A 19th century stage biography by Harold H. Child
His Hour: A novel by Elinor Glyn (1910)
Told by an Idiot: A novel of the 1920's by Rose Macaulay
Sound and Fury: An informal history of broadcasting by Francis Chase, Jr (1942)
The Sound and the Fury: Fiction by William Faulkner (1929)

Know any more?

North by Rail

Don't worry, Alaska is still a frontier if that's what you're looking for. Buffalo Bill might have told this one which happened just the other day to an Army officer stationed there. He tells how he boarded a train for a thirty-six-mile haul to the next town. He was the only military on board, the rest of the passengers consisting of grizzly old prospectors, all sporting long beards and six-shooters. With sophisticated aplomb, the officer pulled his mackinaw up around his throat and settled back to doze through the journey. He was half asleep when it occurred to him that the train was freezing cold and the north wind was howling through the car with altogether too much glee. He snapped up in his seat and found that all the windows had been thrown open and every last prospector perched before them, beards and noses poked into the open, guns trained on some invisible target.

Suddenly one of the prospectors jumped up, pulled the cord and the train screeched to a stop, whereupon they all trooped out silently and set off for the hills, leaving the officer alone in the car. There was nothing the latter could do but close the windows, tuck himself in and wait. Twenty minutes later the bearded boys came trudging back to the train, dragging a huge moose behind. They stored the carcass in a freight car, took up their old positions, threw open the windows he had closed, and the train got under way again. A half hour passed, the cord was pulled, the train stopped and out they went again. By this time the officer was fit to blow his top. He marched determinedly through the cars to the cab, set on having a few caustic words with the engineer. And, of course, the engineer was out moose hunting with the rest of the boys.

A philosopher to the end, the officer went back to his seat, resigned himself to the cauld, cauld blast and didn't even bother to close the windows this time. He had a hunch this wouldn't be the last moose hunting expedition for the day. He was right. It took him six hours to travel those thirty-six miles.

Normal

From unimpeachable sources (our receptionist) comes this yarn of another Chicago fire.

After climbing aboard one of the war-worn wrecks laughingly termed a cab in the Loop, the passenger discovered a sizable column of smoke curling up from under the back seat.

"Cab's on fire," he told the driver, preparing to leap the second the gasoline tank exploded.

"Where you going?" asked the cabbie.

"Palmer House," said our man.

"That ain't far," said the cabbie, slamming it into first. "I'll put her out afterwards."

And off they creaked, trailing clouds of smoke.

Phone a Song of Slumber

We are indebted to one of our correspondents for the news that the baby crowd is gurgling its pleasure over its own home-grown crooner, Mike Maloney, the silver-throated thrush of Westchester County.

A diaper service routeman, Mr. Maloney got the inspiration for his novel lullaby phone service to comfort upset tykes while making deliveries for General Diaper Service through the prolific suburban areas of Westchester.

Since the news has gotten around about Lullaby Director Maloney's special service, mothers have been calling him up regularly to swoon little Arabella or Susie (and Juniors like him too) off to the Land of Nod. His heaviest hours are from twelve to two in the afternoon and from six to eight p.m., when the tots should be sleeping like angels but much prefer to beat on the sides of the crib with a rattle. Generally Mike makes a gradual approach with a few clucking and gooing noises "in order to get the baby's attention to the phone before the actual performance takes place." Then he gives with a chorus or two of *Rock-a-bye-Baby* and *Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra*, which usually sends them.

Mike says that he's successful about 85% of the time over Alexander Graham Bell's plaything, but the stubborn ones usually can be taken care of with a personal home visit. One of his toughest assignments was a pair of twins. "No sooner did I get one to sleep than his twin would wake . . . but before I was forced to admit defeat and loss of voice, both were lulled to sleep at the same time," he reports.

Scoffers who may call this Maloney's Folly will please note that the National Institute of Diaper Services is considering the possibility of adopting the lullaby service on a national scale. Mike Maloney modestly feels that his idea may end up with lullaby singers like himself throughout the country.

We didn't dare ask Mike about it, but we're wondering what will happen when a certain cute baby in Bronxville hears about his dulcet voice. She's twenty-one, and has a devil of a time getting to sleep. Stay near that phone, Mike.

Smellivision

Only the other day, Esky smelled with his own nose the unmistakable fragrance of a lovely red rose as it was flashed onto a television screen.

This fantastic olfactory experience is the work of Hans E. Laube, the Swiss inventor, who alone knows just how the miracle is accomplished. Esky, not much of a scientist, but always willing to try, maintains that the aromas are automatically concocted by chemicals in the television set, and "mixed" by radio remote control from the studio. Could be.

Optimistic scientists, nostrils quivering, predict the day when television sets will be turned out equipped with two or three hundred different smells. But for the moment, the invention remains pretty much of a mystery since Mr. Laube has retired to his native Switzerland with his secret equipment, to perfect it, leaving behind only a memory of a rose and how it smelled.

Esky, diverted by the thought of the exotic perfumes to come and the wild passions now aroused in the breasts of advertising copywriters merely at the sound of some of the names, wishes inventor Laube well and Godspeed at his work. There is also a slight thorn in this rosy picture, he warns, with a prophetic glance at certain radio programs. Smellivision will be hard on ham actors. ##

Readers are encouraged, even requested, to send in ideas and reactions to the What in the World editor, Esquire, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11. Contributors will be paid $5 and upwards for anecdotes and editorial musings accepted. Material must be accompanied by source of information. Sorry, but rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

At dawn these two would meet the same death one of them had witnessed before when his great teacher had been wronged

The Hero Worshiped

by GERALD KERSH

"How many hours to dawn?" the thin boy broke the silence.

"Scared, eh?" said the man with the battered face, laughing. "Don't feel so sure of yourself now, do you, eh?"

"I'm not scared," said the thin boy, but his voice was much too loud. "I don't care. A short life and a merry one. What's the odds?"

"Tough, eh?" said the other, and curled a cruel lip.

"My name's Tito, see? I ran with Three-Finger Cassa's mob. See? They wouldn't have got me alive, only I was drunk at Red Hannah's place."

The man with the battered face laughed again, and said: "Never heard of you, Tito, eh? Wipe the milk off your lip, baby-face! Do you know who I am?"

"I don't know and I don't care, see?"

"Did you ever hear of a man called Kamzan—Johnny-the-Tongs? Shall I show you my grip, eh?"

"I'm sorry, sir, I didn't know. I heard a lot about you, sir. They say you once broke a bullock's neck with your hands. I heard—"

"That was nothing—just a little friendly bet, kid."

"I didn't know you'd been caught, sir. They must be getting pretty good if they can catch a man like you."

"Somebody turned me in. I wish I had him here! It took twelve of 'em to hold me; they broke three clubs over my head. Ah, well, I'm not the first good man that came to a bad end on account of a woman, and I won't be the last. It'll be dawn soon, kid, and then up we go."

The boy licked dry lips. "Does it hurt as much as people say?" he asked.

"What the hell?" said Kamzan, shrugging his immense shoulders. "It happens to us all sooner or later. I'd sooner have gone down fighting. Women! Women are bad luck. I ought to have learned my lesson. But there it is. Why, when I was your age—you're about twenty, aren't you?—didn't I see what happened to Little Mannie and Davie the Schemer?"

"Did you *know* Little Mannie?" asked the boy, with awe.

"Know him? He was my pal. So was Davie."

"Lord, I wish I'd known you then, sir! Why, Little Mannie is famous all over the world."

"The cleverest thief *I* ever knew, son."

"And you're famous, too, aren't you?"

"They won't forget me in a hurry," said the man known as Johnny-the-Tongs, with a satisfied grunt.

"Were you always as strong as they said you were, sir?"

"Son, when I was your age I could break a man's back with one hand. I got my living that way."

"Was it sheer strength, or a knack?"

"Both, *plus* speed. Why, once a royal mob sent a Greek wrestler against me, a real all-in Pancratium grappler. The idea was that this fellow was to get me to wrestle for a friendly bet, and then crack my neck. I cracked his in fifteen seconds, without knowing the first thing about wrestling either. That was down in Alexandria. A decent sort of town, Alexandria," Kamzan added quietly.

"Lots of nice girls, eh?"

"Much good *they* did me. Women! Pah! They were the ruin of me, same as Little Mannie and Davie."

"They were . . . ." The boy choked on the word.

"Sure they were," said Kamzan. "Twenty years ago. And they died the same way as they lived—hard. And game, too. They never yelled for mercy, like some I've known. They bawled each other out—blinding and cursing and shouting dirty names at each other to the bitter end. And all for a flat-faced Gippo girl, a black-eyed Gippo dancer. Two men like that! I worshiped the ground they trod on, especially Little Mannie. And I was never afraid of any man in my life, except Davie the Schemer. I could have killed him with a finger and a thumb, easy as putting out a light, but I was scared of him—you just had to do what Davie said. Everybody was afraid of Davie. And then this girl beats him in the end! My mother always warned me against women. Ah, *she* was a woman if you like! I wish there were more like her. She used to run a House on the waterfront; they called her Mary, the Battering Ram. Whenever there was a roughhouse she'd butt with her head—she could knock two strong men stone cold with a kind of left-right jerk, so fast your eye couldn't follow it. She was a fine woman. But that Gippo girl . . . ."

"What happened to her in the end?" asked Tito.

Kamzan uttered a wordless growl. There was silence for a few seconds. Then the boy murmured: "It must be getting near dawn. I'm glad we're together. I always wanted to meet you. Can I call you Johnny?"

"Sure you can, kid, sure you can. Don't let it get you down. Little Mannie always used to say to me: 'Kamzan,' he used to say, 'mark my words, it's easier to die than to live.' What a man he was! He taught me all I ever knew."

"How did he come to get caught?"

"Why, like I told you, he went silly on this Gippo girl. Picked her up off the wharf. She'd been knocked about by some Italian sailors. Mannie took her in, got her a doctor, gave her food and clothes free of charge. When she got better she followed Mannie about like a dog. He couldn't bear the sight of her at first; he kicked her out more than once, but she always came back, begging to be allowed to stay as a servant. Then Davie took a fancy to her, and so she and he got together. She was clever, sharp as a needle, not pretty, but she had a way with her. Most men came running when she lifted an eyelid. Yes, she was smart, that Gippo girl; she could twist men round her finger. She could take a watchman's mind off his job while the mob got to work on a house. She could do anything she liked with most men. But she was no good.

"As soon as she got thick with Davie—that's the way things are—Mannie sort of decided that he'd wanted her all the time. Said he'd found her in the first place. There wasn't much ill-feeling at first, but later it turned out that she was carrying on with Mannie and Davie at the same time. Then there was nearly murder. The knives were out, when Davie—he had the coolest head of the lot of us—Davie said: 'What the hell is the use of letting a skirt interfere with business? Let's throw dice for her, Mannie.' (Continued on page 210)

"They don't trust each other"

Man's Alien Shore

When a beautiful young girl tells an older man with obligations that she loves him, it's hard for him to know what to do

by N. O. YOUMANS

The waves grumbled as they broke, hissed up the beach, and sighed back into the Pacific. He lay on his back beside her, listening, covered from hairline to trunks with a yellow towel.

After a while he hooked one white leg protectively over the other and said, "Three thousand miles." The towel moved with his lips and muffled his voice.

Sleepily she asked, "Umm?"

He sat up slowly, a man with a crooked nose and hair cut short so that the grey hardly showed. He flipped out the yellow towel to protect his legs and rolled on his side, digging an elbow into the sand. He leaned his chin against his hunched shoulder.

"Three thousand miles," he said. "Three thousand miles I had to come to get tangled up with something like you."

She said, "Umm," again, this time like a child with an ice-cream cone. She nuzzled her face deeper into her arms and moved a foot over to touch him, curling her toes against his ankle.

He pulled his foot away and said, "Quit it."

"Um."

He stared at her, scowling a little and squinting against the glare. She was a long girl and almost naked. From pale brown hair to feet sprawled flat outward, the richness of her skin was broken only by a white strip of bra and short white elastic pants.

She looks mellow, he thought, like Virginia leaf tobacco. Or like a well-basted roast potato just out of the oven. That was closer, there was a shine to her from perspiration.

He thought: There's nothing special about her. Her hair is thick and healthy, but it's badly cut and you'd meet the color a thousand times. Her shoulders are too wide, her legs are too heavy and her feet are too big, as most young girls' feet are nowadays.

Young. He looked off down the beach, the scowl set hard between his brows. That was it. That was it, of course—she was young. He let his eyes drop on her again. She was round and smooth; she filled her skin with no looseness anywhere, like a new russet apple. He moved a hand toward her and drew it back; under his fingers her flesh would be firm and springy, he knew that. This was youth, a piece of fruit barely ripe, to be held between thumb and forefinger.

She was special, very special.

He sat up carefully and threw the towel around his shoulders and said, "Come on—let's go."

She rolled over on her back and her lips made a smile that was lazy and possessive.

"Darling," her voice reached out to touch him. "I must have gone to sleep."

"This damn sun of yours," he said. "I'm fried. Let's get the hell and gone out of here."

"Of course," she said, and was on her feet in one curving feline movement. She held out a hand and pulled him up. "Where'll we go?"

"Shade."

She slapped sand from her belly with the edge of her hand. "I know a place."

As they went up the beach he fell half a pace behind, watching for sharp shells underfoot, and found himself following the play of her leg muscles. They flexed and slackened like soft whips, and he thought of a bay three-year-old he had once seen in a paddock. There was the same sense of tension, of being fit. "Ease up," he said. "I'm an old man."

She fell back and slid her arm through his. "*Old*," she said, and made the word ridiculous.

In the cabana she slipped off her bra and peeled down her white pants and threw them into a canvas bag, picked up her white cotton dress and thrust her arms in. He came in holding his damp suit loosely in his right hand.

"Throw me your trunks," she said briskly, holding out a hand. "I'll take the things and bring the car around front."

He threw his wet trunks and when she had zipped the bag she came and stood over him as he finished tying his shoes. "Darling," she said.

He looked up, twisting his head sideways.

"I love you," she said. "I love you so much."

"Now, look—" he said, but she laughed and ran out.

He went to the dingy mirror to comb his hair. He screwed up his mouth till he got the part straight on the right and then smoothed it meticulously. He cocked his head to see how it lay in back and saw the grey showing. He straightened to face himself.

"You fool," he said quietly. "You goddamned fool."

She blew the horn then, one long and two short, and he went out to the car. She was sitting at the wheel, but she made a tentative gesture to slide from under.

"Want to drive?" she asked.

He hesitated, and said, "No—you Californians scare me green." He got in and slammed the door. "I never thought I'd feel safer with a woman than driving myself."

She flipped the car rhythmically from first to second to high and nosed out onto the concrete. "You'll get used to us," she said.

"By tomorrow noon?"

"Anyway," she said brightly, "it's simpler. I know our way about."

"Where are we going?"

"A place I know. It isn't very fancy."

"Christ," he said, settling back. "I'm sick of fancy places."

"A joint really. Very gloomy."

"Fine."

She drove his rented car fast and evenly, braking down for traffic signals with a sure soft foot that left no backlash, accelerating so smoothly that he got no sense of pressure against the seat back. Her hands on the wheel were light and careless, almost contemptuous, as if the car were her creature. He rested his head against the cushion and closed his eyes.

He thought: I used to drive that way before I hit a pole outside of Nyack. Twenty-seven it was—the night of Joe Hoover's party. To this day I'll never know whether I blew a tire or went to sleep. When they pulled me out, the tire was blown—a good alibi for the cops—but maybe that was the pole. God knows, I was drunk; but everyone was drunk those days and got home somehow. He thought: Jesus, she was six years old then; she wouldn't even know about Prohibition.

The car swooped to the right and he (*Continued on page 260*)

"If you love Alan Ladd so much, why don't you marry him?"

Moment by COBY WHITMORE

The brush that painted this exquisite Esquire Girl has earned the graces of all women in all time. For here is shown Beauty in the supreme moment of perfection besting her arch enemy Time and setting the persistent old boy straight. The nightgown slips unnoticed from her matchless shoulders as her eyes grow suddenly purposeful with woman's insistence that the clock be done correctly to the exact second. And even the cynical old thief with the scythe, watching, shakes his head at the song of her unconscious loveliness. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may be mistress to the others, but for her ineffable sweetness he holds still the spheres for one breathless moment.

Dalliance by BEN STAHL

The questing toe of Ben Stahl's classically fetching Esquire Girl seems to point less to her immediate future than that dark eye cast even hopefully beyond. Does she suspect, do you think, that a dip in the brook might be observed from the shaded bank on the other side? Or is the discarded stocking just another form of the careless cascade of hair under the so formal picture hat? To dally with toes in the water, or with the glorious freshness of life everywhere as she finds it, would seem to be this little maid's most serious problem. Or, should we say, every little maid's most pressing occupation?

Sinderella, Incorporated

Whether in wish-fulfillment or truth, women writers are now purveyors of hot copy spun about the bed-and-bawd theme

by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

I AM an inveterate window-shopper. I can't navigate Fifth Avenue without pausing to peer, ponder and appraise. Even when my eye wistfully encounters diaphanous nighties and other nocturnal deshabilles, I am engaged in pure research. The history of manners, the wavering course of culture, the very wishful thoughts of men and women are spread out behind the brilliant and provocative plate-glass fronts.

Bookstores are most revealing for my purpose and, lately, the revelations have been so astonishing as to be alarming. I am confronted—and continually cajoled—by book jackets flaming with breathless promise, with full-color, full-bosomed heroines equipped with half-open lips, humid eyes and artfully bared bodice. Once again, it is sex o'clock in America.

This was, of course, to be expected. The play of the pendulum is constant. After every period of tight regimentation there comes an era of loose talk and casual licentiousness. The natural son of the Philistine is always the Bohemian. The Cromwellian Puritans unwittingly, and certainly unwillingly, sired the rakehells of Charles the Second's corrupt court. Victorian smugness was given its cultural comeuppance by the revolt of the mauve decadents. The rigors of Prohibition, that ludicrous "noble experiment" of the first World War, resulted in a generation of hipflask-toting undergraduates, Bacchae-like dancing daughters and gat-packing gangsters.

It was inevitable, therefore, that the discipline imposed upon us by the recent war should be succeeded by a license far beyond that of the eighteenth-century gallants and the rowdy, roaring twenties. But what is amazing is the way in which the women have taken the lead in amorality: they—not the men—have made sex a best-selling commodity.

Occasionally a man tries his hand at variations on the theme. Edgar Maass spins a novel, *Imperial Venus*, about Pauline Bonaparte, Napoleon's favorite younger sister. He chronicles her succession of intense love affairs, and includes the incident when she posed for the sculptor Canova. When asked whether it was unpleasant to sit before a man practically unclothed, she replied: "Not at all. The room was well-heated." Garland Roark's *Wake of the Red Witch* is a slightly (but only slightly) adult version of *Terry and the Pirates*, complete with a sadistic skipper and a pulse-quickening nymph first seen emerging from a stream. Even so detached a critic as Edmund Wilson leaves his cool ivory tower for warmed-up reminiscences in *Memoirs of Hecate County*, one section of which is embellished with details rarely encountered except in a biology textbook. But though Wilson's objective is feverishly sexual, his approach is coldly gynecological.

The women do this sort of thing much better. And the publishers' advertisements egg them on. I might even say that the hot hands of the blurb-writer aid and abet them. Margaret Campbell Barnes' *My Lady of Cleves*, a serious study of Henry VIII's fourth wife, is advertised as "the passions of the Tudors . . . the story of one whom 'bawdy, boisterous England' took to heart," and Gladys Schmitt's extraordinarily sensitive *David the King* is billed as the adventures of "God's most magnificent sinner."

Dorothy Erskine's *The Crystal Boat* is a story of feudal Scotland. But the publisher is taking no chance that the reader may imagine that the heroine is a dour little lassie striding the heather in severe Scottish tweeds. In order to correct any such impression, the advertisement shows a well-endowed and uncompromisingly naked wench climbing into a bed "broad as a battlefield," and, to make it even plainer, characterizes the story as "lively, lusty, ribald." Not to be outdone, the publishers of Anneke de Lange's *Anna Lubanne* display a half-clad beauty "who tempted fate and many men . . . wild, dangerous, untamed as the country she lived in," a book which they proudly proclaim is "equal to any fictional survey of sinning and human frailty." Elizabeth Metzger Howard's *Before the Sun Goes Down* was awarded two of the country's largest literary prizes: the publishers' prize of $20,000 and the M-G-M annual novel award of $125,000. But this sensational total and the accompanying publicity were not enough. A full-page advertisement stressed things to be spoken only in whispers: "The large white bed that Dan Fields promised himself no one but Pris Albright would ever lie in . . . his forbidden love for Pris . . . the teen-aged sons who had a way of sneaking over to Mudtown and learning the facts of life firsthand."

Formerly it was the masculine writers who excelled in tales of simple seduction or planned promiscuity. Today the women surpass them in downright devilishness as well as delicate (and indelicate) details. Better than men, they know how to rouse without revolting the reader; they stage their seductions with obvious gusto, wickedly alluring backgrounds and a complete absence of remorse.

It may be a happy accident that most of *(Continued on page 249)*

Some sound advice for not-so-young beginners in this, the most satisfying of winter sports

You, Too, Can Ski—Maybe

by ROBERT M. COATES

The question is can a man who has reached, say, his early thirties and has never been on skis before, learn to ski? A further question of course, might be, why should he?

Any man who has reached that age and has seen friends of his pay out $25 for a pair of ski boots sixty for a pair of ski pants and a jacket, forty for his skis and perhaps fifty more for woolen shirts, socks, sweaters and other paraphernalia who has seen these same friends, laden down with all this equipment, starting out for a skiing week end and has made note of the severity of their schedules, who has seen them return weary-eyed from lack of sleep, slightly bruised a little hung-over—well there is every reason, on the face of it, why such a man might think himself well out of the whole damned business and devote himself instead to some less demanding sport like badminton

On the other hand, skiing—but I'm not going into the usual panegyric about skiing at this moment the crisp virginal snow, the swift downhill run the jovial camaraderie of the ski lodge afterward and so on Skiing happens to be far and away my favorite sport, but it may never be yours, and if it isn't, no amount of impassioned description of that sort can make it so Moreover, those aren't the reasons I like it either, or at least they aren't the main ones

The snow, certainly has something to do with it I'm convinced that *no* one who doesn't love snow, just snow, for its own sake, as a garland for fence posts and shrubbery, as a cleaner, more symmetrical foliage for tree branches than any summer has to offer, as a brightener of the barren landscape and a tincturer of the wintry air—as, indeed, something to love almost physically, to fall into, to feel against the face to see against the sky—such a man can never love skiing He might better spend his winters shivering in Florida

The downhill run, granted that you've chosen a terrain for it that's within your capabilities, has its satisfactions too, indeed, they're the principal reasons for skiing But these come when you've achieved a certain degree of expertness They're the end result and not the beginning, and to list them among the *attractions* of skiing among the things that lead you to take up the sport in the first place, implies a logical fallacy, it's like saying that you decide to *learn* to play tennis because you enjoy trading shots with Vines or Bobby Riggs or Allison

As for the ski-lodge camaraderie, that has been grossly exaggerated Skiing is a fairly new sport and the majority of its devotees, in consequence are in the position of being *nouveaux riches* with respect to it. A year or two of extra experience, a slight acquaintance with a ski instructor the fact that one has been at the same slope before and can exchange hellos with the man who runs the ski tow—these can mean as much to the skier in the way of kudos as an extra million or two used to mean in Pittsburgh in the old days, and it is likely to be used to the same unfair advantage.

I know of nowhere else on earth where you'll find as much naked snobbism all revolving around some lean, tanned and (damn him) handsome head ski instructor as you will at the average ski resort. What I've said I must add doesn't apply to the really good skiers who as experts are generally immune to such snobbery, as the members of financially secure "old families" are immune to it socially But to the rest of the rabble, the near-dubs and dubs, skill is about the sole desideratum and you are likely to be sought after in relation to the competence you display on the slopes

If you're a fairly good skier yourself, of course, that's okay, because as I've said, the experts are usually easy to get along with But if you're a dub, as I assume you are, to start with, life at night can be fairly disheartening at a ski resort, and my first advice to the beginner is this bring some friends along also beginners and be prepared to pay well in the way of rounds of drinks and so on, if you want to worm your way into the company of skiers who are better than you are

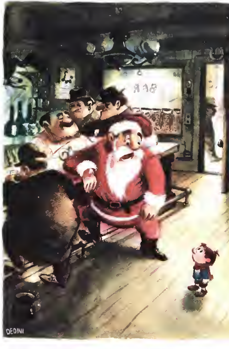
So the much-touted ski-lodge camaraderie is out—or let's say that you won't get as much of it as you may have been led to expect. When I try to decide really why I like skiing I find myself thinking persistently of dancing and so I may as well put the word down and try to reason it out. There are certainly definite relations and I would set down, as one more rule-of-thumb bit of advice for the putative beginner that if you aren't a fairly good dancer with enough feeling for the dance so that you find it hard to sit still when good music is playing—then again, skiing probably isn't for you

For skiing, though it may seem odd to say so, is really very much like dancing—if you'll overlook the fact that it's done alone on a slanting surface that is a good deal more slippery than any dance floor and at speeds which although they seem a good deal greater than they actually are can still range up to forty or more miles per hour. (Racing skiers with special equip-

(Continued on page 146)

Adventures of a blade maid

Florence Ballard and her husband Bob are performing phenomenal antics as an adagio team in the Sonja Henie-Arthur M. Wirtz extravaganza, Icetime, at the Center Theatre in Rockefeller Center, New York. This blonde pocket size pack of kinetic energy has been skating for the past six years Besides her other gifts she has a pleasing voice and before she took to ice she did vocals for several dance bands. Before that Florence was a dancer, as a chorine with occasional solo bits she trouped with a show called Hollywood Hotel Revue *throughout Australia and New Zealand. Two years ago she met Bob Ballard, who was then serving with the U. S. Army in an ice show After they had been married a year and Bob had returned to civilian life, they hit on the happy idea of doing a pair number on skates.*



"A little later, sonny, I'm off duty now"

Put This in Your Pipe

Ideal as the man's home companion, a pipe has powers to soothe the mind, warm the heart and even promote world freedom

by BROOKS ATKINSON

As nearly as I can remember I am just rounding out thirty-five years of pipe smoking. By the standards of Old Parr who smoked until he was either 125 or 160 years of age (the records are inexact) thirty-five years is only the apprentice period. But I am becoming accustomed to pipe smoking now. My experience overseas as well as at home has been extensive and includes some alarming dilemmas that had to be solved by keen improvisations on the spot. In short, I feel that the time has come to render some accounting for an avocation that has kept me skinny, saturated my system with a drug that will doubtless result in shortening my life—though pleasantly withal. After thirty-five years I am well seasoned.

Let us be frank about it. I am lost. Although I once had a jaunty attitude towards pipe smoking, I am abject now. The good slave does not merely submit to his master; the good slave is grateful to his master; and that is I—the good slave, humble, respectful, obsequious. I am grateful to pipe smoking for the humane service it has recently performed. During the three and a half years when I have been stationed overseas, pipe smoking has provided intimate companionship. Wherever I have been, in China or Russia, I have carried in my mouth or my pocket a little world of my own that has been familiar, savory and completely personal. In the barren mountains of China, treeless and worn, and in the choked and cheerless streets of Moscow—a few puffs and I felt whole again. Pipe smoking overseas has united me by bands of blue evanescence to pipe smoking in New York and the Catskills where I always long to be. Now, this is a confession of weakness in more ways than one. It proves that I am not a progressive citizen of the world, and that I have failed on a high level. For these are times that need the counsel and experience of people who can live anywhere as though such things as foreign countries no longer existed. To a real citizen of the world Chungking and Moscow should seem no more alien than Philadelphia and Boston to a New Yorker. But obviously I am no herald of the ideal of the one world because wherever I have been on foreign business I have been haunted by memories of home. A phantasmagoria of images of home has always been turning somewhere in the back of my mind. To smoke a pipe that had come from home was enough to keep me related to home. It was the emigree's home companion. It was more vital than any other token from home because every now and then it could be brought alive with a match.

There were difficulties, of course. In China during the war almost my greatest anxiety was a supply of pipe tobacco. Fortunately I was able to start off with a good reserve. Having been limited to fifty-five pounds of baggage including a typewriter, on the air journey to China I could take only one pound of tobacco with me, and by the time I had dawdled a few days in Karachi and New Delhi I was scraping the bottom of the can. I was worried. But the pilot of the freight plane in which I rode the last leg of the journey through India was an amiable lad who understood things in their proper proportion. We had just taken off and were straightening out when I approached him with my problem. "Say, is there any place where I can stock up on pipe tobacco before I start over 'The Hump'?" I inquired. The pilot turned the project over in his mind for a moment. "The best place would be the English tobacco store in Calcutta," he replied. "We might just as well go down there and see." Acting on humanitarian impulse he swung his ship off course towards Calcutta which was about two hours flying time southeast. We landed at the Calcutta field and drove to the tobacco shop. It was closed. "Oh hell," the pilot exclaimed. "I forgot it's Sunday. But I'll come down here again in a few days, get you ten pounds of tobacco and send it to you in China." That seemed like a highly implausible piece of quixotism to me, but having no choice, I got back in the plane, and the next morning flew over The Hump into China. The weather was cold, thick, soggy and miserable, and China looked most uninviting. At that time before The Hump air route had been developed, the air transport pilots transacted their business and loitered in one rain-soaked freezing tent standing in mud. The whole of Kunming was wretched and the war was going badly. American pipe tobacco was scarce and the U. S. Army PX was short of everything. My personal emergency looked graver every day. But before taking the plane on to Chungking a few days later I dropped into the air transport tent on speculation. Was there a package for me? Merciful God, there was! It contained ten pounds of British tobacco in sealed tins. And as further evidence of the casual attitude that American soldiers took towards personal good will in those days, there was no indication of the amount of money I owed. There was no address, and to tell the truth I was none too sure of the pilot's name. But putting $25 into an envelope I scribbled what I supposed to be his name on the outside and gave it to a sergeant. Six months *(Continued on page 351)*

Harping on her subject

Elaine Vito started taking piano lessons when she was seven and, like many another moppet, cordially hated that instrument. But when her father, Edward Vito, (first harpist for the NBC Symphony) taught her to play the harp, she knew she had found her career. At seventeen, Elaine was invited by Toscanini to play second harp with the NBC Symphony. Her debut also marked the first performance of Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony—a double event in the world of music. Now, at twenty-one, Elaine hopes eventually to become a soloist. She was married recently to George Ricci, first cellist for the Blue Network. Elaine's hobby is collecting antiques and her prize possession, a canopied bed, appears in the background of this photograph, which was taken at her home in Greenwich, Connecticut

First in a series describing American colleges is an old New England school

Campus Portrait: Dartmouth College

by F. ALEXANDER

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, in the words of its own song, was founded by Eleazar Wheelock who "went into the wilderness to teach the Indian with a Gradus Ad Parnassum, a Bible and a drum and five hundred gallons of New England rum."

The spirit of the song, if not the words, is still pretty much alive in Hanover, New Hampshire, where Dartmouth's 3,000 students enjoy a brief Indian Summer before plunging into the snow-laden winter which has become almost their trade-mark by now.

Carnival—a three-day frolic for which Dartmouth is justly famed in sororities and sewing clubs from coast to coast—is one of the college's unique claims to newsreel and headline space with ice sculpture, pretty girls, ski jumping and the residue of Eleazar's refreshments all added to the natural ingenuity of college boys on a spree. The girl who was crowned Queen of the Snows at last winter's Carnival received her accolade from glowing undergraduate judges who disregarded a below-zero temperature to ponder her charms in a setting of cool New Hampshire pines.

The college got its name in 1769 from the Earl of Dartmouth, the Earl being the chief patron in its infant days as an Indian school. However, the chief relict of the Indian phase of Dartmouth's history is the symbol on football programs, banners and the like, and a series of hair-raising screeches which the cheering section uses to confound opposing groups which are confined to the conventional locomotive or spelling-bee type of cheer.

A famous use of the school's name is preserved in the Dartmouth College Case, in which the Supreme Court made its precedent-setting decision in favor of the trustees of Dartmouth, who were jousting with the State of New Hampshire authorities for control of the college. In that classic case, Dartmouth was defended by one of its most illustrious sons, Daniel Webster, who explained his interest at one point by declaiming: "It is, sir, as I have said, a small college and yet there are those who love it." It is a characteristic of Dartmouth graduates, mean alumni of other institutions, that they not only quote Daniel on this point at the drop of a ski pole, but continue to take his oddly apologetic remark seriously for the rest of their lives. Be that as it may, Dartmouth as a group is strictly on the outdoor side. Hanover nestles in the foothills of the White Mountains, with the big peaks and their fast runs only a few days' cross-country trek away for a man who thinks skiing all day and sleeping in the winter woods is great relaxation. Not far are Vermont's Green Mountains and the abrupt Adirondacks, across Lake Champlain in New York. But prize package of all the schuss experts is the headwall run down Tuckerman's Ravine on Mt. Washington, and not far behind it is Hell's Highway, Dartmouth's own ski run to the Ravine Camp on Mt. Moosilauke.

Yes, they read books and study there, too. In addition to the college itself, there are associated schools of medicine, engineering, business administration. Some of the outdoor informality of the campus creeps into the classroom, too, where a professor may wear ski boots or sit his dog by the desk as he lectures on the niceties of Elizabethan literature or the atomic theorem. Nevertheless, Dartmouth is serious about its studies and its campus pursuits for the working days of the week. Only on week ends does the "parade" of undergraduates start as the lovelorn migrate to Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts, or other seats of feminine attraction more alluring than the charms of the rural maidens who wait hopefully along the Connecticut River as it flows past Hanover.

Architecturally, the campus has the austere and placid charm of an old New England community. The elms are large and the buildings have a Colonial simplicity and dignity. Time was—in Dartmouth's "sweatshirt" era—that the bucolic virtues and deep mud of Hanover's Main Street drew sneers in New Haven and Cambridge, where paving blocks and a strong distaste for lumber-camp fashions were found in abundance. But today the Dartmouth campus is very much like many another American academic scene with its carefree population of sleek convertibles, sick jalopies, plaid jackets, grey flannel slacks, and crew haircuts. Its alumni, more fanatically loyal than most, tend to recall it as a sort of New England Valhalla, and in this a surprising segment of women of all ages who once attended a Carnival houseparty dreamily concur. Frankly sentimental poet that he was, Dartmouth's famous Richard Hovey wrote a few lines that have been quoted more than once in the past few years on the seas, in deserts, and in other mountain lands:

Though round the girdled earth they roam,
Her spell on them remains;
They have the still North in their hearts,
The hill winds in their breath;
And the granite of New Hampshire
Is made part of them till death.

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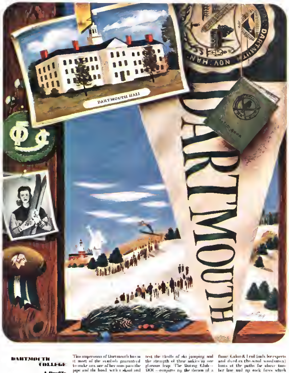
"Are you sure we're on the right road?"



DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

A Profile

Painting by Fred Ing

This impression of Dartmouth has in it most of the symbols guaranteed to make any one of her sons pass the pipe and the bowl with a skoal and a skoal. Dartmouth Hall still stands. Baker Library looks reassuringly over snow-covered hills as students test the thrills of ski jumping and the strength of their ankles in one glorious leap. The Outing Club—DOC—conjures up the dream of a mountain cabin after a day's run as the skiers gather round the fire and their hearts leap high with the flame. Cabin & Trail (only for experts and dyed-in-the-wool woodsmen) hunts at the paths far above timber line and up rock faces which these fly-footed lads delight to follow. Football of course. And as always the picture of the one girl.

The Thrilling Race to the Fire

Lives there a man with soul so dead that he does not cherish the memory of the horse-drawn fire engine?

SAY what you will about the efficiency of modern fire-fighting equipment, you must concede that our mechanized trucks have none of the glamour and dash of the old-time steam fire engine. Drawn by snorting, spirited horses, and spewing black smoke from its stack, it had a kind of drama that will not come again.

The gallant firemen were the heroes of their day. No small boy, bred in the city, could think of a higher aspiration or a more exciting future than to be a fireman.

A lad who was lucky enough to be near the engine house when the big gong was sounded (and the writer of this article recalls such a day) got the thrill of a lifetime. No sooner had the deep-toned clang of the alarm died away than the well-trained horses stepped smartly from their stalls and, with a ringing of iron hoofs, ran to their places at the tongue of the fire engine. At the same instant the firemen left their checkers and domino games to spring into action. They pulled on their long rubber boots, clapped their heavy iron helmets on their heads and raced to the engine room.

The horses were hitched to the engine wagon, the firemen leaped to their stations, the engineer put the torch to the shavings in the furnace, the doors of the engine room flew open and the driver laid on with the whip. Down the street they went, the horses at a dead run, their manes and tails flying. The engineer pulled on the bell wire, making a loud clang-clang—warning all vehicles and pedestrians to clear the streets. The smoke from the engine streamed out horizontally behind them as they raced to the scene of the fire, followed by hundreds of running, shouting spectators.

Before a burning warehouse the driver leaned back on the reins, bringing the fire engine to an abrupt stop. The fire was only a small one, but there was nothing casual about the firemen as they sprang to the ground, ready for action. The champing, sweating horses were unhitched and left in charge of the driver, and the wheels of the engine were blocked with a stout wooden plank. The end of the hose was fastened to the hydrant and the other was connected with the engine's pump, the hose was run out, the water was turned on and the fire fighting commenced. Soon a strong stream of water was gushing into the fire; flames gave way to hissing steam and smoke. After a few moments the fire was out, the chief gave the signal and the engine stopped. The drama was over, all too soon for excited spectators. Driving back to the fire station the driver held the reins taut, forcing the steaming horses to walk. When they had reached the engine house the horses were unhitched and returned to their stalls. The fire in the furnace was dumped, and a basket of shavings and pine wood was left near the engine, ready for the next alarm.

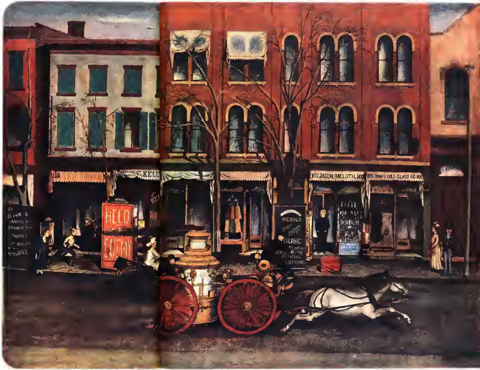
Now the engineer and his helper washed and cleaned the engine as they did after every fire, for an engineer loved his engine as a captain loves his ship.

When it was known that the days of steam fire engines were numbered, one engineer expressed his sentiment in lyrical, unabashed form. The poem was published in the *Firemen's Herald*.

"Behold! How she shines in her beauty,
Resplendent in silver and gold,
Ne'er shrinking from doing her duty,
When worked by her members so bold,
So peacefully-innocent standing,
You'd dream not the work she can do,
But when we her aid are demanding
She always proves faithful and true.

"We look on her with admiration,
Well knowing the work she can do,
She's full of life and animation,
Her duty she seems to know, too;—
She saves us a deal of hard labor,
Her muscles seem never to tire—
Admired by stranger and neighbor,
Whene'er she's at work at a fire.

"Oh! dear shall she be to us ever,—
For she's our companion and friend.
She does her work neatly and clever,
And labors, with zeal, to the end,
The Steamer! We'll ever adore you,
In praising you we never tire,
Hand-engines were nothing before you,
Nor compared with you when at a fire."



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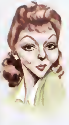
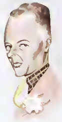
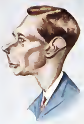
RACING TO THE FIRE *by E. Opper*



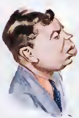
1. *Daddy has her heart*
(DECEMBER 1)



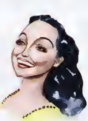
2. *Crazy over iron horses*
(DECEMBER 9)



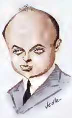
3. *He wears a sailor suit*
(DECEMBER 14)



4. *His favorite expression: By George*
(DECEMBER 27)



5. *Crosby's brightest Hope*
(DECEMBER 10)



6. *His wife trills high C*
(DECEMBER 22)

DECEMBER'S CHILDREN

Caricatures by Alan Jedla

Do you recognize our friends above, born in this cold and yet warmest of all months? Children of the contradictory season of gayest and most solemn atmosphere, their camera faces are as familiar to you as those of other celebrated Americans. Here you have them caricatured; an obstacle intelligent puzzlers should surmount with little effort. For regardless of what Mr. Webster has to say about the nature of a caricature, the true fact is that it is compounded of what nature, time, tide and the affairs of men will do to a face plus what the artist detects there. After all, the twist of a mouth may be sardonic to one man and wistful to another. We don't think you'll find it too difficult to get 100% in your guessing to christen December's children by their right names, but in case you're uncertain of a couple, here's the bona fide line-up: 1. Mary Martin, 2. Lucius Beebe, 3. King George VI, 4. Oscar Levant, 5. Dorothy Lamour, 6. Andre Kostelanetz. (If you found this quiz a little too easy, here's a suggestion for you: what year were they born in?)

There was angry blood between the classes and no way to calm it except by fighting

How Sportsmanship Came to Carver College

by JESSE STUART

"We must be like other colleges," Professor Dixon said. "We can't let a thing like this go on. We must have better sportsmanship between the lower and upperclassmen!"

Professor Dixon pulled the neatly folded handkerchief from the pocket near his coat lapel and carefully ran it over his mouth and his shoebrush mustache as he looked us over with his black beady eyes. We upperclassmen sat on one side of the auditorium while the lowerclassmen sat on the other. Not one of us dared cross the broad aisle. The feeling between our groups was high.

Only an hour before, President Poore had called a special chapel at Carver College. He gave a long talk pleading for "harmony between the upper- and lowerclassmen." Then he prayed for "divine guidance in this time of trouble," since all he and his faculty members had done toward ironing out our differences had been fruitless.

It had begun two weeks before when three seniors started to "initiate" Bullie Sneed who had been brought to Carver from a mountain school to play football. Bullie couldn't understand why three seniors would "get funny" with him and since he was big, powerful and handy with his dukes, he whipped all three. Then the upperclassmen came to their classmates' aid and Bullie's friends started gathering to help him. This was where the first trouble started.

On the afternoon this fracas occurred, we gathered at the dining room door for supper. Most of us worked all or part of our way and we were usually hungry and gathered at the dining room entrance 15 or 20 minutes before it opened.

On this evening, soon as Bullie jumped on one of the three seniors who had tried to "initiate him into the Carver fold" the fight was on. Everybody joined in and it was a free-for-all such as old men and women had never seen before. We knocked windows from the dining room, crashed doors, tramped shrubbery and flowers into the ground.

Faculty members came and couldn't stop the fight. President Poore came and he couldn't do anything with us. The town marshal and his deputies were called and they couldn't do anything about our fighting. The Clayton County sheriff, a big red-faced robust man, and his deputies were called and they rushed to the scene but couldn't stop us. We fought until we got so tired we couldn't fight. Then everybody quit and took care of his fellow buddies who had been knocked cold and trampled on and those with closed eyes. We upperclassmen weren't whipped and we knew it. And the lowerclassmen said they weren't whipped.

But I do know it was the first time in the history of our school where we had such a big crop of lowerclassmen that we upperclassmen were afraid of them. I know that we were afraid, though we wouldn't admit it, for we took baseball bats and clubs into our rooms so if we were attacked we'd have something harder than our fists to strike back with.

After we'd had this fight, President Poore met with his faculty and decided to do something about it. That night a meeting was called in Republican Hollow in an apple orchard where we were supplied with wieners, buns and marshmallows. A bonfire was built for us and someone brought a brand-new hatchet. After we ate, only a few men from each side testified how well they liked their fellow students on the other side. Then we sang songs together, but the singing was very weak, and after the singing we buried the hatchet.

But only a few of the more peaceful mountain boys from each side participated in this affair. On that very night strong young upperclassmen stood back under the apple trees whose autumn leaves glowed in the soft bright firelight. They whispered to each other while the singing went on and looked beyond the bonfire at another group of larger boys and more of them, known as lowerclassmen. We could hear their voices and a few cuss words as they looked and pointed at us. We knew the trouble was not at an end, that we would meet sometime somewhere and fight it out even if on this night we had buried the hatchet.

"Now back East we had good sportsmanship at all the colleges and universities," Professor Dixon said, as he put his handkerchief back. "And I don't see any reason why we can't have it here. Of course, this is my first experience in a mountain college. But I think we can initiate a few games between the upper- and lowerclassmen that will promote a spirit of friendly rivalry."

Then Professor Dixon looked us over. Not a man on either side smiled. One could hear a person breathe.

"I have a little game in mind," Professor Dixon said, "that we used to do back East. And it's fun. We'll put a flag in the top of a big tree and let forty-five of you upperclassmen defend the flag and let fifty lowerclassmen try to take it from the tree."

"Why let them have fifty men and us only forty-five?" Big Dick Donley, president of the senior class asked.

"But you see, Mr. Donley," Professor *(Continued on page 321)*

"*He wants a horse*"

Brailowsky is that unheard-of artist, a musician of dream accomplishment who can take success and retain humility

Heir to Chopin

by FREDERICK PACKARD

GENIUS—it may be said by way of understatement—is a rare enough thing. But genius combined with modesty that is unforced, worldly and hence genuine is so rare as to be fabulous. By that definition, meet fabulous Alexander Brailowsky, premier pianist, who has in his time been dubbed world's greatest Chopin player, ideal player of Schumann, world's greatest performer of Beethoven—who is perhaps all these things (certainly, no one quarrels with the Chopin compliment), and who remains humble nevertheless.

Diffident about his artistic success, it follows that Brailowsky is also diffident about his financial success. But there is one incident connected with box office about which he is not shy. Some twelve years ago he went to Japan to give a series of ten concerts. He was to be paid in Tokyo in advance for the first, and for the others immediately after each performance.

His reception in the capital was explosive; the Brailowskys' room at the hotel was full of flowers and obsequious Japanese. The house was sold out. But nobody came through with any money after the first concert. Brailowsky played twice more, out of natural politeness, and then asked when he would be paid. He got an evasive reply. With the help of the French ambassador and an English lawyer he found out the Japanese concert-management company had mortgaged the proceeds to a bank, and the bank had foreclosed.

There wasn't a thing Brailowsky could do about it, so he wrote off the ten thousand dollars owed to him as experience and started to pack. Before he had finished a group of Jap hotshots from the management company arrived in his suite with mountainous bon-voyage baskets and other offerings. They told him that he was a wonderful pianist, that Japan would miss him, that they hoped he'd come back, and all sorts of luck. Brailowsky looked up and remarked he would be back as soon as China had conquered Japan. There was a horrified hush punctuated only by sibilant sounds, and the whole clamjamfry picked up the baskets and walked out.

However large his talent for playing other composers, Brailowsky stands alone as interpreter of the works of Chopin. This season, beginning with six recitals in New York's Carnegie Hall, he is presenting his famous and mammoth Chopin Cycle for the thirteenth time. This cycle, billed as "The Life Work of Frederic Chopin," comprises no less than 169 compositions. It has been given before SRO houses in many cities of Europe and the Americas. It was François Plantet, noted French musicologist and one of Brailowsky's teachers, who called him "the ideal Schumann player," and Camille Chevillard, the famous French conductor, who called him "the ideal Beethoven player," but it was the music-loving public that conferred on him the title he still deservedly bears, "One of the world's greatest Chopin players."

It may surprise many musical people to discover Chopin is not Brailowsky's favorite composer. Nor does he think him the world's greatest composer. This apparent apostasy he finds difficult to explain, but it is roughly that he considers Chopin the greatest composer *for piano*, and therefore the ideal composer for a musician who loves piano music, but that there is much music by composers who did not write exclusively for the piano which surpasses Chopin's, even including some piano music. As pure composers, without reference to instrument or medium, Brailowsky flatly considers Mozart and Beethoven greater than Chopin.

Brailowsky had a terrific time organizing his Chopin Cycle, which he did in 1923 in the sunny back garden of a little peasant cottage in Annécy, a town in France near the Swiss frontier. He says that his self-assigned project of compiling the jumbo programs, 169 works of Chopin in six concerts, really took it out of him. He had to arrange them so they would not be monotonous—not too many mazurkas on one program or polonaises or waltzes on another. He had to maintain variety of rhythm, color and length. He spent hours trying to decide individual cases of precedence and position on the program. He had each composition written on a card, and the whole thing was a sort of nightmarish and nerve-wracking game of solitaire. The cycle was first given in Paris in 1924, but the solitaire games have continued since he has revised the cycle several times to conform to public reaction throughout the years.

Brailowsky's appearance has been subtly described as "the epitome of an audience's mental image of what a pianist should be." This description is somewhat elusive because he is anything but the high-strung "genius" type with long hair and ill-fitting evening clothes most people would conjure up. On the contrary, Brailowsky resembles—of all people—Fred Astaire, being well-groomed, sleek-haired and, except for his hands, not musical-looking in the corny sense at all.

His hands are musical in every sense. They are long, with tapering (*Continued on page 237*)

GLANTZ

Intimate glimpse of Alexander Brailowsky

During concert tours, Mr. Brailowsky is never without his mascot, a doll which he bought in Copenhagen, and which he soberly asserts brings him luck. Argentine admirers testify to the extent of his repertoire; he once gave a series of twelve recitals in Buenos Aires without repeating a composition. The brilliant pianist enjoys relaxing after a concert by driving his Renault car, a Reinastella, prestissimo. He likes velocity in literature and in motion pictures—detective stories and gangster-type movies are his favorites. Concerning the assembly of his Chopin cycle, he says: "It was the work of a mathematician rather than a pianist. I worked as though I were putting together a big puzzle. . . . I think I pulled each program apart twenty or thirty times before I was satisfied with it."

"Hello, Mom! I got the secretarial job!"

Composer, humorist, ballplayer unique, Harry Ruby is a character's character

High Man on a Totem Pole

by SIDNEY CARROLL

The writing of popular songs is basically the manner in which Harry Ruby earns his living, and a very good living it is. *Three Little Words*, *Who's Sorry Now* and *I Wanna Be Loved by You* are his. He is also a writer of masterworks for the screen—among them *Animal Crackers* and *Horsefeathers* for the Marx Brothers and *The Kid from Spain* for Eddie Cantor—and has made much money at this. If Harry Ruby would concentrate on his strong points, he could be a natural man. But the legend of Harry Ruby is the tale of a man who has spent a lifetime attempting to play fugitive from his own genius. Rather than compose songs or write screen plays Ruby insists on interrupting himself with some of the wildest distractions ever acquired by any song writer substantially in his right mind.

When Ruby isn't forced by tremendous outside pressure to sit at his piano and weigh the possibilities of moonlight and June night he may be found out in his back yard with a telescope studying the stars. Ruby is a self-taught astronomer. If he isn't following the merry little stars in flight, he is gloating over the books in his library. Ruby has a large, imposing, and expensive collection of first editions. If he isn't arranging the books he is writing letters. Ruby is a self-appointed correspondent to the world at large.

Song writing is really Harry Ruby's forte. His Hyperion spring runs deep. When he reluctantly presses the pedal, music flows like seltzer from a brand-new bottle. If he spent as much time at the piano as he does at the typewriter he would fill all our lives with music and make the loud-speakers resound incessantly with nothing but Gems from Ruby. But as if these other distinctions did not take enough of his time, he has one more passion which takes up more time than the other three put together. It is a passion for baseball—a passion that transcends the bounds of pure reason, for Ruby, aged 51, not only follows the game like an eager schoolboy, he plays it.

Thus, Ruby has a happy formula. When his pleasure interferes with his business, he neglects his business. He has allowed himself no loopholes. There isn't a time of the day or night when he cannot find some legitimate excuse for absenting himself from his livelihood. During daylight hours he can play baseball. In the evening he can play astronomer. On rainy days he can read his first editions or write letters. The fact that the man has consistently managed to earn a living, in spite of all his own efforts to the contrary, is one of God's little triumphs over Harry Ruby.

Everybody who has ever known Harry Ruby has taken a stab at describing him. Good men have tried. Moss Hart once called him a cross between Bobby Clark and a Jewish Hamlet. Alexander Woollcott said he looked like a dishonest Abraham Lincoln. Somebody once asked Bugs Baer if he knew anything of Ruby's whereabouts, and Baer replied that the last time he'd seen the fellow, "he was on top of a totem pole in Seattle." Marc Connelly came pretty close to the truth when he called Harry "Old Dante Alighieri face." Connelly was referring, of course, to the celebrated bust of the Italian poet, the one which shows him with nostrils like an antique arrowhead and a lower jaw like a steam shovel. Paste the similes about Harry's looks all together and the figure of an amiable monster gradually emerges. This is unfortunate, because Ruby's face and figure, though not glamorous, are not as unhandsome as his friends would have you believe. Ruby is cursed in his friendships by knowing too many professional humorists. They must invariably describe him in literary similes. Lincolnesque, Dante-ish, and Hamlet-like he is, in his quiet, intense manner and his glowering eye. But if his writing friends would discard the literary allusion, they could concede a point and admit that Ruby looks like a guy who coaches third base. That is the description which Ruby himself would swap his ASCAP rating to hear once—just once—before he dies. He is hearing it now. Harry Ruby looks like a middle-aged baseball player.

Ruby was born on the lower East Side of New York. His father wanted him to take up business as a career, but after Harry got thrown out of four business schools, Ruby Senior saw the error of his ways and let the boy go to the dogs by becoming a musician. When he was seventeen he was playing piano in a nickelodeon. Young Harry couldn't add two and two without getting cross-eyed in the attempt, but even at a tender age he knew the higher mathematics of a piano; he could play things in the fourth dimension.

When he was seventeen and a half he became a song plugger with the music publishing firm of Kalmar and Puck. Bert Kalmar was half of the vaudeville team of Kalmar and Brown and ran the publishing business on the side. Ruby soon began to display evidences of a peculiar gift. He would sit down at a piano, and improvise a parody on a popular song that would leave the song in tatters and his audience in convulsions. No song was (*Continued on page 356*)

Cinderella horse: First Fiddle

This handsome stallion is the greatest racing grey in history. A smashing refutation of the superstition that greys can't run, First Fiddle has been a consistent stakes winner for almost five years, with earnings close to $400,000. Aptly named (he's by the imported Royal Minstrel out of Rueful, she a daughter of the only Derby-winning filly, Regret), the big grey was a Cinderella claim at $2,500 and has accumulated his huge winnings by staying in training and hammering away at big purses. Swift and game, the Fiddle turns on the speed in the stretch where flimsier runners give way. Now seven and still batting hard, the pride of Eddie Mulrenan is already in demand as a stud. The jockey wearing Mrs. Mulrenan's purple and cerise silks is Arnold Kirkland, one of the top boys in the country.

Even in Hollywood, nothing can compare with the time when Lazlo Latke promised to make three pictures on the same day

We Shoot at Sunrise

by GEORGE JESSEL

MATULAY

If they had to give Hollywood another name my first two suggestions would be to call it Rewrite-by-the-Sea or Bagdad-on-the-Camera. Maybe the last one would be best because of the wonders of the motion picture industry But with all the fabulous tricks that the lenses catch—the miniatures the glass shots, the triple exposures, etc., Pictureville's greatest phenomenon is how news gets around, good or bad

If in some remote dark corner of the studio Darryl Zanuck has patted you on the shoulder, within twenty minutes you're invited to six big stylish parties the headwaiter at Romanoff's personally escorts you to a front table, and LaRue's lets you have one on the house If, on the other hand Mr Zanuck should frown as you pass by, within that same twenty minutes your girl friend cancels the date for that night, your tailor phones that he'd rather not have your business your secretary immediately starts looking for a new job, and you can't even get in the men's room at Chasen s. Yes, news does get around The only thing that moves faster is a guy falling all over himself to please the boss—no matter who gets hurt And Hollywood is full of guys like that

For my money, the fastest bit of maneuvering on record was the time Lazlo Latke promised to make three pictures in the same morning I got it straight from the feedbox—from Latke himself He banged on my office door with his cane and, without waiting for the "come in" signal, he opened the door and began speaking

"George my beloved frand please drop everything else and leasten to me for one minute You will jump from your seat from what I'm going to tell you "

So I braced myself and canceled all my appointments for the rest of the day For Lazlo Latke is something He's been in America twenty-three years and his dialect has grown with the country He was formerly an international actor more recently an expert on radio quiz programs but most important of all a big motion picture director

He slammed my door "We should be alone" he said. Then he opened it again "Why we should be alone? Suppose people hear me? Who it will hurt?" Then he paused and walked up and down until he'd worked himself into a rage He walked up and down some more, brandishing his cane tugging at the collar of his sport shirt. "George my beloved frand no matter what has happened to you in your life, what happened to me is such a tragedy Tolstoy and Dostoevski put together could not write of such suffering

"George, my palsy, the greatest crime that there is in the world is ingratitude and picture business is the definition of this word "

I nodded and then shook my head In this way I wasn't committing myself definitely Therefore I couldn't offend him by expressing an opinion which would add to his conversation and make me miss my lunch If you ask Latke what time it is, by the time he gets finished telling you it is much too late for whatever you have to do

"Now comes it. Last week I go to Palm Springs for a vacation. I meet there Winona King There is a party It's late I am playing cards I am tired, I don't feel well and I want to go home Also I am winning I get up from the table

"Winona King wants to talk to me Lazlo,' she says, 'I saw your last two pictures and it's about time you did a drama '

"With this I cannot argue with her This woman is a fine actress. She's been all over She knows something 'What do you have in mind?', I say

" 'I have a story I'm going to produce myself ' she says, 'but I wouldn t do it without you directing This is something right in your keetchen. A story called *Shadows of Europe* '

"Tired as I am, the title hits me like a tree from Yellowstone Park *Shadows of Europe* It reminds me what a difference between when I left and now. All this what I have now I owe to the Little Boss If it were not for him a bum I'd be and today, please God," whereupon he knocked his cane on the wall, 'I'm hokay But this you know Anyway she gives me a little bit of the idea. She doesn't tell me much because she knows I don't have to have much I say 'Where is the story?

"She says 'It's nearly all finished'"

'Nearly all finished!' I say "That is not enough for me Remember I've just come from two pictures where every last word was written before I set up the first take

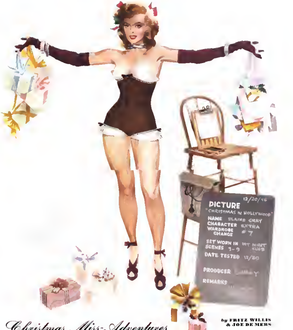
" 'Don't worry she says 'I will make you a partner in this '

' 'Well, I says to myself Why not? Do I need a vacation? I need a vacation like I need a tree should hit me from Yellowstone Park

' This happens on Saturday night Sunday I lay in the sun for a half hour go inside and play gin rummy and when I m nearly even at four o'clock in the morning I jump in my car and drive back to Hollywood. Monday we (*Continued on page 259A*)

"Whatever became of Mr. McMullen who was on this corner last year?"

ESQUIRE GALLERY NO. 21



Christmas Miss-Adventures

by FRITZ WILLIS & JOE DE MERS

Once upon a time our Fritz Willis and Joe De Mers met four girls in Hollywood who were a Christmas story in themselves They were creatures of rare loveliness and wonderful youth, but they were not happy. They were in Hollywood, in the Land of Dream Wishes Realized, and it was Christmas but still and precisely they were not happy For Yuletide in Hollywood can be a sham and tinsel thing with snow of gypsum and trappings as phony as a movie backdrop, an unworldly season where the very air rings not with bells and carols but with wolf calls and talk about options and dollars.

So the first of these unhappy Esquire Girls Elaine, an extra, put on her best smile anyway and went to the studio to pose for stills They dressed her in a costume stunning enough to drive the most blasé cameraman into giving his grandmother lumps. And they told her that she should make like the gift that every American male yearned to discover cached in his Christmas stocking, and she did She stood there trim and well put together as a speedboat, lovely despite herself for she had no heart for the job this morning They told her to smile and it wasn t easy. And then—like an inspiration, like

the first star seen on a cold, crisp night—a glow came over our little doll. She looked at the faces of the movie people about her and they smiled back. She looked at the empty gifts in her hands and they were heavy and the McCoy. And now she smiled naturally for the camera, for she was full of a great wisdom. She knew now that even in Hollywood Christmas has meaning and that such meaning comes from inside, where it is secure and out of reach of even the phoniest script.

Esquire Girl number two was one of those thrice blessed women who have beauty, talent and success, for she was a star. But like the poor little rich girl she was unhappy, for somewhere on the way up an essential something had left her and she found she was lonely. She missed the days back home when skating was fun and not a business, when being beautiful was a blessing, not an asset. Now she rated a star's canvas chair, and where people had once called her "Sugar" they now called her "Miss Kane" and that, in short, was the trouble. So on the day before Christmas she finished a job of skating on artificial ice and retired to the side lines to pin up her luxurious hair and ponder the paradox of a queen's unhappiness. And a prop man sauntered by with a great grin on his face, followed by another scene shifter who gave her a glance wired for sound. And suddenly she knew that beauty can never be lonely—whatever the circumstance—for it is woven indelibly into the dreams of man. And she realized that sugar once was sugar always. Sugar Kane was happy.

Our third little Esquire number was a fresh-from-school girl who had been sophisticated and sleek playing prom queen but was now bewildered and scared in Hollywood. And she said to herself, here I am one flower in a garden of flowers and no one will see me and think me wonderful, and soon I will pack my bag full of disappointment and hurry home. As she stood on the set of *Christmas Follies*, surrounded by sweet young things equipped with the same sweaters and bobby sox she was wearing, she told herself she would always go unnoticed here in the land of exorbitant plenty. But when the all-mighty director saw her and said, "She is fine, she is just what we need," she was no longer one among many but a girl on the way. They posed her before a sleigh and she gave them that nostalgic Christmas-away-from-home look and the whole

ESQUIRE GALLERY NO. 31

thing blended agreeably and inevitably into a happy ending.

The fourth little Esquire Girl, a physically gifted young lady with a philosophical turn of mind, sat in her midget apartment on Christmas Eve and found that philosophy was a bad substitute for cheer. Everyone loved her, she knew, but there was a halfback at the old college she wasn't sure of, and now it was Christmas. So she said uh uh to a party and sorry to cocktails and the ice show, and slipped on a ridiculously intimate half nightie and contemplated an evening spent listening to Lionel doing Scrooge. Imagine, she ruminated, a girl with my assets and social outlook relegated to mooning through a Christmas Eve alone all because of a guy with square shoulders, a crew haircut and a bad memory. It was, for a while, a kettle of fish not easily pondered. But halfbacks, however steep their collection of press clippings, know bonanzas when they see one and soon there was a knocking on the door and the gift with the deathless message. Warm as a toddy she went off to bed to think about the wonder of things, pausing only to address this sentiment to nobody and everybody, "Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night." #

A review in praise of Al Jolson, whose talent does more than merely entertain

Christmas Carol in Blackface

by **JACK MOFFITT**

Since this is the Christmas season it is wholesomely heartening to find a voice singing in Hollywood—singing the song that the angels sang over Bethlehem: "*Peace on earth, good will toward men.*"

The voice is Al Jolson's and the picture in which he sings is *The Jolson Story*. It is loaded with laughs and entertainment. But it contains something much more important than that—a reflection of interracial co-operation and good will as it once was lived in America and as it must be lived again if, as a people, we are to lead the way back to a world that is peaceful and brotherly.

The family background of the film is a Jewish one. Al Jolson was born Asa Yoelson. The story introduces him as a boy (touchingly played by Scotty Beckett) whose father was a cantor in a Washington synagogue. His mother was a lovable Jewish housewife who made the best gefüllte fish and the strongest horseradish sauce east of the Mississippi River.

Unlike Warner Brothers' rather self-conscious *Life of George Gershwin* (which cast a Gentile actress as Gershwin's mother), *The Jolson Story* takes advantage of the opportunities for bright Hebraic humor and the deep spiritual overtones of orthodox Jewish home life by having Tamara Shayne (the wife of Akim Tamiroff) play Jolson's mother.

Her characterization is done with heart-warming good taste. Her accent is cute but never goes over into Milt Gross caricature. At all times she seems to be as active and charming American wife and mother who happens to be Jewish. Her wardrobe has style, and her interest in the neighbors and friends which she has found in a free America knows no self-imposed ghetto limitations.

There is love and friendship in this household—love of parents for their child and of a child for his parents. Ludwig Donath is excellent as Cantor Yoelson. He has a deep affection for the glorious old songs of Israel and one feels his unrestrained joy in music and poetry as he sings in praise of his God in the synagogue. But he is not a narrow man. The little Gentile girl next door, whose name is Murray, is welcomed as a playmate for young Asa, and is treated like a daughter by the cantor.

The cantor, as presented by Mr. Donath, is not the isolated Jew living in what Ludwig Lewisohn has called "The Island Within." Neither is he as melodramatic as the late Warner Oland was when he portrayed the cantor-father in *The Jazz Singer*—an earlier film suggested by the life of Al Jolson. In *The Jolson Story*, he's a believable and fairly modern American.

Still, the cantor finds it difficult to appreciate his son's urge to sing popular songs in English with the same fervor that he, himself, sings religious songs in the synagogue. And he finds it particularly hard to understand (as what parent wouldn't?) when Al wants to go on the road with a broken-down vaudevillean (played with lovable corniness by Bill Demarest).

Failing to obtain the consent of his parents, teen-age Al runs away to Baltimore. Here he is picked up by the cops who find him hitching a boxcar ride in the freight yards. Since the cops are Irish, they take the kid to a Catholic institution, where the priests send for his parents. There is a charming episode when Mama and Papa Jolson arrive at the Catholic Chapel. Mama keeps nudging Papa to take his hat off—and he does it—as soon as he realizes that this is a form of respect for another religion. And he doesn't get mad when he hears Al singing *Ave Maria* in the Catholic choir. He's just proud to discover that his kid has the finest voice there.

This scene of the Catholic priest and the Jewish cantor co-operating with friendly good will to decide a boy's future is one of beautiful and significant implications. The same thematic note is repeated again and again throughout the picture. Both Sidney Skolsky, who showed unfailing good taste as the producer, and Stephen Longstreet, who wrote the screen play, avoided all references to interdenominational hostility. Instead, they emphasized the cheering doctrine that Jews and Gentiles are fundamentally alike—as human beings.

It's the happiest thought that could be presented at this time.

In advancing it, Skolsky and Longstreet did not depart far from the quietly inspiring facts concerning the real life of Al Jolson. After the kid landed in the Catholic orphanage, the priest and the cantor investigated the vaudevillean whose encouraging words had inspired the theatrical bug in young Al. Finding that he was a decent and responsible man—and realizing that Al must sing or bust—the cantor and Mrs. Jolson consented to let him go on the road.

The sequences that follow in the film show Al's struggles to sing as he wants to in small-time vaudeville and with Lew Dockstader's minstrels. He meets plenty of opposition. Nobody's ever sung the way Al wants to, and the managers see no reason why anyone should. They appreciate him and employ him as long as he sings what the public always has liked. But as showmen, they are businessmen—and they're unable to comprehend the musical itch in Al that is essentially poetic.

It may sound long-haired to refer to Al Jolson (with his fondness for horse racing and loud clothes) as a poet. But when that man warbled "I'm standin' high, high, high upon a hill shakin' hands with Mister Sky," there was something about him that reminded his audiences of the unfettered exuberance of a Keats or Swinburne.

When he sang of *April Showers* or of how "rob-rob-robins come bob-bob-bobbin' along," every feature of his face and every muscle of his body surrendered to the lyricism of the words that poured from his throat so melodiously. He had no inhibitions about being "corny," nor fears of going "overboard." He needed no microphone or amplifying system. He built runways in the theatres so he could get closer to his audience. He sang with the house lights turned on—so that he was able to see the faces of his listeners.

In *The Jolson Story*, the face of one of these listeners fascinates Al. It belongs to a pert Ziegfeld showgirl (piquantly impersonated by Evelyn Keyes), who is sitting in the audience beside Flo Ziegfeld. I suppose that this character (called "Julie Benson" in the script) is based upon that of Ruby Keeler. If the facts of their romance were anything like those in the screen play, Ruby and Al must have had a charming love story.

Al in love, is as uninhibited and unabashed as he is in any of life's other (Continued on page 362)

"It frightens me at times to think we're only sixty hours by air from New York"

Occupation Sketches

by SGT. MORTON BLOOM

They'd rather not be in Tokyo on Christmas, but since they are, there are plenty of things to do

They Are Beating Swords Into Typewriters

and pens, too. Who, the Japanese? No, you dope, the G.I.'s.

Occupation Joe is the writingest fool you ever saw. Of course, the tough infantryman with the campaign ribbons, the battle stars, and, maybe, the Combat Infantryman's Badge on his chest (there are still many such in the Army, believe it or not) will not admit it. But he's writing nevertheless, secretly, by flashlight after lights are out, in the latrine, on guard duty, in the movies.

When the whole gang goes off to see the latest picture at the Post Theatre and Joe stays behind because "he's not in the mood for Carole Landis," look out. Make sure your latest manuscript is locked securely in your footlocker, feel in your pocket for your notebook because he's got a hangover from the community living of the battle days and he'll steal your best gag or swipe your "surprise ending" just as fast as he'd dig into your K rations in the old days.

When Pfc Joe Blow sneaks back after standing guard mount to pick up some paper and a pen "just in case things are quiet on my post and there's time to write a letter," it's that book again.

When Cpl Smith takes off after chow to go back to headquarters to type a letter (which you know damned well he wrote before the 10:30 a.m. mail was picked up) yes, you're right again.

Terry, who used to drive us crazy in basic training with his crooning and who swore that he never read a book, was the last straw. I bumped into him the other night in the Red Cross Canteen. He was bent over a desk, a neat pile of scribbling in front of him. What was he doing? Writing stories for *Coronet* and *Reader's Digest*!

You magazine editors don't get swelled heads if the demand for overseas shipments of your rags has increased. Nobody over here really enjoys your stuff and you're not making a contribution to the peace effort by bringing relaxation to the homesick troops. Nothing like that. The boys are just making a study of your style!

Why this literary upsurge? Many are the stated reasons. "Oh, I got to do something with my time." Or, "I'm having trouble thinking up things to write to the folks everyday; this is just for them." The more honest fellows among them will say, "Don't care to go back to slaving at the office or on that milk route. Maybe, with a little practice, I can develop a style." Most of them, black market stories notwithstanding, just want to earn an honest dollar.

What are they writing about? Everything, from a treatise on the latest political developments in Japan to the tender love story of Ruchi Tanaka and how she was reunited with her Hongi Kozu, who was reported missing in action in Manchuria. That book is a collection of notes for an after-discharge "exposé of the Army," or a searching study of middle-class America.

Many are writing stories on the occupation for home-town papers. How else could the Lowell *Ledger*, Santa Barbara *News-Press*, or Larned *Tiller and Toiler* afford a foreign correspondent?

What am I doing? I've only got twenty-nine points! Got to keep busy somehow, don't I?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY B. SIMPSON

The Grand Cherry

Not far from the Old Silk Mill, which was commandeered very early in the occupation for use as a barracks for enlisted men, is the Grand Cherry. There is a sign on the door of the Grand Cherry which says: "Welcome Occupation Forces. American Style Music. Beauteous Japanese Dancing Partners in Western Style Dress and Kimonos. Also Beer."

The Grand Cherry rates high among the troops in Yokohama. It lives a rather precarious professional existence. Now it's open to all, now it's off limits. You walk down the street and you take your chances.

Once inside there are a variety of things to amuse the most particular customer. The beer is Japanese made, but good. The orchestra, Japanese, beats out the latest Stateside tunes. There are at least three fights each night, the last one usually ending up in a free-for-all. Two Japanese men have been found dead on the doorsteps. Any number of G.I.'s and merchant seamen have been carried out in the meat wagon. Yes, you get your money's worth (thirty yen) at the Grand Cherry.

Here the Pickwicks and the snobs can make their studies of occupation types and their moods.

Patience

He was in the first wave that hit the beach on Okinawa. He thinks he should go home. He boasts about spending his days in bed or visiting his old buddies of the 27th Division. He thinks he should go home. Never misses a night at the Grand Cherry.

Love

After receiving a gift from his sweetheart in Albany, a leather shaving kit, he wasn't seen at the Grand Cherry for three nights.

Seriousness

Worried about American troops in China. Worried about British troops in Java. Worried about VD rate in Japan. Drinks beer at the Grand Cherry every night.

Despair

He sits at a table in the far corner of the dance hall. When the band strikes up he sways with the first few bars, then stops. He soon picks up the rhythm again with his foot, taps a few bars, then stops. Later he puckers his lips and whistles a few bars.

Cynicism

He figures he was lucky to get over here after the shooting. Knows the mess sergeant so he can get all the food he needs. Knows a guy at the PX so he can get all the merchandise he needs. Knows an officer so he can get all the permits for money orders he needs. Knows the best-looking taxi dancer at the Grand Cherry. ##

A belated garland for the comics from Erin who stole the nation's heart away

When Irish Hearts Were Laughing

by **JOSEPH E. SHANER**

Add a score or more to the proverbial two Irishmen there once were, star them on as many different stages and you'll have a twinkling bird's-eye view of the Elegant Eighties. For it was then that Irish minstrels, splashing a sheen of shamrocks on democracy, offered to one and all the bardic arts their progenitors had served only to their kings.

From Killiney, Killarney, Kilkenny and Kildare had come many a nimble-legged boyo with a song in his heart, a sigh in his voice and laughter in his eyes. Though only a few had dangled to kiss Cormac MacCarthy's ageless stone, they had Blarney galore. Rooney, Riley, Kelly, Maggie Cline, Harrigan and Hart and others tickled the funny bone of an America that didn't quite want any more Irish, and America belly-laughed and let its heart on its sleeve and the smiling Irish stole it away.

The Irish offered no refined comedy at first. America wasn't ready for it, and the luck of the Irish, if there is such a thing, was to be able to tap an effervescent keg of roughhouse and crudity that exactly fitted the demand of the day. An Irishman had enough of sadness in him to sing a ballad that brought tears, and many a beer was watered down by the patrons of the free-and-easies, the bars and music halls, when a descendant of Turlough O'Carolan, Tadhg Ruadh O'Scanlon and Paddy Walsh sang a sad one.

Before Tony Pastor left the circus to open his New Fourteenth Street Theatre in New York, variety was virtually a stag affair, raw, honky-tonk, smuttier than a smoker. Douglas Gilbert, historian of vaudeville, attributes to a variety house the typical gag which, he adds, is still tied to some of the loveliest stage and movie queens:

During the course of the bill, so runs the yarn, the manager announced to his beer-sodden patrons: 'And now, gents, Miss Lillian McTwobucks will sing *Love Among the Roses*.' Whereupon a drunk arose and in stentorian tones replied: 'She is a whore.' The unabashed manager dismissed the interruption. 'Nevertheless,' he said, 'Miss McTwobucks will still sing *Love Among the Roses*.'

The free-and-easies of those days were the forerunners of the present-day cabaret. Many charged admission, similar to a cover, and added 'hostesses' who sat with customers in secluded boxes and got a commission on drinks. In those days, the girls had ratings. A "blue check girl" was one who could convince a man to buy wine or better; a "white check girl" was a beer girl.

To make the ladies more attractive to the Johns frequenting the place, the manager would have them dressed in soubrette costumes, with short skirt and low neck. They usually opened the show with a song and a simple dance, thereby being able, even though it was a strain in those times, too, to call themselves "actresses." The "actress" had a higher social standing.

For a few greenbacks a man could enjoy a big evening without fearing apoplexy when the check came, but any price comparison is odious due to the wide fluctuation of money to the present day. The shows consisted of song-and-dance men, musical mokes, two-men crossfire conversation acts, some pratfalls or pummeling of one another, and an afterpiece in which the entire company would take part. The latter was often irreverently ad libbed, with special earthy emphasis on anatomy.

Some of the afterpieces later became full-length plays, but first had to be cleaned and pressed. *The Parlor Match*, based on a lascivious afterpiece, *The Book Agent*, won renown over many stages, and made a fortune for the team of Evans and Hoey. Perhaps *The Haymakers* was best known of all. Gilbert describes the latter mixture of corn and smut in this manner:

'The curtain rose on a group of harvesters, boys and girls, busy about a haystack. Smirks and gestures of a purport easily grasped by those in the audience not too drunk to understand were a prelude to the exit of all but one couple. This couple repaired to the back of the haystack. Then the others returned, and the boys, one by one, with simpers, gigglings and pointings and suggestive calls, visited the girl behind the stack. As each returned to the stage his expression registered what had happened. The finale was the exit of one of the boys in disordered clothing.' Some burlesque houses to this day still do versions of it.

Topical interests were often combined with dirt, and a juicy scandal like that involving Henry Ward Beecher was seldom neglected. For example, Chris Malone, a popular free-and-easy entertainer, sang a song that spared none of the sordid details.

Malone and others classed up their materials after Tony Pastor opened with a straight, clean variety show, the first—as such—ever given in this country. For the first time, mixed audiences were encouraged and handbills proclaimed that ladies would find nothing in the show offensive to their modesty. It was a success from the first night, and the Irishmen among the comics merely dropped the "blue" lines, keeping in the ribald gibes, head slugging and fanny kicking typical of variety. Other theatres followed Pastor's suit and men such as B. F. Keith and F. F. Proctor began building what they called "vaudeville" into a million-dollar business.

John W. Kelly, the "Rolling Mill Man," who spieled monologues and Irish comic songs said by Pastor to be "the best stuff we ever had on the variety stage," and Pat Rooney I, were among the Irish who helped shape the new, clean type of show. Such singers and dancers soon created in America the myth of the Irish sentimentalist, a creature of irresponsible gaiety, of irresistible charm, of spontaneous brilliance, a light lover of every pretty colleen, and in cases of a woman, a careless winner of hearts of men.

Irish acts outnumbered all others, with blackface second and German dialect third. The idea spread that all Irish were comic, laughable, lovable fellows.

Pat Rooney, father of Pat Rooney II and grandfather of Pat Rooney III, drew fame from his walk, his neat dancing (he mixed his feet well, the Irish say) and songs. In cutaway with tight sleeves Rooney sang *Owen Riley*, *The Day I Played Baseball*, *The Sound Democrat*, *Biddy the Ballet Girl* and *Dandy Copper of the Broadway Squad* and other numbers.

Pat Rooney II, now nigh eighty and writing a book which he proposes to call *100 Years of Rooney*, tells this story of his father's popular-

(Continued on page 233)

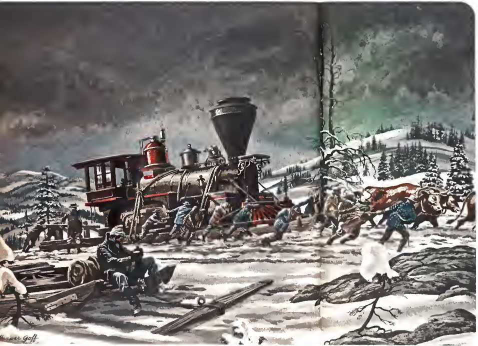
"I'll lay my cards right on the table—I like my kitchen cluttered up with policemen"

"Sweet—A—do—line—e!"

ESQUIRE GALLERY NO. 27

When Oxen Pulled the Iron Horse

Pushing the Central Pacific across the snowbound Sierras was a job to tax even Charles Crocker and his army of coolies



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WHEN OXEN PULLED THE IRON HORSE *by Harper Goff*
(In the High Sierras, the Winter of 1866-67)

The early railroaders were giants who knocked nature to her knees and pushed the lines through, come prairie and mountain, come bad weather and good. The ballad singers will attest to that—so will the facts.

Consider the construction epic wrought by the handful of Irishmen and the droves of coolies who took a drawing-board dream and made the Central Pacific Railroad. Consider particularly the job of work they did in the high Sierras during the Winter of 1866-67 when the CP, losing ground in its race with the Union Pacific, licked a phalanx of cold, snow, ice and mountainous terrain to get the rail line through into Nevada.

A giant by the name of Charles Crocker was boss man on the construction gang which built the CP. Crocker had no engineering training, he knew nothing of finance. But he knew men and how to ride herd over them, and his coolies took the impossible in stride because he goaded and cajoled them into it. A snarling, bullying building genius, Crocker couldn't have measured a cent on a bet, but he lived to boast that he'd built the Central Pacific and nobody called him a liar.

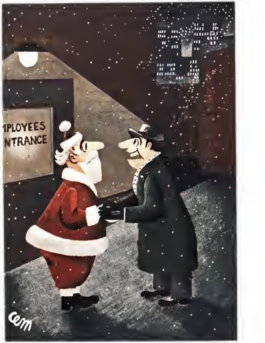
Up in the Sierras, the Winter of 1866-67 was as bad as they come. Snowdrifts forty feet high blocked the right-of-way, an obstacle that snowplows pushed by five locomotives couldn't budge. Crocker and his 12,000 laborers were snowed in so badly that they had to give up shoveling their way to work and dig immense tunnels under the snow so they could commute underground. The snowfall was so heavy that half the crews battled the drifts while the other half laid track.

Discouraging as the weather was, it was almost heartbreaking to men who were running a race against a rival line. While Crocker and the CP gangs literally burrowed and blasted their way inch by inch, the Union Pacific racing west laid ties by the mile. Ties meant dollars—enough of them for Leland Stanford and Mark Hopkins, the top CP backers, to come rushing east from Sacramento to ask Crocker how about it. They took one banker's look at the snowy main and understood that their road was up against a construction job that even a Crocker would have to fight to lick.

They were right and so, too, were those who felt that Crocker and his coolies would lick it. Bogged down at Cisco, just east of Donner Lake, Crocker sent advance crews over the slope to clear the roadway and lay rail, leaving a gap in the line across the summit. Thousands of tons of supplies and equipment were sledded from Cisco to Donner Lake to feed the needs of this advance construction army. That supply problem challenged Crocker into performing one of the most amazing feats in all construction history. He ferried three locomotives, rail for forty miles of track, and forty railroad cars over that impossible ridge, loaded them into wagons at Donner and hauled them down to Truckee—a gigantic muscle and sleight of hand job covering fully twenty-eight miles over mountain and snow!

They didn't make sleds big enough to tote the larger locomotives so Crocker set about to skid them across the summit on huge logs. Stripped of their side rods and drivers, the iron horses were mounted on log sleighs, lashed into place and the unbelievable task began. Tremendous lines of oxen and mules were hitched to the timber rollers. But oxen and mules alone couldn't handle the terrible load and when a rugged spot was hit, winches and jacks were used. At times things got so tough it was necessary to muster every free man in the neighborhood, put a rope in his hand and tell him to heave-ho. The artist has pictured here the strange tableau of oxen and men straining at their terrifying task against a Christmas-like backdrop of evergreen and snow.

They did it, but how they did it is a mystery which still hasn't been solved. The story is told that several years ago a Hollywood motion picture outfit tried to duplicate the job for the movies. They used the most modern hauling and moving techniques. They had all the men they could use. They set the stage to look rugged without actually being any more rugged than it needed to be. And they failed, finally making a feeble compromise and moving a much lighter locomotive a few hundred feet. ##



"Not Sergeant Carson of the 391st Engineers? Why, Sarge, I never would have recognized you!"

The bandit was nervous and mean and his finger trembled against the trigger, but the stranger stood up to him like a hero

What is Courage?

by MACK REYNOLDS

The bartender was drawing a beer as I came in. The head foamed over the top of the glass and he cut it off with his spatula. He looked up and said, "Hello, Jeff."

"Hello, George." I said and went down to the end of the bar where I could see who entered the door.

George slid the beer over to his customer, rang up the ten cents and walked down to me.

"What'll you have, Jeff?" he asked.

"Rye."

As he poured the drink I looked down the bar. Except for one stranger the usual afternoon crowd was there. The stranger stood alone, reading a tabloid he had spread out on the bar.

"You want water with that, Jeff?" George asked.

"Yeah."

"How's business going?"

"Slow."

He saw I didn't feel like talking and went up to the other end of the bar to listen in on an argument about Louis and Conn.

I was trying to remember how long it had been since we had had a decent case when this kid came in the door. No one else saw him until he said, "This is a stick-up."

You could see he was scared stiff. It must have been his first caper. His face was kind of pale and the .38 he held was shaking a little.

"You guys all put up your hands," he commanded.

George and I got our hands up first. Kids on their first job are bad. The last thing an old-timer wants to do is hurt anybody but an amateur is too nervous to do the job right.

"Okay," said George. "Take it easy."

The kid tried to sneer but he still looked scared and it spoiled the effect.

Everybody had their hands up by this time except the stranger with the newspaper. He hadn't even looked up from his reading when the kid first spoke. He either hadn't heard him or must have thought it was a gag. When he noticed the rest of us he looked a little surprised and turned around to take a look.

The kid walked over toward him and tried to look tough.

"That goes for you too," he said. "Stick 'em up."

The guy didn't even move. He just looked at the kid without saying a word. For a minute I thought he was going to turn his back and go on reading his paper.

The kid got paler and I considered going for my shoulder holster. Not that I cared if the nut was killed, but I was afraid that if the kid once started shooting he might hit some of the rest of us.

"Stick up your hands, wise guy," he said again, "or I'll let you have it."

He was jittery and his gun hand was trembling, but he was too near to miss.

The stranger let his eyes go down slowly to the kid's gun and then right up to his eyes. He didn't say a word and didn't move a muscle. I never saw such gall in my life. I expected to see the punk start blazing any second.

They stood there like that.

George started to lower his hands. He had probably decided to go for the old service .45 he kept under the bar. A woman gave a short hysterical laugh.

The kid looked more scared than ever and then suddenly turned and made a dash for the door. I could have shot him in the back if I had felt like it.

Nobody said anything for a minute. Then George looked down the bar at me, and I thought there was a question in his eyes.

"If you want him chase him yourself or call a cop," I said. "This isn't my kind of work."

"I don't want to chase him," George said. "I could of shot him when he was running out the door."

He went over to the stranger and said, "What'll it be, buddy? It's on the house."

Everybody started talking at once. Most of them thought we ought to send for a cop. One guy looked out the door to see if the kid was still in sight.

The stranger waited a minute and then asked for whiskey.

George poured him the drink. "I'd think you'd need it," he said and then walked over to the pay phone to report to the police. He left the bottle on the bar.

I looked at this guy. "Buddy," I said, "you either got more gall or less brains than anybody I ever saw." I was mad.

He just looked at me.

"I been in the private dick racket for a long time and I've seen plenty but I never saw anybody take such a long chance," I said.

He looked at me for a minute more, then drank his whiskey. He poured another one.

"I was so scared I couldn't move," he said. ##

It should happen to a dog

Every dog must have his day, so why not make it a Merry Christmas for your favorite pooch. Take, for instance, the pin-up pup in a red Morocco frame. He could substitute his own picture and send it, with appropriate greetings, to the dog next door. Then there's a rubber fire hydrant, a garden non tangle animal anchor (which keeps him within reach), and a white kid collar and lead for Sundays. He'll like the rubber cat's head that squeaks, and you'll like the double chain for obedience training. The dented wire combination comb and brush will keep him beautifully groomed and the chain choke collar will bring him to heel. Rounding up the list are a noiseless whistle to bring him home, a rubber crackle bone, a stout leather exerciser and a nickel silver collar to display his name and address.

A very tall tale of fightin' Tom Kenney and his saloon battle with Yavapi Pete

The Helliferocious Fight of Tom Kenney

by FRANK MECHAU

THE other day I rode six miles down our canyon to give Tom Kenney a photograph of a painting I had done called *Tom Kenney Comes Home* which the Encyclopaedia Britannica had purchased for their Contemporary American Painting collection. You should see the cabin perched on a rock above the Crystal River with granite crags soaring upwards a sheer 3,000 feet. There Tom lives and works a mine. It was evening so Tom was in. Knowing him for the silent man he was, I toted along a jug to oil his lantern jaw; without such lubrication all you can usually get out of him is a grunt.

I handed him a print of his homecoming; after a searching look he finally said, "That's purty good, Frank." And that was all he said.

Riding home, some of the incredible tales of Kenney slipped through my mind. He was top bronco peeler in Colorado; the past forty years, quiet, even gentle, he became famous as a scrapper.

One time Tom was in an Aspen bar quietly humming *Darlin' Cory* to himself as he was taking on his Saturday night glow. Into the saloon on horseback rode Yavapi Pete, cussin' and hollerin'. Tom paid no particular attention until Pete's horse stepped on his foot. Then he said, "Get that damn hoss offa my foot." Pete bawled back, "What in hell you doin in here afoot anyhow?" And Tom just stood there, thinking about it and showing no emotion.

Pete, being an Arizona screamer, yelled out his brags in a voice that echoed like the bottom of a barrel and could be heard for miles around. "I'm a rip-roarin' fist slinger. I kin whip any durn man that ever crossed the Rockies—I got six rows of gums, nine rows of teeth, twelve rows of fangs and holes punched for more—I can outfight, outbite, outbrag and outkick any man alive."

Then Pete made a spectacular leap from his horse to the floor, turned a front flip onto the bar in a neat handstand. He ordered eighteen shot glasses to be lined up with 100-proof whiskey and drank them all upside down by taking the glass in his mouth and giving his head an upward flip.

When he had downed the eighteen glasses, standing on the bar, legs apart, he challenged all comers, yelling, "I'm spiling for a good fight, ain't had one in three days—I'll be flyblowed by mornin' if some of you limp yokels don't give me a little sweat. Look at this chest if you dare to with the naked eye. I'm well nigh all haired-over. Stand back, you shy giants, let a real man throw out his chest and give it plenty of room for I'm about to let myself go. Blood's my natural drink but there ain't a drop in the crowd. Lay low yore breath cause I'm about to pull yore petals off, bow yore heads and scatter—calamity's acomin'."

By this time Tom Kenney was interested enough to look up from his drink and give attention to Yavapi Pete. Everyone listened as Kenney said real quiet-like, "Pete, I don't want no trouble with you, but if you don't get yore damn hoss offa my foot, I'll snatch you bald-headed and spit tobaccy juice where the hair was."

"Oh, we've already met"

With a squeal of ecstatic delight Yavapi Pete yelled in his most ear-splitting voice, "The fight's on. Roll up yore pants for you'll soon be standin ankle deep in blood and gore."

Tom, cool, lithe, and limber as a whip handle, let Pete have a terrific sockdologer that turned his liver and lights to jelly. But Pete was a real scrouger; he broke three of Tom's ribs with a left jab and knocked out five teeth with a right hook. But Tom kept acomin' in catlike and fast. They went to the floor, Pete on top with a bitehold on Tom's thumb. "Go on, gnaw it off," says Tom, "you ain't hurtin nawthin and besides I've got another on t'other hand."

It was the most helliferocious fight ever seen in the West. Tom and Pete fought each other standing and they fought each other sitting down.

They fought propped against the bar and sitting in chairs.

They fought front to front, back to back, back to front and vice versa.

There was no way they didn't fight and it was a terrifying and wonderful thing to witness.

They fought each other and they cussed each other and it was a sight to behold and a sound to hear.

They fought all Saturday night, only stopping for drinks and breakfast Sunday morning.

They stopped for lunch Sunday noon and then fought on most all Sunday until their eyes swoll shut and they couldn't find each other. So the fight came to an end because there wasn't any reason to keep it going.

I asked Tom about the uproarious scrap; he told me that the story as told, while not all facts, was true. Tom said, "I got to know Pete real well after that fight. He was a swell guy just out lookin' for a little fun. But do you know what they did to him? They ran him out of Leadville cause they thought he was a sissy." #

"White man, he say, 'What's Christmas without a tree?'"

"Double shame on you, girl!"

Macy's Santa Claus

As dean of big-league Kriss Kringles, Macy's Claus gives his seasonal job his best, Hollywood dreams notwithstanding

by **FRED FREED**

SMALL-FRY skeptics sometimes snatch away his beard, right under the store cop's nose. High-school boys like to needle him, broadcasting the undeniable fact that he's just an actor faking Santa Claus. And girls of the same troublesome age are apt to demand a man for Christmas, some going so far as to hint at dates with good Saint Nick himself.

Such things Leo Mars takes pretty much in stride, though the high-school girls get a stern rebuke. After seven years at Macy's and sixty-seven years behind the footlights, handling hecklers is no great problem for him. In addition to this, the job suits him, despite the fact that in his time he once played Ethel Barrymore's husband in silent films, trouped with the great Clara Morris in *East Lynne* and appeared as Oswald in Ibsen's *Ghosts* at the Theatre Grand Guignol in Paris.

During the six weeks' Christmas season, 27,000 children come each week to see Mars and his four fellow Kriss Kringles at Macy's. This deluge of eager infants makes it hard to do more than ask each one what he wants for Christmas and answer, "We'll see." (Promises, of course, are out.) But Mars and his colleagues watch audience reactions as hawkishly as any Broadway thespian, compare notes on interpretations of the Santa Claus role during their breaks and continually seek out new bits of business.

Mars himself plays Claus like a watered-down Falstaff, bringing the yo-ho-ho laugh rumbling up from his toes with wonderful enthusiasm and handing out lollipops as if they were beakers of ale. Despite wholesale exposure to their eccentricities, he has a genuine liking for youngsters and tries hard to keep his act real and personal for each of them.

Mothers often use the department store Yuletide setup for their own ulterior purposes. A hint from Santa on the advisability of finishing the morning cereal or going to bed willingly at night is worth a score of parental orders. Leo Mars always goes down the line in these matters, and has several special techniques that command respect from experts.

To an imp addicted to fibbing he confides the problem of Dancer, a bad reindeer. Dancer lies too, it seems. Dancer lies so much, in fact, that Santa may not be able to make all his deliveries this year. Nine times out of ten this quaint *non sequitur* turns the child into a bitter, if temporary, enemy of untruth.

For tiny doubting Thomases Mars has an equally tricky bit of logic. When they accuse him of being a fake, he points out that he is a symbol of Christmas; a symbol has to be real; therefore he's real. Somehow this, too, is usually stamped Q E D.

An adjuration to be good to parents is standard operating procedure with Mars, and one grateful mother looked him up after Christmas because her daughter had stayed on the straight and narrow for a whole month in obedience to Santa.

But Mars also dispenses words of counsel to parents at times, telling one mother where she can take her boy to clear up a rash on his arm, or suggesting that another speak more gently to a sensitive child. As a matter of fact, he has Philip Wylie's acid scorn for the 'great American mom' in general, holding that she pushes her offspring around unmercifully. In this respect, as in all others, Leo Mars has taken on the attributes of Santa Claus as a champion of small fry.

At Macy's three Santa Clauses work simultaneously, seated on thrones back to back, but separated by partitions. The children are funneled to them through an intricate maze calculated to disguise the assembly-line nature of proceedings. Off-duty Santas stand out of sight in the wings smoking, munching on-the-house sandwiches and talking shop. Hours are from nine in the morning till six at night (the last two weeks before Christmas till nine at night), with an hour on and half an hour off. Shift changes are handled with remarkable smoothness. Santa simply tells the boys and girls he has to feed his reindeer and takes off. A moment later the relief Kringle appears and the line moves happily on.

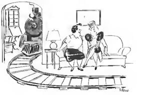
Usually Santas are actors of substantial if somewhat ancient reputation. To play Macy's, which is to the Yuletide profession what the Palace used to be to vaudeville, they must first pass a physical examination. Then outfitted in a $175 costume, suitably stuffed, and wearing freshly laundered whiskers (these are cleaned weekly), they report to Mars, dean of Santas, for orientation in the new role.

Mars tells them to be jovial, promise nothing and not ask personal questions. Then he runs through a series of typical situations to familiarize them with the problem in store for them. He explains the psychology of Santa Claus and, with a special word of advice about mothers, sends them out to their thrones to start their season's work behind their occupational foliage.

Attempts to unionize the department store Kringles have fallen flat before their concerted feeling that the job is only temporary, a fill-in till a big Hollywood or Broadway contract comes along. Most big-league Santas nurse acting ambitions and occasionally their dreams are realized. One Santa recently announced his retirement to accept a $600-a-week movie bid. Another couldn't appear this year because of a prior engagement on the road with *Abie's Irish Rose* at $225 a week. The rest have hopes for movie or theatre contracts.

Like the others, Mars expects a call any day from Hollywood. On moving to the Coast 21 years ago one of the movie outfits promised to send for him, and while he isn't happy about the delay, he still has full confidence that the summons will arrive, certainly before next Christmas.

Minus false whiskers, Mars is a dignified, white-haired, well-preserved gentleman of 70-odd years who (*Continued on page 242*)



"Now be sure to wave at John when he passes or he'll be mad"

His was the kind of a personality which you could never figure out in advance

Johnny Brennan's Ivory Tower

by DRISCOLL THOMAS

It was a cool evening. The asphalt that had seeped stickily out of the cracks between the cement strips of the street during the day was beginning to harden. The city had caught a cold front coming out of the north just before dusk and it was thankful. It would be cool on the fire escapes this night.

Johnny Brennan's clear sweet tenor carried softly with the breeze along the East River as he walked slowly across the bridge toward the Borough of Manhattan singing the *Londonderry Air*. The lights in the office buildings died out singly and the windows of apartments twinkled on behind them.

It is a beautiful sight, thought Johnny, a beautiful sight to make you think it is a dream city if you have not seen the dirt and the people in the daytime. But the subways would still smell of sweat, and not the honest sweat of toil, but the nervous perspiration of fearing the boss, and getting ahead, and squeezing commissions, and making contacts. A place of petty thievery and petty ambition. Johnny was glad he was not a part of it. How many people, he wondered, can walk across the bridge at dusk and see the beauty of it without worrying about what happened today or what will happen tomorrow? He shook his head and a sad note crept into his song.

Johnny would have been the first to say that freedom of the soul is an easy matter only after the economic man and the political man have been set free. His own freedom was without limit. He did a job when he wished and was well paid. He kept no regular hours and caught no trains or subways during the rush times. His demands on life were few and easily satisfied. The only requirements were that he be able to do what he wished when he wished and be left alone to enjoy the things that gave him pleasure, and there was little in his known world that did furnish him with pleasure.

Off the bridge he walked across and uptown, turning corners as they caught his fancy and making very little of a direct path in any direction. He had plenty of time, for in a manner of speaking, his appointment was not at any particular hour. In fact his appointment was the thing furthest from Johnny's mind, although you might think it would demand considerable attention. So it would with most people, but Johnny Brennan was very different from most people. His primary concern was with those things which gave him pleasure. He stopped to watch a group of children playing tag in the semidarkness of a side street. It is too bad, he thought, they have not much time left. Soon they will be clerks behind a counter or traveling in women's undergarments, or carrying messages for a bookie. They will still be playing tag but it will be with frantic desperation. Near Washington Square a voice stopped him.

"Where you goin', Johnny?" It was a man named Stover who had no particular business and knew Johnny only slightly.

"I have a date with a blonde under the clock at the Biltmore," Johnny answered.

"Come on in for a short drink first," said Stover.

Johnny did not bother to look at his watch but followed the man into the bar. Stover ordered a drink and Johnny asked for ginger ale. Stover leaned over as if he were trying to look under Johnny's coat where there was a slight bulge at his left shoulder.

"How long have you been on the wagon?" Stover asked.

"I'm not, but this girl doesn't like the stuff particularly, so I thought I might lay off this evening."

Stover nodded and they both drank, the man keeping his eyes on Johnny over the top of his glass. When he set it down he asked another question. "How come you're way over here instead of taking the east side subway up from the bridge?"

Johnny was unoffended by the question. "I thought on a nice night like this it would be fun to ride up Fifth Avenue on an open-top bus," he said.

Stover nodded again. "Sorry if I sounded like I was quizzin' you."

Johnny shrugged his shoulders. "That's all right," he said. "This girl doesn't belong to anybody. Nothing secret about it. Maybe she and I will get down this way later on in the evening."

"Meet her when you used to be singing?" Stover asked.

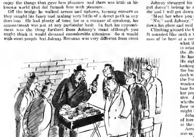
"No," said Johnny. "I met her a good while after that." He put down his glass and said good-bye.

Climbing aboard the bus, he thought about the singing and smiled. It sounded like such a wonderful job. Then they started that business of be here at a certain time, and sign these pictures and sing what the customers want. Johnny shook his head in astonishment to think that no one had asked for the *Rose of Tralee* during that entire two years. He hummed it through once just to make it real. He sighed at the beauty of it and lit a cigarette, looking around at the other people on the top of the bus. There were only a few others on the open deck with Johnny. He glanced at them casually. In the front seat was a girl with a figure like a store-window dummy, but softer and more feminine. Her hair floated behind her in the bus-made breeze and her profile, when she turned, was nice, though only nice. Johnny could see that she was pleased, and whether it was from the night or the breeze on her face or something which had happened today or might happen tomorrow made no difference.

Johnny looked from her to the fat man in front of him and realized that the fat man was looking at the girl also and wheezing softly.

Across the aisle were a man and woman sitting one in front of the other. The woman he could not see well for her face was covered by a veil which stirred with the wind while her upswept hair maintained its perfect composure around a small purposeless hat. She was completely immobile save for her hands, one gloved, the other bare, which twisted and untwisted the remaining glove. It was a chilling movement which made Johnny shift his glance to the man behind her.

Thin and coatless, the man sat with his head bent forward into his open collar. His eyes were closed tightly; it seemed all the power of his thin body was concerted in the task of keeping them shut.



"If your wife nags—your boss is grouchy—you hate your landlord . . ."

Johnny looked back to the fat man and saw that he was still gazing intently at the girl in the front seat. He saw the fat man's prehensile lips caress the moist end of a cigar with an involuntary movement. A slight furrow grew between Johnny's eyebrows and although he looked once more at the girl he could not quite smile now. He felt he was being unduly disturbed by the fat man's preoccupation with the slender girl. Hadn't it often been said, he asked himself, that a New Yorker's only appreciation of nature was where it affected the shape of a woman's body? A more rustic nature might gaze in the same manner at a sunset or a crystal lake set with pines. Although this was logic of a sort, Johnny could not bring himself to believe it as he watched the soft, unlovely moving of the fat man's lips. Then he saw that the girl had risen and was moving toward the steps at the rear of the bus. Her eyes met his for just a moment as she passed. She had not stopped smiling and without turning his head he listened to her heels making a clatter on the steps. The bus stopped for the girl and for a red light as well. She stepped to the ground and started down a side street. Johnny watched her off around the corner, and just as the light began to change, he sensed rather than saw the fat man rise from his seat and hurry down the stairway. Johnny looked impulsively towards the others on the bus top. The man still held his eyes closed and the woman stared intently ahead, twisting and untwisting her glove. Neither had noticed what was happening.

Johnny reached the bottom of the stairs as the bus got under way. He attempted to jump off the bus, but the conductor held him. Not wishing to call too much attention to himself, Johnny yawned and rubbed his hand across his face, keeping it there while the conductor looked at him.

"Must have gone to sleep and missed my stop," Johnny said in a sleepy voice between his fingers.

The conductor laughed. "Well we're only supposed to stop every other block, but I'll let you off at the next corner," he said.

Johnny swung off the bus as it slowed to a stop and walked quickly back down the avenue, breaking into a run when he thought the conductor had stopped looking after him. As he turned the corner he saw the girl walking rapidly at the far end of the block. The fat man was walking a little faster and only a short distance behind her. I hope I can do this without too much fuss, Johnny thought as he ran.

The girl turned into the last doorway on her side of the street. Johnny could see that she was already reaching into her pocketbook. The fat man broke into a soft-footed run behind her and moved into the doorway. Johnny was sure she had not had time to use her key and increased his speed, holding his right hand to his left shoulder to keep his little automatic from jumping out of its spring holster. He did not want to use the pistol unless it were absolutely necessary.

He could hear them panting and out of breath before he could see them in the little vestibule. The fat man had one arm around the girl's waist and the other big hand across her mouth. Hardly stopping in his rush, Johnny swung his right hand, fingers extended, as hard as he could. The sharp side of his palm caught the fat man on the neck just under the corner of his jaw. The fat man let go of the girl and turned toward Johnny in a crouch. Johnny stopped a heavy blow with his stomach just as he brought his arm down and his knee up. They hit almost simultaneously, a hard rabbit punch and a knee to the face. There was a soft crunch as though the man's whole face had caved in, but he still stood. Johnny straightened him up with two more blows, a left and a right, and then doubled him back over with a vicious knee to the groin. One more hard chop behind the ear and the fat man went down, making a burbling noise through his broken face.

"Do you know him?" Johnny asked the girl.

She shook her head with both of her hands still on her mouth.

"That's good," Johnny said.

The girl started to say something and then said, "Thank you very much," in a small voice. She looked at the fat man again and then back at Johnny. "You don't look very big."

"It's easy when you catch them from behind," he said, keeping his face away from the light behind the locked glass door. "You'd better go in now."

"Hadn't we better call the police?" she asked.

Johnny shook his head. "I'll take care of him."

He watched the girl go in and up the self-service elevator, then he bent down and listened to the fat man. He was still breathing.

Probably just a busted nose, Johnny thought, and he walked out of the door and back down Madison Avenue. He had intended to ride ten blocks further and then walk back down, but here he was only a couple of blocks from the apartment house where his appointment was to be kept. He thought about the conductor and the girl as he walked, finally deciding that neither one would recognize him.

At the apartment house door he pressed three buttons with the knuckle of his middle finger. When the buzzer sounded he opened the door with a handkerchief around his hand.

"What in the world gets into people to make them do things like that?" he asked himself, thinking again of the fat man.

He stepped into the open elevator and pushed the button marked five with his knuckle and as he reached the floor he opened the elevator with his handkerchief again.

Johnny knocked softly on the door marked 501. In a moment there were footsteps. A man opened the door.

"Mr. Moser?" Johnny asked.

The man nodded.

"I have a letter here from the office. They say you'll have to answer it tonight."

"I don't think I recognize you," Moser said, opening the door farther to let Johnny in.

"I've just been working for you a couple of weeks," Johnny answered. The door closed and Johnny reached to his left shoulder and pulled out a .25 automatic. It went off once, like a book falling off a table. Hardly any more noise than that.

Johnny picked up the cartridge case and looked at Moser. There was no breath, no heartbeat.

Johnny put back his automatic and opened the door with his handkerchief. As he walked down the stairs he thought that it had been a clean job in spite of its bad beginning.

Out of the building he walked toward Lexington Avenue and the subway. He did not like subways, but he wanted to get back to his room in Brooklyn without wasting time. In the morning mail he would receive a check for one thousand dollars. Then he would go to Johnson's Blacksmith Shop where he would heat the two-inch barrel of his pistol white hot and pound it into a shapeless piece of steel and replace it with another. He would do the same with the cartridge case and drop them both in Peconic Bay when he went fishing Thursday. He hoped it would be a sunny day on Thursday and that the weakfish would be running.

Johnny Brennan would not have recognized a picture of Mr. Moser if it had been shown to him as he began to hum the *Londonderry Air*. ■

If it's music you want . . .

When Morton Gould at the age of six published his first work, a waltz oddly enough titled Just Six, he was starting early, even in these times of young genius, on his way to a feature role in music and among the composers of our time. Since then he has been variously (and often) called the enfant terrible of U. S. music and America's most talented young composer. This author of the symphonic Lincoln Legend, of a Concerto for Orchestra which utilized jazz devices, and of Cowboy Rhapsody, built around seven well known songs of the West, conducts unbendingly ("When I'm out on the stage I'm there to do my work") and relaxes easily and humorously with golf, the theatre and contemporary prose. He is an accomplished pianist and for several years has led an orchestra coast-to-coast for radio.

Ex-halfback Irwin Shaw is leading the playwrights' attack against the critics

Five Yards Through Wolcott Gibbs

by A. J. LIEBLING

For uncounted theatrical seasons dramatists have been accustomed to tie their brain children to the stake (a stake of $50,000 to $150,000, usually provided by backers) and then avert their eyes while the critics, armed with blowguns, shot red-hot darts dipped in curare at the naked white body of the virgin offering. Creeping back to the scene of the sadistic orgy the next morning, the author sometimes, although damned seldom, rejoiced over a miracle of survival. Finally, however, the fond parent just loosed the thongs from his offspring's contorted limbs and provided private burial. Fellow dramatists, like Negroes in Georgia, feared even to attend the funerals of the lynch victims. They were afraid that a kind word in a colleague's bereavement might mark them as disaffected, and—they too had plays coming up before the same gozzle group. (A gozzler earns his living by choking strangers to death.)

The season of 1945-46, remarkable in no other way, witnessed the emergence of the counterpunching dramatic author. Instead of sticking out his smush, taking one on the potato and sliding into the tank with an acquiescent gurgle, this outlaw has taken to heart the advice of Jack McAuliffe's sainted mother: "One down is no battle." He does not inter his dead quietly in some steamer-trunk potter's field, but rushes the cadaver to a publisher, and there with furious speed, while the linotype machines are embalming his infant-slaughtered dialogue, he bangs out a long preface saying what he thinks of the critics—"individually," as the First Division boy said when he dropped the TNT into the pillboxes. He then publishes preface and play as one slim volume.

It costs a great deal less to put out a book than a production. The publisher can break even on about 3,000 sales. There are almost that many produced and unproduced playwrights who will buy copies, if they have been in Hollywood recently enough to have any money. Also the author carries the war into another critical realm, for the men who review books are not the same who call balls and strikes at first nights. Book reviewers envy dramatic critics, because you cannot take a girl to the opening of a book. You would have to find one who could read. So they are on the dramatic author's side from the start, and are likely to say he has been harshly treated.

Even if he accomplishes nothing else, the author has the satisfaction of proving he can write better than his executioners when he has only the same stint to perform. In writing, the attack carries with it an overwhelming advantage. Anybody can look good hitting the other fellow. For this reason, according to Irwin Shaw, leader of the slave insurrection, "Critics in New York are made by their dislikes, not by their enthusiasms. Their *bons mots*, which are quoted and remembered, are always capsule damnations, cutting and sour. Their reputations and, I suppose, their pay depend then upon disliking plays." The published version of Shaw's play, *The Assassin*, —not about a critic— (Random House, $2)—may play in theatre history the role of the first antitank gun in warfare.

Mr. Shaw himself is a large, thick-necked, thirty-four-year-old ex-soldier with what a young woman we both knew in Paris once described as "a coarse laugh." His ruggedness and persistence may be measured by the fact that he once starred for three seasons on a Brooklyn College football team that won only one game. He really starred, too, according to fellows who played against him. It was the sort of team where a ball carrier had to be of All-American timber to reach the line of scrimmage, and Irwin gained more ground than he lost. His football career was good training for the theatre. He has had seven plays produced on Broadway, of which only one, *The Gentle People*, was a hit. But another opus, *Bury the Dead*, was praised if not profitable, and he has written many of the best short stories printed in America during the last ten years. So he thinks he is pretty good. A guy has to think he is pretty good in the first place to play week after week on a team like Brooklyn College and not jump into the Gowanus Canal. He is not likely to mistake some ex-Bronx Zoo correspondent for the New York *Times* for Batman with the X-ray eyes, just because the *Times* man is now covering drama.

Outwardly pessimistic, Mr. Shaw came into New York a year ago with *The Assassin*, which is based on the killing of the French Admiral Darlan in Algiers on Christmas Eve, 1942, by a youth named Bonnier de la Chapelle. I think Shaw's pessimism was affected for luck, because inwardly he believed he had an awfully good play. He had lived with it for two-and-a-half years of war, nestling with it in Algiers, wrestling with it in London, and beating the hell out of it on his typewriter in liberated Paris.

I do not think *The Assassin* was a great play—who, in our time, has seen the opening of a great play?—but the dialogue had a certain amount of style and the play had a great theme: an ominously pregnant episode in modern history. De la Chapelle's bullet caused the miscarriage of one of the nastiest plots Tory diplomats ever conceived. If Darlan had survived and the Americans and British had maintained him in power where we had placed him, there could have been no friendship between the Allies and the Resistance Forces in France. We would have had to go onto the Continent of Europe eighteen months later as alien invaders, no different from the Germans in French eyes. Without the help of the Resistance our casualties in France would have been much greater than they were. So much for the argument that the Darlan deal "economized American lives." Then, after the defeat of Germany, we would have lost Western Europe to Russia as we have lost the Balkans. Left only a choice between the dictator Darlan, supported by the English-speaking powers, and the Communist Party, supported by the U.S.S.R., the French would have gone definitely and overwhelmingly Communist.

The motives that made a twenty-year-old boy shoot Darlan at the certain sacrifice of his own life and save us from this Clytemnestra's net our diplomats had woven for us are certainly worthy material for drama, but the problem didn't interest the critics. On the morning after the opening Irwin must have had the impression that he was playing on Brooklyn College again. *The Assassin* disappeared beneath a mountain of tacklers. It ran, I think, for thirteen performances, which in the theatre is being thrown for a hell of a loss. But it was not stopped permanently. It bobbed

(*Continued on page 207*)

"It's a new rule in my book club—if you don't like the volume they select, you can take a five-pound box of candy"

Verses by
Pierre de Ronsard

Painted by
J. Frederick Smith

Reverie at Christmastide

An Esquire Tone-poem based on the loves of the
master romanticist whose songs were for all time.

Love's Lesson

The moon each month is blenched
Brighter to rise
But once life's light is quenched
Then shall our eyes
Long sleep be taking
With no awaking
Then kiss me, while we live
Above the ground!
A thousand kisses give—
Love knows no bound
To His divinity
Belongs Infinity

Translation by Curtis Hidden Page

Sweetheart, Come See if the Rose —

Sweetheart, come see if the rose
Which at morning began to unclose
Its damask gown to the sun
Has not lost, now the day is done,
The folds of its damasked gown
And its colors so like your own

Ah, see in how brief a space
Sweetheart, it strewed the place,
Alas, with its beauties' fall!
O step dame Nature! if all
Of life you will grant such a flower
Is from morning to evening hour!

Then hear me and heed, sweetheart
Swiftly the years depart!
Harvest, Oh harvest your hours
While life is a-bloom with youth!
For age with bitter ruth
Will fade your Beauty's flower

Translation by Curtis Hidden Page

Dawn Song to Marie

Up up my sweetling, Up my slug a bed!
The skylark, high in heaven, sings in the morn.
Long has the nightingale upon the thorn
Sweetly complained of love,
how love has fled.

Up then, and see the grass bediamonded,
And the new rosebuds to your rose-tree born,
And your dear pinks, that yester eve forlorn,
Till you baptized them, hung the sorrowful head
Only last night you promised me anew
You'd be awake to greet me with the light
But sleep has sealed
those little eyes so tight!
So for the sin of sloth
I'll punish you,
I'll kiss a hundred times
Your eyes and breast
That's how I'll teach you
to be up & dressed

Ronsard: Prince of Poets translated by Morris Bishop. By permission of Oxford University Press, New York

True Gift

As a young maiden in the morning air
Of springtime when the year with youth is thrilled
Goes seeking through the garden freshly tilled
Roses and lilies to adorn her hair

But finding not by any roses rare
Nor other flowers the new made garden filled
Takes simple way and with fingers skilled
Tresses a wreath to crown and make her fair,

So I—
who in my orchard
find no roses
Nor any flowers
Whose worth is worthy you,
Pinks, lavenders,
pansies, nor marigold—
Bring you this bit of verse,
Love twined and true,
In hope its simpleness
more worth may hold
Than heaped up flowers
No thoughtful care disposes

— Pierre de Ronsard

Translation by Curtis Hidden Page (1524-1585)

Taking a page from the ancient Greeks, Wally Butts whips his footballers into shape and sees that they stay that way

Georgia Spartan

by JIMMY JONES

Coaching college football is a job that either makes a realist of a man or erases him. The college coach is a professional operating in an amateur environment. He has to win to survive; his players don't. Confronted with problems which must be solved victoriously or not at all, the coach who succeeds is the coach who wins. Whether or not he succeeds is everybody's business. How he succeeds is his own.

Down Georgia University way, the Bulldogs are coached by a rugged realist of a man with an idea of how football games are won. That man is Wally Butts and his idea is as old as ancient Greece but—judging from results—a good deal sounder. Butts is a stickler for two things above all: discipline and condition, a combination the ancient Spartans parlayed into a pretty successful army. Wally has done ditto with a football team.

So uncompromising is Wally Butts in disciplining and conditioning his players that many who don't understand the facts and ignore the results have called him a Simon Legree. Actually Butts is a kindly, almost sentimental guy who believes the way to win games is to outfight and outplay the opposition. He also believes that such Spartan training pays off in ways not measured by football points and Rose Bowl bids. His record proves the first contention. The boys who have played under him will vouch for the second.

Since coming to Georgia, Wally has accomplished a Southeastern Conference title and three Bowl victories in seven seasons at a school which had never before won a championship in fifty years of trying. Georgia boys now wage football like bulldogs, an untiring, unrelenting kind of game that keeps hammering at a weakening opponent until he cracks.

A rival coach summed up Wally's Spartan urge this way: "He teaches his teams good sound football and seems to imbue them with some of his own do-or-die spirit. Anyway, I've never seen a Butts-coached team falter or run out of breath. Sometimes I think Wally also equips them with an invisible oxygen tank."

In keeping with the Spartan tradition, Wally's boys must bow to two major "don'ts" to keep their coach friendly. He won't tolerate being crossed. And he takes the uniform off any player caught breaking training. He gets them in shape and they stay in shape, or else.

An incident from last year's Oil Bowl game against Tulsa at Houston is illustrative of how Butts' insistence on condition wins games. For the first two quarters of the game the big Tulsans pushed Wally's lighter lads around so brutally that soft-hearted Texans in the stands were feeling sorry for them at the half. But the Georgians entered the third quarter with a 7-6 advantage and rolled into a two-touchdown lead as Tulsa faded. Late in the fourth quarter a 300-pound Tulsa tackle who had been playing a Herculean game trying to stop the triphammering of Georgia's "T" attack, rolled over and whispered into the ear of a frisky Bulldog back: "Say, sonny! Don't you guys know when you have a ball game won?"

Tulsa wasn't the first opponent to develop respect for Wally's conditioning system. A survey of Georgia's record under Butts shows that his teams have won a surprising number of important games in the fourth quarter. In 1942, with a Rose Bowl bid at stake, Alabama led Georgia 10-0 at the end of the third quarter and the Bulldogs seemed hopelessly beaten. But in the fourth period as time flickered out, the great Frankie Sinkwich hit George Poschner with two touchdown passes and Andy Dudish romped across with a third to give Georgia a 21-10 win. The year before, Georgia beat Auburn in the very last play of the game when Sinkwich breathed deep and tossed a touchdown pass to Lamar Davis.

Wally's secret for building 60-minute condition is really no secret at all. He merely works the boys into shape and keeps them there with a kind of hustling system. For example, Georgia players haul themselves in three seconds to get on and off the field during a game. In last year's game with Kentucky, one of Wally's ends was knocked goofy and was being led off the field when he suddenly amazed everyone, Wally included—by leaping up and racing madly toward the bench, trying to beat the three-second deadline from force of habit.

"I figure the ones on the bench are anxious to get in the game and those on the field are anxious to get out, so I don't see any use letting them stroll on and off like actors," Wally says in explaining his hell-bent policy of making substitutions.

The double-time tempo in substituting is paralleled by several other ideas, among them that Georgia players remain standing during time-out periods. You don't see a boy in a red and black jersey on the ground unless he's been knocked there.

Still another cog in the system is Wally's campaign against drinking water during the game. Georgia has no water bucket, let alone one of the fancy little portable soda fountains some of the swank schools feature. "Water makes an athlete logy," says Butts. "He can't do his best with his belly sloshing with water." So Wally's boys play through an entire game without a sip. During a timeout in the game with UCLA in the Rose Bowl three years ago, the Californians, in the grandiose manner of the West Coast, sent a fancy chariot out on the field propelled by Mickey Rooney, one of many of the professional alumni of the UCLA. Butts took one scornful glance at this perambulating pop cart which had a separate spigot for each player on the UCLA team and laughed so raucously that Charles Laughton, sitting in a box seat, is said to have envied him.

"We'll beat 'em for sho'," he remarked to his assistants. Then Wally sent "Clegg" Stark, the Bulldogs' unusual colored attaché, out on the field to crack his boys across the neck with a damp towel, the closest they ever got to refreshment during a game.

Tough as he is on the field, Butts is anything but tough off-field. Out of uniform he plays the fatherly role with the boys. Fundamentally a soft-hearted man, he takes the edge off things even when enforcing his own rules. During the war years when material was scarce, he booted three players off the squad for smoking on the eve of a big game. But he let them keep their scholarships. And the boys never played for Georgia again.

The latter fact is a case in point. Butts is stubborn. Nobody is big enough to make him weaken in his support of his principles. For proof of this fact consider the case of Frank Sinkwich, who was Georgia's recent and its most (Continued on page 273)

"Are we lucky! Right in the path of it"

Machree drove a truck, didn't go for presents, but he could appreciate this

Christmas Eve at McConnell's Bar

by F. HUGH HERBERT

HORACE MACHREE was a truck driver. He was a large man, loud, truculent, uncouth and profane. These are qualities with which truck drivers are usually endowed by cartoonists. Mr. Machree was endowed with them in fact, partly by nature but mostly because that was the way he liked to be.

Mr. Machree had a nickname which had always annoyed the hell out of him. He was known to his friends (who were few) and to his enemies (their name was legion) as "Mother."

The incongruity of this gentle cognomen, which others found so entertaining, griped Mr. Machree whenever he was so addressed, and he never heard the opening bars of *Mother Machree* hummed by a wit at his approach without feeling his gorge rise within him. Mr. Machree had an oversized gorge and it rose often.

Mr. Machree believed in action rather than in words. (He was a man of few words, most of them obscene.) When Mr. Machree was irked he rarely indulged in persiflage or repartee. Experience had taught Mr. Machree that mayhem was infinitely more effective and far more satisfying.

Mr. Machree was a bachelor, but not an ascetic. In his immediate circle there were perhaps a half-dozen young women whom he knew pretty intimately. In Mr. Machree's simple philosophy, dames were okay, but he could take them or leave them. Comparing notes, Mr. Machree's young women friends were unanimously of the opinion that they were happier after being left than while taken. Romantic love was unknown to Mr. Machree, who was an extrovert. Nor did Mr. Machree practice any religion. He said it was all a lot of nonsense. This is a euphemistic paraphrase of what Mr. Machree actually said but it conveys substantially his meaning.

These facts about Mr. Machree are important to bear in mind in considering what happened on the morning of December 24th in McConnell's Cocktail Bar on Lexington Avenue.

Getting into the spirit of Christmas, which was only a day off, Mr. McConnell, or his bartender (it is immaterial) had decorated the bar with garlands of tinsel and colored paper and with a framed sign made of some iridescent plastic which read "Peace and Good Will to All Men." These hallowed words were in chaste Gothic script. Underneath, in larger letters, not Gothic and even more indecent, were the words DRINK KING BEER. (This is also immaterial.)

Shortly after 11:00 a.m. a young woman entered the bar carrying a lumpy healthy-looking child. She said she wanted to use the telephone and asked the bartender if he would mind the infant while she did so. The bartender said "Go right ahead, Mother. I'll be glad to." The young woman set the child on the bar and went into the telephone booth.

The bartender, whose name was Ernest, was fond of kids. He put an arm around the child so that it would not fall off the bar, poked it gently in the stomach with the forefinger of his other hand and said "Well, well— you're a *big* girl aren't you?"

This was manifestly a foolish question. The child was not big; in fact it was obviously too young to talk and could not have answered even if it had desired to do so, a moot point at best. It was also a bad guess because the child was a boy.

While the child's mother was still in the telephone booth, Mr. Machree came into the bar. He was in a hurry, having parked his truck opposite a large sign which said NO TRUCKS. He frequently parked opposite this same sign, and nothing untoward had ever come of it, but he was still in a hurry. He told Ernest of this, said he was good and thirsty and requested a large beer.

"Look!" said Ernest, indicating the child. "Ain't she a little cutie-pie?"

"No," said Mr. Machree, with considerable acerbity, "gimme my beer and make it snappy!"

"Itchy kitchy-kitchy!" said Ernest to the child. He seemed to feel more obligated to entertain the infant than to serve Mr. Machree. This annoyed Mr. Machree, who was a customer, whereas the child was not.

"Quit crooning to the goddam kid!" suggested Mr. Machree. "And gimme my beer!"

The child burped mildly and inoffensively. It was probably scared of Mr. Machree who had raised his voice. (It was really more of a hiccup. Its mother would have called it a bubble.)

Ernest found, or affected to find, this circumstance quite amusing. "*That's* what she thinks of you," he chuckled. (He was still unacquainted with the infant's true sex.)

Mr. Machree scowled at the child who burped (or hiccupped) again. Then, possibly to show that there was no ill feeling behind this purely digestive lapse, it smiled.

Mr. Machree was, notoriously, no lover of children. Insofar as it was humanly possible he had discouraged, to date, all overtures from all children of all ages. Trucks, he had discovered, seemed to have an affinity for children, and the little brats were always climbing all over them and under them if you gave them half a chance.

Ernest was enchanted by the infant's smile. "Aw, look!" he said. "She's *smiling* at you! Ain't that cute?"

Mr. Machree, who was getting impatient for his beer, said in effect that he found neither the child nor its smile ingratiating and added, being somewhat given to extravagant hyperbole, that for two pins he would smack its ugly puss unless he received his beer forthwith. Mr. Machree, it should be noted, did not seriously intend to strike the child; he had struck not a few children in his time, but never one of such tender years.

The threat of physical violence, though nothing more than a characteristic and colorful figure of Mr. Machree's speech, was misconstrued by the infant's mother who got the full effect of it as she came back to the bar from the telephone booth.

The mother was young, comely and spirited. No lousy bum at no lousy bar was going to threaten her Ralphie in this fashion without hearing from her at some length.

She snatched Ralphie from the bar and let Mr. Machree hear from her at some length. (Ernest subsequently claimed to have clocked her tirade at fifteen minutes but this is probably an exaggeration. It is also immaterial.)

The mother's name was Clarisse, and even before she left the telephone booth she was in a filthy temper. She had been telephoning a department store which had, inadvertently, delivered to her apartment six cans of baking powder, for which she had no use, instead of six cans of talcum or *baby* powder, for which Ralphie had immediate use. This error she had explained, painstakingly, to not less than five individuals in the chain of command, all of whom had expressed regret, and all of whom had pointed out that this was Christmas Eve and they were kind of rushed, and the matter would be rectified after the holidays. All of them, likewise, pointed out that the words "baking" and "baby" sounded very much alike and attributed the error to phonetics.

These inconclusive negotiations had left Clarisse irritable and still deficient of baby powder. Some of her indignation against Mr. Machree could therefore doubtless be ascribed to the residue of her displeasure at the clerks. She was, moreover, an intelligent and discerning young woman, and despite what she had overheard she did not for one moment believe that Mr. Machree seriously intended to do Ralphie bodily harm. However, she disliked Mr. Machree on sight and in telling him off made no secret of this prejudice.

Mr. Machree, as noted, had heretofore drawn the line at striking children as small as Ralphie; on the other hand, he had never drawn any limitations of size in respect to striking young women, when, in his opinion, nothing short of a smack in the kisser seemed quite adequate to the occasion.

Such an occasion now presented itself ineluctably to Mr. Machree. He reached over the bar, picked up the sign "Peace and Good Will to All Men" and informed Clarisse that if she did not instantly shut her trap he intended to bash out her brains with it. Clarisse, defiantly keeping her trap open, placed Ralphie back on the bar and told Mr. Machree to go right ahead if he dared.

It was at this point that Ernest, a peace-loving man, said, "Cut it out, Mother—cut it out! Try to act like a mother!" The injunction was addressed to Mr. Machree in the hope that the use of his nickname would make Mr. Machree realize the impropriety of his stated purpose.

Clarisse, however, a complete stranger to Mr. Machree, assumed, not unnaturally, that Ernest had addressed his remark to her. By an irrational complex but almost instantaneous mental process, essentially feminine, her ire was transmitted from the person of Mr. Machree, who richly deserved it, to that of Ernest, who was entirely blameless.

She snatched the framed sign from Mr. Machree and before Ernest could duck, broke it over his head. Caught off balance Ernest staggered slightly and in the ensuing commotion Ralphie, who had been left sitting on the bar, would have fallen to the ground if Mr. Machree, purely by reflex action, had not deftly caught him in his large and powerful arms just before he hit the cuspidor.

Mr. Machree had never, previously, held a small child in his arms in his entire life. By the same token, Ralphie had never, previously, fallen off a bar. It was the first time that Ernest had ever been hit across the temple by a sign that purported to promulgate good will to all men, and, finally, it was the first time Clarisse had ever assaulted a man other than her late husband, and the first time she had assaulted anyone on Christmas Eve.

The situation, therefore, was unprecedented for all parties, and sufficiently fraught with complications without the cop who came into the bar at that moment to give Mr. Machree a ticket for parking his truck opposite a sign that said, unequivocally, NO TRUCKS.

The cop's name was Cassidy. He was well acquainted with Mr. Machree, and knew him to be unmarried and, probably, childless. The sight of Mr. Machree, who was still holding Ralphie, therefore struck Cassidy as incongruous and highly amusing.

"You sure make a hell of a mother, Mother," said Cassidy, laughing heartily.

Provoked by what she considered (rightly) the derogatory tone of this comment, and assuming (wrongly) that it was intended for her, Clarisse, a creature of impulse, picked up a glass from the bar and threw the contents into Cassidy's face. Her aim was not too good and she herself was drenched. This was a reprehensible action but Clarisse was a good mother and she resented any implication to the contrary and this was the second within a few minutes.

Charlotte Anthony—singing the songs of America

Charlotte Anthony, daughter of the near south, came by her magic pipes, with their ability to interpret the American folk song, with natural honesty. At an early age Miss Anthony fell in love with the folk song, the music she feels best shows the people's desire for a better life. There you see her as she appears in Big Sister on CBS. Now in her early twenties, she learned the songs she sings — Kentucky mountain ballads and Ohio riverboat melodies — as a youngster living among people who themselves had learned them in childhood. Not one to pass up good things of another kind, she occasionally comes up with One Fine Day *from* Madame Butterfly *or something old and popular like* Smoke Gets in Your Eyes *or* Summertime. *For off-beat relaxation she likes photography and swimming.*

The glass contained bourbon of an inferior quality but of sufficient alcoholic content to be very painful to Cassidy's eyes which he had neglected to close in time.

When some measure of vision had been restored to Cassidy, he arrested Clarisse for being drunk and disorderly. She denied this charge shrilly, insisting (truthfully) that she was a respectable sober widow, but Cassidy was adamant. He pointed to Ernest's bleeding temple in substantiation of his charge of disorderly conduct and Ernest, with feeling, volunteered to testify against her. Ernest said, sincerely, that he would be a son-of-a-bitch if he could explain why Clarisse had suddenly assaulted him. Cassidy said further that Clarisse was obviously drunk since she reeked of bourbon. Circumstantially this was an accurate statement. Her skirt was sopping and it subsequently cost her fifty cents to have it cleaned.

Oppressed by these developments Clarisse, who was not emotionally stable, gave way to hysterics. This was impolitic since it merely heightened Cassidy's conviction that Clarisse was drunk and disorderly.

Grabbing her by the wrist, and inviting Ernest to accompany them, he forcibly ejected the unhappy young woman and dragged her around the corner to the police station, where he duly preferred the charges he had already named.

Thus Mr. Machree was left alone in the bar with Ralphie still in his arms. Throughout the disturbance, which had distressed and puzzled even Mr. Machree, Ralphie had not emitted any sound other than an occasional burp (or bubble).

Ralphie smiled at Mr. Machree but Mr. Machree did not smile back. He was wondering what the hell to do. Here it was nearly noon of Christmas Eve, he still had three deliveries to make, he still had no beer, he had acquired a parking ticket, and here he was stuck with a goddam kid in his arms.

Mr. Machree, holding Ralphie clumsily but firmly, looked at the sign Peace and Good Will to All Men and smiled gently. This betokened no change of heart on the part of Mr. Machree. It was not good will that suffused him at this moment; he was recalling that Ernest looked pretty damn funny when that young woman conked him over the head with the sign.

Still smiling Mr. Machree recalled the pleasing form and features of Ralphie's mother and recollected the mention of her marital status. Mr. Machree was partial to young (*Continued on page 340*)

A woman's dream of a fur coat is a logical enough ambition but one not easily resolved by any but the most resourceful of husbands

Mink by Mink

by FRANCES GEIGER ADAMS

We didn't even mention mink until almost two months after we were married. In an ill-advised burst of conscience, I had decided I wanted him to think I was the kind of a girl who could pedal up slip covers out of last year's play suit, or brew something sophisticated and elegant from yesterday's buttered carrots. But I overdid it, and things got to the point where if anyone was ever going to bring up mink, I was.

So I waited—a little impatiently as the first snows began—for my opportunity to make me and mink synonymous in his mind.

It came one night after a cozy little dinner with candlelight and all the trappings. Over coffee and liqueur he distilled into a mellow and expansive mood. Conversation drifted to Life, Love, Success, and the lofty simplicity which even an ad man can aspire to.

"Someday, a little chicken farm—" he was saying.

"I'll take a mink coat," I said. There it was. I'd said it. Mink. I want mink.

"You're kidding, of course," he said.

"I am not. A mink coat is the one unfulfilled ambition of my life," I said, adding with more than a touch of coyness, "now that I have you."

"That's silly," he said. "It's very impractical to have a mink coat. You have to have them insured, and you worry about them every second you're not in them. Besides, I hear they last only three or four years."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I need a mink coat."

"Nobody needs a mink coat but a mink," he snapped back.

"All right. If you won't buy me one, I'll earn my own," I said, and immediately turned to the classified ad columns in the paper.

I am just naturally the type of person who cringes in the presence of honest toil, so job-hunting itself turned into a gruelling process. Day by day, I became more and more convinced that even if I found just the right job at just the right expensive price, I couldn't take it. It is probably the lounge lizard in me, but the bare thought of living by a time clock and turning out so-called deathless literature from nine to five, five days a week, stifles me completely. Especially now that I can wash dishes for a living. I got to the point where I thought if I grinned at just one more copy chief and purred "eight years' experience" just once more, I would certainly reach my wits' end—which, although no great journey, would leave me something less a woman than I am today.

There must be an easier way . . . there must be an easier way . . . There was a certain lilt to the words that kept them marching through my mind from office to office for days on end.

A number of easier ways occurred to me from time to time, but I discarded them as either illegal or immoral. There is obviously something of the sissy in me and truthfully I am not so young as I used to be. Besides, my man has muscles. My mink would have to come honestly or not at all, and it was beginning to look like not at all.

Of course I continued to talk it at home. I wheedled and cajoled. I nobly forgot it for an hour at a time with a definite I'm-a-big-girl-now attitude. I used tears and flattery with equal abandon.

Mink had now crawled under our door into the outside world, and our friends and relatives were forced to take sides. There they were—lined up practically according to sex—on one side of the fence or the other. She needs mink, or she doesn't need mink. And there wasn't a mugwump among them.

Mink became the yardstick of all value, the epitome of all beauty. It monopolized the conversation, and I had taken to speaking entirely with a furrin' accent.

People sent me clippings—a sale on mink—or a news item about a baby whose first word was "Mommie," whose second was "Mink." I clipped ads myself and sent them anonymously to my husband's office, with a large "personal" written diagonally across the face of the envelope.

However, he was adamant—and I was still his adamant Eve, with a yen for something rather more than a fig leaf. In addition to the chicken farm, he had now dreamed up a boat to further clutter the budget. The deadlock threatened to have repercussions that could be heard as far as Reno.

It was while I sat wiggling my toes in the shoe repair shop, having my red snakeskins reheeled for the third time, that the brainstorm hit. Snatching a few dollars a week from the housekeeping money would be a fairly painless process. After all, it would only involve serving spaghetti once or twice a week, and in ten years—mink! by my own efforts!

Besides, going on the law of averages, I ought to have my own hair and teeth in ten years too. I think mink looks so much nicer when you still have your natural assets. So many women, stooped and weather-beaten, wear their mink with a "well, we finally made it" attitude.

So I had saved eight dollars when the first crisis arrived. That man in my life was bringing home a client to dinner, and my chicken à la king needs sauterne like a duck needs water. "So," I thought, "we'll have spaghetti *three* times next week." And I dipped into the mink fund with abandon.

The fact that I have been confronted with a crisis of one sort or another—from new lampshades to cross-country trips—every single week since then is completely beside the point. The fact that I am now precisely twenty-seven weeks behind is also beside the point. After all, I have nine and a half years to go, and anyway, deficits are so fashionable now. Besides, mink may be considered definitely old hat in ten years—who knows?

These were my thoughts the day he came home with a something-nice-is-going-to-happen look on his face. I just looked at him and got all dewy, and thought, mink or no mink, what a really satisfactory guy he was to be married to.

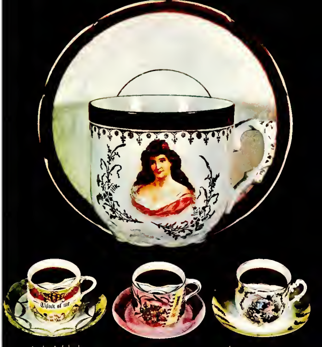
"Darling," I began, "it's been a long time since I've told you how much I love you, hasn't it? And what a really special guy you are? And how lucky I am?"

"Yes," he said, "and it's been a long time since you've mentioned mink too. Do you still want it?"

"Oh, you angel!" I bubbled. But there was no package behind him or anywhere in the room. He hadn't left one in the hall either. I

(*Continued on page 345*)

"Well, if you ask me, what your subconscious mind needs is a good slap in the face"



RECIPE for an old-fashioned Christmas

The mustache cup, which once paid lip service to the gentleman loathe to strain his coffee or alphabet soup through nature's handle bar, now is symbolic of an old family custom which time has never caused to wither—good will and good cheer at Christmas. Spurred on by the glories of these sentimental relics, and of the aura they mark, we bring you an old recipe in these following pages. Eat, drink, and God rest you merry, Gentlemen.

and be MERRY

Lines Spoken Over a Wassail Bowl

Here's a toast to Noel and customs bucolic
When kids get their wishes and dads—alcoholic.

May mistletoe thrive till milliners grow
A perennial crop in madame's chapeau.

May all your doors have happy knockings
May all your duds have gala frockings
May all your dates have well-filled stockings.

Jet planes now supplant
Kriss Kringle's old sleigh
Donder and Blitzen
Have outlived their day
In a world that's atomic, weary and sick
Here's a toast full of hope to jolly St. Nick

It is conceivable a man can have all he covets except the one thing he needs most

Dream of a Sawdust Christmas

by JOHN FREDERICK FRANK

It was a crisp, fresh winter day. A gay pre-Christmas spirit moved along with the crowds in the streets. Merry music drifted from loud-speakers and the shop windows were bright with luxuries. Everyone seemed happy.

Except Jarvis Jones. The cheer affected him strangely, leaving him with a bitter line along his mouth and eyes filled with sadness and envy.

Men's sparkling watches in a brightly lighted show window drew Jarvis out of the current of people. He gazed, mouth open. He read a price tag, $49.98, looked again, mouth closed tight, and then returned to the crowd. Anyway, it was for Margaret and the kids he should be shopping. He carried his semi-monthly pay check and an extra ten it had taken him two months to save.

No one of the crowd glanced at Jarvis. He was a small, slightly stooped figure in his suit of drab, neutral grey. He had straight sandy hair which was never quite in place. His near-blue eyes peered out of a lean face. He wasn't much to look at and knew it. Yet he had a secret conviction that he was as good as the best executive and deserved to be rich. But there were people in his way—stupid, greedy, gluttonous people. Lots of them. Like Barker, his boss, who ordered him around, yelled at him, and generally so mixed him up with rage that he did things slovenly. Mr. Barker had grudgingly allowed him an extra half hour at lunch time, but *only* a half hour. He would expect the "In" time sheet to be signed by Jarvis at 1:30 exactly. Jarvis jerked forward and swung through the nearest store entrance.

Perhaps because Jarvis was poor, or perhaps because he had too quick an imagination, he found it frustrating to be near all the potential pleasures in the department store he entered. Provocative perfume fragrance, young cherry-lipped salesgirls moving elusively, shining smooth leathers, inviting wool blankets, slick silk goods, alabaster vases, shining silver, furs, diamonds—a stupefying rich profusion of things crisp and freshly new set off ecstatic emotions in him at first. But these turned into one deep, hopeless yearning as he descended to the bargain basement.

Jarvis found little refuge in the basement. He saw a wrinkled woman in a plain black coat, one elbow worn grey, and guiltily recalled the hurt look in Margaret's eyes whenever she surveyed her closet in the morning for something to wear. She never complained, which made it worse. When she sat in the evening darning Davy's socks or Joan's skirt, he felt miserable—a failure. Muttering unhappily, he began strolling from counter to counter.

Some ten minutes later Jarvis emerged from the store, a small teddy bear under one arm. He lingered momentarily before an animated window display of Santa Claus on a roof, with reindeer and a sled full of toys. He looked very lonely and there was hurt in his eyes and his thoughts were far away. He started across the street on his way back to the office . . .

Before Jarvis was a brilliant glass counter containing a sparkling array of men's watches. He was awed. Humbly he inquired of an immaculate young man behind the counter, "How much are those gold watches?" There was no answer. Jarvis opened his mouth to repeat his question, looked at the clerk—and then paused in amazement. The man was a dummy! At least he made no movement at all. His body leaned forward, his hands rested lightly on the counter, his face wore a polite smile as though he were about to ask what he wished to see. But he looked right through Jarvis.

"What do you want for those gold watches—huh?"

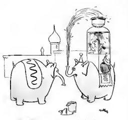
No sound or even a twitch came from the smiling clerk. In fact, there was no music or noise of the crowd—anywhere. Jarvis cautiously prodded his ears. Had he become deaf? He turned around. To his frightened amazement, he saw that not a single person was moving in the whole store! Not one person stirred, or seemed to breathe even. A man had a perfume bottle under his aloof nose, held there by a bored, lacquered brunette; at the lingerie section women were fingering silk underwear, a woman in the information booth was designating, mouth open, a direction to an attentive questioner; hundreds of people were bent over goods, or jammed against each other, frozen in a thousand different postures. It was like a world gone dead—a world in which everything was as it had been, and also promised to be again.

Jarvis experienced a slight shudder of fear. He dared to move slowly, warily, down the store aisle toward the revolving doors. "'Scuse me," he muttered, embarrassed, as he edged between a crowd of rigid people. Jarvis finally reached the doors, plunged on through them. No one was moving on the streets either! Had some invisible gas enveloped the city, solidifying the people? Everyone, caught in some act, waited for a command to proceed. Even the policeman in the street was powerless, one hand raised, another holding a whistle to his mouth as though he was about to direct traffic to change. Jarvis did not know what to do. He knew he could move and others could not. Suddenly he thought of eating.

Jarvis entered the first restaurant he saw. People were in all positions, some with lifted forks or spoons before partly opened mouths. Strangely, with no one moving, he felt more at ease. With a bravado he had never felt until now, Jarvis walked to the kitchen door. Peering in, he saw long tables crowded with plates of holiday foods: turkey, roast duck, cranberries, sweet potatoes, fried eggplant, Brussels sprouts. The cooks and waitresses were rigid. He entered the kitchen and, lifting a succulent chunk of roast turkey, bit off a small piece. He hadn't tasted such food in a long while. He took another bite. This was okay.

Carefully he sauntered past the motionless cashier out into the afternoon sunshine, his hunger assuaged. As the buses were not running, he walked rapidly toward the office. And then it was that Jarvis began to realize his enormous possibilities.

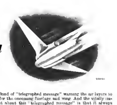
What was it he wanted to do? He could do it. What had he always desired? He could have it. Money? Yes, that was most important; it was the greatest problem in his life, what he envied most in others. Jarvis hailed a cab, remembered, and then ran desperately down the street toward the Mutual Trust Bank. Jarvis dashed inside and down the stairs to a room with a huge vault door at one end. It was not open. Sweating, he scrambled up the stairs *(Continued on page 301)*



"Nothing would do but he had to have running water"

Such hazards as shock waves challenge the engineers who dream of supersonic flight

Flying Faster Than Sound



by JOHN C. ROSS

Before the year is out an American airplane is expected to fly faster than sound, a speed usually reckoned at about 764 m.p.h. at sea level. For years men have been blithely anticipating such speeds as though they were inevitably in line with the natural progression of aeronautical development. "Why, there's no limit," the man in the street has been saying. "Anything is possible."

That man has been more optimistic than aeronautical engineers. As this is written, so far as is known, no piloted airplane has ever passed the speed of sound, even in a dive. Many of the pilots who approached that goal, unfortunately, suddenly died amidst a shower of disintegrating parts or planes strangely out of control.

But didn't the V-2 go faster than sound? Yes, in fact the German liquid-fueled rocket quadrupled the speed of sound. But V-2 was a guided missile, a projectile if you please, not an airplane. It had no wings for lift. It couldn't have been brought to a safe landing under any kind of handling—a fundamental requirement for an airplane.

Choosing the speed of sound as a goal and measuring stick is not arbitrary. In the lower speed ranges, aeronautical engineers have been working with theories and calculations which were pretty well understood and had been confirmed by research. But at speeds approaching the speed of sound—say 500 m.p.h. and beyond—the old aerodynamic laws are, somehow, repealed. The old formulae no longer work. The air acts and the plane reacts differently. It just won't go as fast as the old calculations indicate it should. The something that is in the way we call "the sonic barrier."

Research into supersonic speeds is hardly more advanced than research into conventional aircraft speeds when the Wright Brothers flew at Kitty Hawk. Until recently, airplane designers had just about reached an impasse in building planes much faster than the 400 to 500 m.p.h. range. Now we think we have some inklings of how such planes will be built but we realize how much research remains to be done. This seems to be about the main problem.

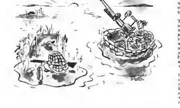
When an airplane flies, the air begins to flow into a pattern to receive it long before the plane itself actually arrives. This flowing of air is merely the displacement of air layers that are "felt" ahead of the actual arrival of the plane. It is helpful to think of this displacement as a kind of "telegraphed message" warning the air layers to make way for the oncoming fuselage and wing. And the vitally important fact about this "telegraphed message" is that it always travels at a fixed rate—that of the speed of sound.

If an airplane is traveling slowly, the "telegraphed message" goes much faster than the plane, and the air layers have ample time to flow into a pattern before the plane arrives. But the faster the plane travels, the closer it is behind this "telegraphed message" and the less time the air has to arrange itself for the wing and the plane itself. Finally, at and beyond the speed of sound, the plane outruns its telegraphed warning and finds the air unprepared for it. A "shock wave" develops about the leading edge of the wing which is so pronounced it can be photographed. This shock wave, which is a compressed wall of air, not only can do physical damage to the plane but is as difficult to penetrate as if made of bricks. The plane smashes and slams into the wall. It is buffeted by tremendous forces which are likely to wrench off the tail or a wing.

We don't know what flight would be like on the other side of the sonic barrier but some engineers reason that it would be sleek and smooth. The severe buffeting, they believe, may be caused by rapid altering of the air flow between subsonic and supersonic speeds. The plane is crashing through a succession of shock waves, most of which are localized at special points. They exist in one second, the next they may be torn away and the air flows by smoothly.

Colonel Signa A. Gilkey, a Wright Field test pilot, was the first American pilot to experience the effects of shock waves in the transonic speed region. This happened as recently as the Fall of 1940 when he nosed over in a routine test dive while wringing out a new plane. One instant the fighter was flying smoothly, the next it was threshing wildly, vibrating madly, amidst a deafening noise which made Colonel Gilkey think it was being torn to pieces. Colonel Gilkey managed to pull out of his dive and tell his story to learned aerodynamicists who explained that he must have flown into the hitherto unexplored zone of shock waves near the speed of sound.

From all this it appears that our greatest problem may not be to fly faster than sound, but to get through the critical speed range just before we reach the speed of sound. Therefore, why can't we sneak up to the sonic barrier and dive through it, or touch off a rocket to carry us through it in a hurry? We probably will have to do something like that but it isn't as easy as it sounds. A plane's wing is designed so that the air will flow over it faster than the plane itself is traveling. The wing, as you know, is rounded and the air passing over its surface has farther to travel and hence must travel faster to get over it than if the wing were flat.



Do you begin to see what we're getting into now? The air traveling around the plane approaches sonic speeds sooner than the plane itself. Every tiny bulge, every protruding rivet head adds to the problem because air always moves over the bulge or rivet head even faster than it is moving over the wing or fuselage it is attached to. So we find air moving at all manner of different speeds around the plane. It is faster around the fuselage than the fuselage itself is moving, faster over the wing than around the fuselage, faster over some parts of the wing than over others.

Some of the air flow, therefore, is bound to reach the sonic barrier sooner than the rest of it. The result is not just a brick wall, which a strong airplane might bump into and batter its way through, but a brick wall of uneven strength, ready to snap off an elevator here, an aileron there, a wing tip somewhere else. Inside the plane at these speeds a pilot is subject to frightful buffeting and noise. The plane's controls do not react normally and sometimes a man's concentrated strength is unable to move them.

The late great supersonic test pilot, Alex Papana, who made many dangerous test dives into the realm of transonic speeds, evolved a technique for avoiding the worst effects of buffeting. Papana tried to retain the sensitive feel of his controls so that the airplane did not get out of control. Most important, Papana knew that sound travels slower in the thin air of high altitudes than in the denser air of lower altitudes. The speed of sound at sea level is about 100 m.p.h. more than at 35,000 feet—which proves that, contrary to the layman's idea, flight is not always faster at high altitudes because the air is thinner and causes less resistance. Papana took advantage of this slower speed at altitude and started his dives from high enough so that even if he were approaching sonic barriers at, say, 30,000 feet, he would be farther from them at his pull-out at 10,000 feet, even though his plane gained speed. His diving plane simply flew out of the area where transonic buffeting existed.

Our efforts to reach the speed of sound are further complicated by the fact that the propeller comes up against the same brick wall as the plane and its wing. Until very recently it was believed that propellers weren't practical for planes over 500 m.p.h., but recently an experimental model passed that speed and promises efficiency up to almost 700 m.p.h. It's generally agreed, however, that only reaction engines—turbo-jet, rocket and the like—will be able to power supersonic planes.

From what we know now, other problems will hamper our flying faster than sound. One is power.

At speeds below 400 m.p.h., it has been fairly simple to calculate how much horsepower is needed to drag a given plane at a given speed. When you double the speed from 100 to 200 miles an hour, for example, you know that your drag is not twice as much but four times as much. With such simple problems the engineers know that drag increases as the square of the speed. But when planes approach sonic speeds, drag increases incalculably more. All the major and minor shock waves building up over the fuselage and wings are doing their best to hold the plane back.

A conventional plane, for example, might need 5,000 h.p. to fly 500 m.p.h. at 10,000 feet. But to go only 50 m.p.h. faster it will need 20,000 h.p. and to increase its speed to 600 m.p.h. the plane will need 40,000 h.p. More than 70,000 horsepower will be required to fly the same plane 1,000 m.p.h. The biggest jump—5,000 to 50,000—is needed to increase speed in the near-sonic region of 550 to 665 m.p.h. Power requirements thereafter continue to go up, but not nearly so rapidly.

Is such an enormous power expenditure going to pay? Probably not commercially, unless we develop new cheaper sources of power. The air forces, however, definitely intend to make the most of it.

Supersonic wings must be thin. So must supersonic fuselages. Making room for crew, passengers, freight is difficult. More difficult is carrying large quantities of fuel—consumption of which is simply enormous with such power outputs as 50,000 to 100,000 h.p. Another thing, these thin, sharp-edged wings demand high and therefore dangerous landing speeds. Huge runways are called for. To overcome this, the use of wings that can be extended or retracted has been suggested.

Even in stratosphere flight some means must be found to cool the cabin and wings, because speeds will be so fast that the friction of the air will heat the metal surfaces—particularly the front edges of the wings and fuselage. At the speed of sound, temperatures might reach 160° and could go up from there. At 1,500 m.p.h. it is apparent that we shall need superior refrigerating equipment.

Then what about engines? Conventional piston engines are out of the question because they can only be used to drive propellers, which as we've already explained, have inherent speed limitations. The first plane to reach supersonic speeds almost certainly will be rocket-propelled. Rocket propulsion is impractical in the long run, however, because rocket fuel is about four times as heavy (since it includes its own oxygen) as petroleum fuels and takes up four times as much room in our already overcrowded quarters. It is also a great deal more expensive. It just happens, however, that rocket motors seem to be the only ones we have powerful enough to reach supersonic speeds at this stage of technological progress.

Meanwhile our present very efficient turbo-jet engines are getting better all the time though they still can't turn over fast enough to do the best job. The big limitation is metals which can give more strength at higher temperatures and higher speeds to the hot turbine blades. Better metals are coming. Experiments are underway to cover the turbine blades with a ceramic coating. Another is to cool the blades somehow. Probably a better bet is the use of an entirely new and simpler jet engine called the "athodyd," or "ram jet."

When our troops overran Germany they found the Germans were far ahead of us in supersonic developments. At least one of the German supersonic wing tunnels was dismantled and brought to the U. S. Altogether we have thirteen supersonic wind tunnels in operation but most of them are very small, and we not only don't know very much about supersonic flight but we aren't dead sure how to investigate it.

We assume that wind tunnels are the answer because they have given us so much valuable data for conventional planes. The purpose of wind tunnels is to reproduce on scale model or experimental planes the conditions of actual flight. But where supersonic planes are concerned, this is harder than it sounds. At Langley Field, Virginia, for instance, researchers found that when a test model was installed in their tunnels, air simply refused to flow through them at a speed higher than 85% that of sound. The wind tunnel, which would work at slower speeds, was choking the wind tunnel like a chicken bone in a human throat. New designs have partially eliminated this, but every time one problem is solved several new ones develop.

Helium is being used to test models at high speed, for example. The speed of sound in helium is 2,200 m.p.h., so the wind tunnels don't choke up until that speed is reached. How does that help solve the supersonic problem? Well, the helium is used under great pressure to catapult the test model into a section of the wind tunnel filled with another strange gas called freon-12. The speed of sound in freon-12 is only 300 m.p.h. Thus a test model plane moving at 2,200 m.p.h. is catapulted into the freon-12 gas and is immediately traveling at six or seven times the speed of sound in normal air. Then its reactions are studied.

From preliminary indications, we shall need a wing shape entirely different from that which has found favor in conventional planes. The Germans had concluded this and had tested it to some extent.

Do you remember the paper airplanes you used to make in school, with sharp-pointed noses and wings that tapered all the way back to the end of the folded sheet? That is probably the general shape of our supersonic wing. We have found that such shapes can move much faster than conventional shapes because the wing only feels that part of the velocity that is at right angles to its front edge.

We have made but a beginning in the study of this complicated problem. We haven't done as well as some optimists have been claiming. We are only now taking steps to catch up with German researchers. But the world is moving faster and so must our planes. ■

Joan Edwards—top tunes, top performance

Joan Edwards—who along with curious uncles and aunts and other members of her family bears a name that has been in the lights of show business for a long time—has a voice that makes you wish television were nearer. Of her (as you can see) it has been neatly said she sings as well as she looks and looks as well as she sings. Joan was clicking at fourteen with a piano routine on local New York radio stations. Her first real break came when Rudy Vallee signed her for guest appearances. Then she walked—the walking, hard way—into her own series on NBC, was "discovered" by Paul Whiteman, and finally in 1941 moved to Your Hit Parade, where she still is. In private life, Joan is married to Julius Schachter, radio violinist. Their three-year-old daughter, Judy Ann, models for Conover.

Last minute advice to desperate male shoppers on how to please the little pal

The Plight Before Christmas

by **HERB GRAFFIS**

'Tis the afternoon before Christmas and all through the souse is his frightened realization that Christmas shopping no longer can be postponed

Then resolutely, he weaves his way through the revelers at the office pre-Christmas grog parties and sets forth on an enterprise that tries the souls, but rarely the brains of good, true Americans

At this late hour when the taxis are carrying home the stenographers who have been suddenly stricken stewed Mr J Comelately fares forth to make his selection of gifts from store stocks that have been sifted thoroughly and long ago, by industrious women

If Comelately were in full possession of his faculties and not flying by instruments through a cheerful alcoholic fog he would be aware that he is starting on a tough tour with very dim chances of making a happy landing What is left for him to select as gifts are staples of merit but generally of no special yuletide distinction, screwy items the stores have been stuck with since Valentine's, Mother's and Father's days and extravagant numbers the store buyers regard as mistakes of theirs that ultimately will be bought by silly hussies who have wealthy gentlemen benefactors

In case Mr. Comelately staggers into the store and buys a gift from the slim stocks of slow-moving fancy-priced merchandise chances are the female receiver of the present will return it to the store get what she wants in merchandise, and the difference in cash, which she also wants As the receiver gets more of a cash refund than she ever expected the donor would spend on a Christmas present for her, she is not exactly disconsolate because the boy friend went on his Christmas shopping tour tardy and tight

The present goes back into the stock to be bought by some other belated male shopper the following Christmas

Why is it that so many men are considered, by knowing women, practically feeble-minded as Christmas shoppers?

Manufacturers and merchants have spent millions endeavoring to educate men to do Christmas shopping wisely and early This issue of Esquire is, in large part devoted to that noble cause Yet hundreds of thousands of our canny clientele will wait until they barely beat a photofinish on the closing of shop doors Christmas Eve And I, who sit in July with hop-scented sweat dribbling into the wrinkles of my belly as I indite this thesis am one of the dopes who habitually on December 24th do about as I now write one shouldn't.

From copious notes of interviews with retailing experts in various large and small cities, on the highways and byways from Fifth Avenue to the sunkist Miracle Mile I find that there are only three faults with the average man as a Christmas shopper

1 He is scared 2 He is lazy 3 He is ignorant.

Other than those three faults he is perfectly wonderful, because

1 He is an easy spender of vast quantities of cash

Now about the primary frailty of men as Christmas shoppers

The majority of men are believed to be afraid of saleswomen in stores If the saleswoman is young and comforting to the vision, the male buyer just can't find it in his nature to say "no" to her Therefore he has a subconscious fear the creature will push off on him something that he doesn't want to buy If the lady is one who appears to be a veteran performer, he will have a haunting suspicion that she says to herself when she sees him coming "Here is a chump to whom we can sell what we have been saving for the basement fire sale"

The prejudice is cruelly unjust, according to women executives of department and specialty stores I consulted. Saleswomen like to see men come into a store and time permitting, would be perfectly willing to start the shopping education of the bewildered innocents by telling them of the birds and bees and such and working up to the facts of human life. A reason for this tender attitude of the saleswoman is, according to one authority, that men are much easier spenders than women but do not know from up, consequently the saleswoman's maternal protective instinct is aroused The saleswoman often tries to get the guy to give to some other woman what she would like for herself, if she had the money to blow

Furthermore after a saleswoman has been in the front line against waves of shock troops of women shoppers she welcomes the lull that comes when a mere man is the customer She can attend to the gentleman while some bossy, ill-bred bag is demanding attention out of turn. Few things please a saleswoman as much as having an opportunity to shoot the ill-bred bag down from 40 000 feet by staring at her frigidly and remarking in a cultured way, "Poddon me moddom, I am at the moment engaged with this gentleman"

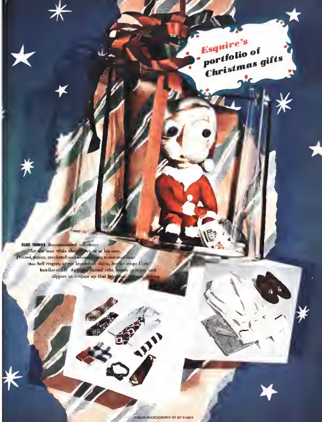
The gentleman feels as though he is in danger of being caught in a fatal cross fire He would take it on the jet-propelled lam if he were not too scared to move And there he stays receiving the careful and almost loving care of the saleswoman

Nothing it seems but the eons required for evolution will cure men of that weakness They will have to be taught to go at their shopping in the same informed and challenging spirit a woman takes to the job

Men do not enjoy the work of spending as women do They don't know enough about the game of Christmas shopping to participate with competitive knowledge and zest. A fellow will sit in a duck-blind for hours, chilled and otherwise uncomfortable and not getting more than a few shots at birds He will dismiss that discomfort and frustration as part of the game A woman would think of it as plain damn foolishness But a woman will be shoved around at a sales counter worse than being caught in a rush of Hampshire hogs to a feeding trough and think nothing of it The ordeal would wreck a strong man

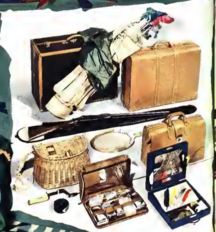
A pronounced deficiency of the male at Christmas shopping in the opinion of the women experts of the leading shops is his inability to recognize shopping involves covering *(Continued on page 311)*

"I'm just reading about a man who stabbed his wife with a fork when she interrupted him while he was reading his morning paper . . . now, what was it, dear?"



SURE THINGS Recommended selections for the man while about town or at his ease. Printed, woven, crocheted neckwear [illegible] to suit a Christmas bell ringers, azure broadcloth shirts, border stripe [illegible] handkerchiefs A [illegible] flannel robe, [illegible] and slippers to conjure up that luxur[illegible]

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY ED BINKER



TRAVELING COMPANIONS Vaca traveling in 1947, he'll find any o the following gifts a cheery reminder of Christmas past. And if he's an outdoor man, he'll enthusiastically a plaud your shopping exclusively among such items as these Above fiber case with four-suit capacity, raincoat, leath er golf bag and matched golf clubs with covers, leather case with two-suit capacity Gun and fleece-lined case, tenn racquet, capacious leather brief case Wicker creel and harn tubular bass casting rod, reel. Leather toilet case with fit tings. Fly tying kit with feathers and implements. At left: All-w gabardine sports shirt, a double offering of sunglasses, gabardine sla striped ribbon belt, all-wool Argyle plaid anklets, and strapped moccas

CHOICE CHOICE A bonanza gift display to inspire the most discriminating Christmas shopper A Hat gift certificate, rayon scarf, deerskin gloves, silver cigarette case. B Tie clips, collar bar, cuff links, self identifying key chain, new model watches, tie clip with watch C. Grained leather shoes, wool and cotton socks, calendar, shoehorn

A

B

C

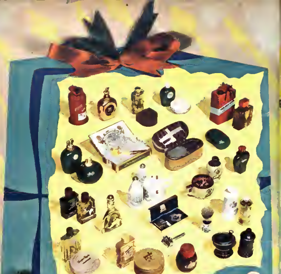
D

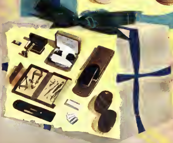
E

F

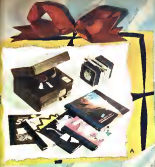
G

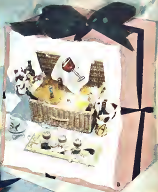
More gift waters in which to go fishing for that choice item which he'll say is "just what I always wanted" D Plastic, snakeskin and Western leather belts, braces of ribbon, elastic webbing and embossed leather, striped garters E Leather desk set with gold trim, pen and pencil sets stationery, lighters with wind shields F Colorful hand knit wool ski sweater, matching mitts, tartan wool shirt G Leather clock, wallets in various leathers, tobacco pouch, an alligator cigarette case

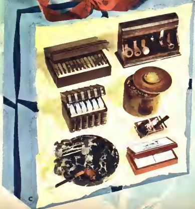




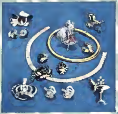
GROOM & BATH Snuff-eaters may sneer at these "male cosmetics," but they're grooming requirements for even the most masculine He'll come away from his ablutions refreshed after a morning once-over lightly with aids such as those portrayed here. Above are after shave lotions, colognes, talcum powders, shave and bath soaps, toilet kit, razor and shaving brush At left razor, electric shaver, clothesbrush set, gold-plated manicure tools, silver trim comb and nail file set, razor blades, military brushes of plastic







HOST OF SUGGESTIONS In this display of home invaluables and extras for some host are selections designed to contribute to his better living, alone or among his cronies Heavy on the *Gemutlichkeit* and extra solid on comfort are such big and little gift recommendations as the following A A combination radio and record player in walnut case, record albums, current books betwixt saddle stitch leather book ends B Hamper of spirit and wine bottles, with a wool cocktail pennant for yachts draped over its lid, sporting design snifter, rattan trim highball and cocktail glasses, plastic stirrers with dice pattern ends on hand-painted tile tray C. Leather humidor and cigars; leather pipe rack containing various styles of pipes, a gin rummy set in simulated bookcase, laminated leather tobacco humidor, a pipe with filter on package of tobacco, an onyx tray with birds, a cigarette box with sporting design top and cigarettes



A

B

D

C

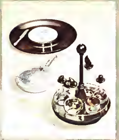
E

FOR HER Displayed here are some cure all suggestions for the man who has the yuletide shakes wondering how best to please the women in his life This season should prove gladsome when he arrives bearing gifts chosen from among: A. Upper left pin and earring set Upper right horse design pin Center mesh necklace, cancan girl pin with genuine diamonds, rubies and sapphires, Parisian ring with rubies, snake chain necklace and matched earrings. Bottom, crown design pin and earring set and studded fountain pin B. Silver lipstick case with mirror, four watches in distinctive styles C. Birthstone and flower motif scarf, matched silver compact and cigarette case; perfumes and colognes D Reptile skin handbag with comb, compact and cigarette case Multicolor scarf, belt studded with nailheads, toiletries set, perfume E. Sequin evening muff and belt, embroidered scarf; compact, perfumes

MISTLETOE LINE Herewith further recommendations for the man posed with the problem of what to bequeath on the ever-loving while playing S. Claus Any gal should have that old being-courted light in her eye rekindled when blessed by a gift from the intimate yet practical selection pictured on this page A. An all-occasion wool sweater with shoulder pads a key- and heart-shaped perfume pin, perfumes and colognes in distinctive bottles. B. A combination jewel and make-up case with moire lining; deerskin set of gauntlet type gloves, bag and umbrella with matching leather cover, antique design costume necklace and bracelet C Multicolor crepe hostess gown with princess lines, slippers decorated with plastic petals, and toiletries set. D. Tile center cheese tray and silver knife, a silent butler; and a six-piece condiment set

A

B



D

C

(For answers to any queries, send stamped addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Avenue New York 17)

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It was near-tragedy for this man-child each time he had to emulate his father

The Father and Mother of Nimrod

by **ROBB WHITE**

After a long, hard and bitter struggle my father was forced at last to admit defeat. I would never, he finally confessed, be a hunter. I didn't have the essentials and he had been unable to lead me to acquire them. I didn't have the hunting instinct, I had no shred nor trace of patience, my passage through a forest could hardly be outdone by a bulldozer.

Whereas I could hit the door of a large barn with a shotgun, I was prone to wave a gun like a flag when finally, over insurmountable obstacles, my father had gotten me close enough to game to hit it. I could hear the secret whispering of my father and mother discussing me, but in the woods I became stone deaf. I was neither spavined nor stumbled badly around the house but in the field I was afflicted with blindness.

All in all, at the age of twelve I was a mess.

This decision coming from my father naturally disturbed me and I suspected that there was some truth in his accusations. But, God knows, I had tried. I could not bear to count the nights during which, at some hour known to no clock, I had been driven from my bed and led into dark and fearful woods with nothing—not even a fistfull of cold Pablum—to sustain me.

A thousand times I had sat on the bare ground, my back against a tree and envied the icicles because they, at least, seemed to be in no pain. I have gone for periods of time exceeding one hour without drawing breath as my father, in the belief that he talked with wild turkeys, made scratching noises with a hardwood stick on a slate.

I am permanently crippled, I think, from remaining motionless so long that muscles and nerves have atrophied. And I have walked. Particularly across plowed fields and through league-long briar patches. And my father, exalted as he may be to his congregation, is a high releaser at the top of the hierarchy of those demons who idly grab strong, slim, cutting branches, pull them back to the maximum of their flexibility and let them go to slash into ribbons the face of the poor little tyke coming trustfully along behind.

I didn't want to get up before it was decent for people to be abroad. I had been so cold so much of the time that there was a core of ice permanently installed in me. I had walked so far and so fast (that accursed dogtrotting, every other foot treading on my tongue) I had been jarred, booted, blasted and knocked silly by twelve-gauge shotguns.

I had been laced by briars, tripped by vines, bitten by yard dogs, thrown by horses. I had straddled Spanish bayonets, fallen through ice and had jumped into the middle of icy creeks until hunting was a word with the same meaning as torture.

And so, at the ancient age of twelve, when the decision of my father was handed down, I felt, although mightily ashamed and cast out, a sneaking feeling of relief. I could now devote myself to a life somewhat similar to that of other little boys. Possibly after my father's humiliation dimmed a little I could even persuade him to let me trade the short ton of twelve-gauge shotgun he had given me on my tenth birthday for a football. Life stretched ahead full of sunshine and laziness and I became a stranger to dawn and all the other horrors of the chase.

But only for a little while, because I stumbled into that bunch or flock or whatever a number of wild turkeys gathered together is properly called. It was in the middle of a cold but sunny afternoon and I had just been walking along wondering if the time were nearly ripe to approach my father about the shotgun-football deal when this great gang of wild turkeys appeared feeding peacefully through the woods.

I stopped, amazed, and watched them. In my long and bitter memory I could not count the number of times my father would have given all he possessed, including my mother, to have seen only one of these noble birds.

I counted them. I just stood in a bare, open place and counted seventeen of them. All gobblers and wonderfully big and shiny when they walked into the patches of sunlight. They had red heads and long necks; they seemed to be almost as big as I was and for a moment I thought that perhaps their total lack of fear was caused by exactly that—in a free fight they could probably lick me.

Then the Plan came, complete to the last detail and including the triumphant approach to my father and the casual dumping of an enormous turkey at his feet.

I instantly remembered all the lore he had taught me and I exercised it. My approach to those turkeys was an invisible movement. They exploded in all directions, the beating of their wings an enormous sound.

I went back the next day armed to the teeth with Super X number four chilled shot in both barrels of the twelve-gauge. My boyish chin flinched at the thought of the Super X's but I wanted to make that triumphant dump before my father.

The turkeys were in the same place. They saw me instantly and disappeared.

Years later when, in the Navy, I studied a book on strategy and tactics called *The Estimate of the Situation*, I remembered those campaigns in which I failed again and again to come within tactical range of those turkeys.

Each afternoon around five o'clock they came over the small hill, wandered down its sides until they came to a deep, high-banked little creek. There they turned, feeding along until at last they disappeared into the deep pine woods where the creek rose from a spring. I often heard them booming up to roost in the trees but had never been able to see one sitting on a limb waiting to be shot.

With hope almost gone, with the bright vision of my triumph dimming, I decided on one last and desperate attack. Well before it was time for them to come over the hill I climbed doggedly down the steep bank of the creek and slithered into the ice-cold water. The benumbing temperature of that water convinced me then, and I remain convinced, that water can be a great deal colder than thirty-two degrees and still not form ice.

The turkeys took their own sweet time about coming as I waited, water above my belt, my arms aching from holding the gun above the surface. At last they came, the scratching and walking about sounding like a herd of horses up above the high bank.

The stalk began. Making about as much (*Continued on page 309*)

A Dame with Sympathy

Clarence thought he wanted this flip chick for his own until she looked the wrong way when he reached out for her

by MEL MATISON

What I look for in a dame is sympathy. Good looks, brains, sure, that don't hurt none. But for me a dame has got to have that special feeling for a guy. It has to do with little things like making him wear his overshoes when it's snowing and big things like sticking to him when he's got fine plans but no dough to work them.

That's why I hold on to Beth Retsshay. She's got sympathy for me when I first meet her six months ago. At this time I am just out of the Army and back at my old job for the Hegstrom Ice Cream Company as a Gay Humor man. I am there a week when I see her by the packing table sorting ice-cream bars. I can't take my eyes off her face until I notice her curves and legs. I walk right up to her and she smiles. I get a feeling to put her in my pocket.

"Tonight is rumba night at the Dream World Ballroom," I say to her straight, no gags. "What time and where do I pick you up?"

She drops some ice-cream bars. "Gee," she says, "you're fast."

"Also single, healthy and ambitious," I say easy.

"That," she says, "I can believe. When do you expect to take over the Hegstrom Company?"

"I don't," I tell her. "I got plans for my own company."

That night at Dream World I tell her my plans, not when we rumba but while we waltz soft and dreamy, and I hold her close. I tell her I want to buy my own Gay Humor truck. With my own truck I am in my own business. And one truck leads to another. And there I am, the Clarence Whelpley Ice Cream Company, and Hegstrom better watch out.

"Clarence," she says, "you got big ideas. You got a future. I like people with big ideas."

So I see right away this gal has not only got beauty but also a sympathy for what I want to do.

Three weeks and six dates later we are back at the Dream World Ballroom. It's a waltz, she's got her head on my shoulder, her perfume works on me like ten beers. I kiss her hair and paint her a picture about how when I buy a truck we can get married and go to Florida for our honeymoon where I can sell ice cream all winter.

"Florida this winter, that's wonderful, Clarence," she says and a cat can't purr no better. "Oh, Clarence, I can hardly wait for it."

I miss a step as we dance. It's May. I don't really mean this winter. A Gay Humor truck costs fifteen hundred bucks. I got nothing. But I don't back out. A guy has to be crazy to stall marrying a dame like Beth with her looks and sympathy. But my heart ain't in the dancing the rest of the night. My mind is figuring how I can save up fifteen hundred bucks by winter when I average forty a week and my expenses are thirty-five not counting good times.

The months go by; now it's October, we are still in New York, not married and I only save up a hundred bucks.

It's the other fourteen hundred that I am thinking about on this Sunday as we walk through Central Park with a stiff breeze blowing. Beth snuggles up close to me. "Gee, I can hardly wait until we get to Florida," she says.

I look down at her and sigh like I got weights in my chest. The way I am going it takes seven-and-a-half years before I get the truck and her. By then her blonde hair can be white from waiting and those big blue eyes will have crow's feet and that mouth won't be able to turn into a million-dollar smile.

"Honey," I say, sad, "I don't have the heart to tell you up to now. It takes fifteen hundred dollars to buy a Gay Humor truck. In six months I can only save up a hundred."

Does she get sore like most girls would and bite my head off? No. She unsnuggles herself from me, puts her hands on her hips and says, "Clarence Whelpley, you don't want my friends to laugh at me when I tell them you stand me up. I always have respect for your ability. I am sure you can figure something out."

That's where Beth shows she's got brains, trying to buck me up, push me ahead. "Sure, honey, sure," I say and pat her arm and keep walking. I don't say no more. I am thinking how can I get hold of fourteen hundred bucks? We are near Columbus Circle when it comes to me. I make up my mind, quick. I sit her down on a bench.

"Honey," I say, "I got it. We will have the truck, get married and be in Florida this winter."

"Clarence, you won't do something dishonest?"

"Nossir," I tell her, "only you got to be broad-minded. What I want to do you may be won't like."

She looks up at me and bites her lip. I spring it easy. "When I am in the Army one of my buddies is Sparky Woods who owns a gym in New York and trains wrestlers. He always tells me that with my build and strength I should go in for wrestling. I tell him no as ice cream is my career. But now I will take a shot at wrestling."

"Wrestling," she says and her eyes pop. "That's terrible. I don't want a husband with cauliflower ears and a squashed nose."

"Don't worry about my ears and nose," I say. "I will only wrestle a few months until I get enough dough together to buy the truck. Ain't it worth it, honey, even if I do get banged up a little?"

She looks down and digs her toe in the ground like she is thinking it over. So I follow up. "Wrestlers make big money, Beth. Sparky tells me the champ knocks off a thousand a week and even the preliminary boys drive big cars and play golf and all that. So after Sparky teaches me a few weeks, I wrestle maybe a month or so. I got the cash, I buy the truck and bingo, we are in Florida."

"Well," she says, "don't get hurt in the face."

I feel very good that Beth is so worried for me and I tell her so. What I don't tell her is that I am even more worried than she is. I think of Sparky's face which looks like it's been stepped on, which it has many times in his wrestling career. His ears are like stuffed cabbages and those scars on his body ain't birthmarks. But I am decided. It is worth it.

"I did count up to ten like you told me but while I was doing it, look what happened"

The next day I play hooky from Hegstrom's and go over to Sparky's gym. It's between a grocery store and a restaurant and I walk up two flights. The door says "Sparky Woods' Gym. Walk In." I do. It's a small place and the windows are closed and the air is bad. There are mats on the floor, Indian clubs, punching bags, weights and other junk around.

In the corner there are two desks and although I see my pal Sparky sitting at one of them, it's who's behind the other desk that takes my eye. A gal bangs at a typewriter and I see her side view which is enough. Even in Hollywood a cookie like this gets a second look. Her hair is the color of peanut brittle and although I can't see her eyes I know they must be a dark brown. Her nose kind of stops before it even gets started and her mouth is like—well, I got to say it—like a rosebud.

I walk over and don't take my eyes off of her and I see I am wrong about her eyes, they are a dark green and Sparky says, "Well, if it ain't Clarence Whelpley, hiyuh, kid, meet my sister Cora."

I shake hands with Sparky and smile at Cora who turns her full face at me which is even better than the side view. Sparky puts his arm around my shoulder and we gab about old times.

After a while I tell him what I got in mind. "Sparky, I need some dough. I want to take a crack at wrestling."

He slaps me on the back. "That's great, kid. You're a natural, I tell you that when we are in the Philippines but you don't listen. You got your head full of the ice-cream business at that time."

"How soon do I start making dough?" I ask him.

"Let's see," he says and grips my arm and my thigh, "you're in pretty good shape. Maybe in a month I can get you ready for the ring."

"When do we start?"

"Now," he says and calls out to Cora. "Phone Eddie Lester to come right over, I got a hot prospect." To me he says, "Eddie is the biggest wrestling promoter here and if he likes you, you're set."

Cora says Eddie will be over in a half hour. She keeps typing and Sparky and I jaw about Army days until Eddie Lester comes in. He's a little guy who wears a derby and swings a cigar from one side of his mouth to the other. He looks me up and down, feels my arm and my leg and says, "Not bad, not bad." By now I feel like a horse up for auction.

"Let's spar a little on the mat, Clarence," says Sparky, "and show Eddie how you look."

"Yeh, yeh," says Eddie with his hands in his pockets.

I follow Sparky across the gym into a dressing room which has lockers, showers and a smell of liniment. He has me get into tights which itch and are soon too big. Sparky also gets into tights.

We go back to the gym and Eddie stands off by the wall and watches. Cora stops typing. Sparky takes me to a mat and I feel foolish standing there in tights and not even socks. Also my heart is thumping like I have just run a mile. Then things happen.

Sparky bends forward, reaches for me and before I know what goes on, my stomach is being sat on and I can't find my left arm as it's all mixed up with the rest of him as well as most of Sparky. By the time I am able to pick out my left arm from the mix-up it is being badly twisted.

So I get mad. Sparky, my pal, the guy I sleep in foxholes with, to do this to me. I heave and pull. Nothing happens. So I get very mad. Something inside me says, "Go get him," and I do. I yank for my right arm with all I got until I free it from wherever it is and then I give Sparky a sort of straight arm in the chest. He does a back flip and lands on his face off the mat with a wham and lies very still. Something inside me says, "You are a brute, a beast," as I go over to pick Sparky up. He blinks and shakes his head.

"Wow," he says and feels his chest and then his stomach. "Maybe you bust a few ribs. You're terrific, kid."

Eddie and Cora rush over, both as happy as though I have just saved someone from drowning instead of almost crippling a guy.

Cora squeezes my arm and says, "Nice going, Clarence," and goes back to her desk. A fine thing, I slug her brother and she cheers.

"Clarence," says Eddie, "you have just bust out of the Octopus hold which is something only an expert can do. You're hot, boy, you're hot." Then he takes Sparky over to a side and they start whispering to each other. After a few minutes Sparky calls me over. Eddie starts talking a blue streak to me, saying everything twice about what a future I got and before I know it I agree to wrestle exclusive for him. Before I even get back into my pants.

Eddie says so long and leaves and I tell Sparky maybe I am making a mistake, that it's kind of a rough business for me.

"Rough for you," Sparky lets out a long laugh. "The way I see you bash Jap heads together, this wrestling is a joke for you."

"Yeah," I say, "but that's different. I don't like Japs. But I got nothing against guys I wrestle. It makes me out like a beast."

"A beast. The Beast—that's terrific," says Sparky. "From now on that's your wrestling name."

"The Beast," I say over again, slow. "For how much money, Sparky?"

"To start off," he says, "you will get a hundred-and-a-quarter a match and you will wrestle three times a week. My cut out of that for handling you is twenty-five bucks a match. Not bad, kid, huh?"

A quick figure tells me that in five weeks of wrestling I will have truck money. I am glad to be such a big guy and feel that for this kind of dough maybe it pays to be The Beast. We make a date to start training in the morning and Cora waves to me as I go out.

In the afternoon I go down to Hegstrom's and resign and they don't mind at all as with winter coming on it's the quiet season.

I hang around in front of the factory until five o'clock when Beth comes out with the other packing-room girls. I take her home and tell her all about what happens at Sparky's.

"A hundred dollars a match," she says, "gee, that's swell."

I am glad to see she is not worrying no more about my getting hurt. We spend a fine evening sofa sitting.

But what happens the next morning almost sends me back to Hegstrom's, only on a stretcher. Sparky gets me on the mat and starts teaching me defense. He begins by almost breaking my leg and I am supposed to lie there on the mat while he squeezes and twists it and tells me what he is doing. Then he tells me to go to work on his leg but he wiggles around and gets out of my grip and the next thing I know he is almost breaking my arm.

"That," he says, "is the defense on leg holds." And we go through it until I hope he really breaks my arm or leg so we can stop.

Then Cora pops in, wearing slacks and a sweater and I think I better learn a defense against her as she's got too much power.

Whatever danger I am afraid I will get into with Cora she kills right away. As Sparky and I go through this defense act again she comes over and watches. I am fishing around for Sparky's leg when she bends over and slaps my elbow into my ribs, hard.

"No, no," she says. "Keep that elbow in. And don't be so stiff."

I look at Sparky and wait for him to tell her to go away and do her own work but instead he says, "Thanks, Cora."

So we start again and she says I am too loose and smacks me on the back. "Tighten up," she says, "and watch that elbow."

When she goes to answer the phone a few minutes later I ask Sparky what's the deal here, his sister

(Continued on page 333)

Bobbie Yeoman—young lady with designs

The way she tells it (as you look above you'll find it hard to believe), Miss Yeoman's personal search for economic freedom began in college, "Because I was having my teeth straightened and had many free Saturday nights and week ends." She spent these evenings pursuing a fashion scholarship, won it, studied at the Coburn School, and graduated to the pay roll of a Newark, New Jersey, merchandiser. With the war came travel fever, which took her to New York and work as a photographer's model. But design was her first love and soon her work began to appear in Vogue and Mademoiselle. At present she is associated with Fred Picard creating summer clothes for sport. She lives and works mostly in her studio in Syracuse, and frequently flies to her Empire State Building office in New York City.

For slaphappy, concentrated pleasure, Rio and Belem are vacation unbeatables

Brazil—Land of Wonderful Nonsense

by RICHARD JOSEPH

Back in 1936 Esquire ran a story entitled *Latins Are Lousy Lovers* which lightly chided our good neighbors to the south for lack of bedroom finesse. The resulting uproar throughout Latin America was as loud and almost as damaging to inter-American tranquillity as the *Maine* explosion. Except in Brazil. There they loved it.

This national sense of humor is one of the things that make a Brazilian vacation worth-while right now when so many North Americans seem to have lost their ability to laugh at minor irritations. For Brazil—and especially Rio de Janeiro, its capital—are places of magnificent nonsense where people live and laugh at conditions that would send a North American rattling down the nearest spiral staircase.

Rio's wonderful screwiness began with its discovery—when it was named for a river that wasn't there. Since then the Cariocas (as all Rio natives proudly call themselves) have carefully carried the ball for delightful madness. Laying out their city, they dedicated a square to Tiradentes, leader of Brazilian emancipation, but in the square they mounted a statue of Don Pedro I, Emperor of Brazil. The statue of Tiradentes is in a small square that has no name. The square of Don Pedro has no statue.

Brazil has a twenty-four-hour law that is very much in keeping with its daffiness tradition. In Brazil if you hit a pedestrian while driving a car, keep on going, and aren't picked up within twenty-four hours—you can't be arrested. Though you can be tried later for the offense, (if they ever find you) you can't be jailed while awaiting trial. If, on the other hand, you stop to see if you killed the poor guy or not—and the police grab you while you're holding his head—it's you for the pokey. Result: Everyone in Brazil is a hit-run driver.

Feeling a sudden burst of civic ambition a couple of years ago, Cariocas plowed through the center of town to form a new boulevard. They cut a swath through the Rua São Pedro, wiping it completely off the map. A dry spell immediately ensued, and indignant Cariocas blamed their government officials for offending Saint Peter, who—they believed—had cut off their water in pique for having his street treated so disrespectfully. But work on the new boulevard continued, despite the lack of enthusiasm caused by the drought. When the boulevard was completed, Cariocas discovered it ended smack up against the back of the Church of Candelária. Right now they are studying plans for putting a new front on the back of the church, so the view will be more impressive from the boulevard.

Much more tangible attractions await the average male American tourist with a few hundred dollars in his pocket and a strong desire to be someplace where it's summer—when it's winter at home. For one thing there is the Copacabana beach section of Rio at footing time. "Footing" is Brazilian for walking, and there's no sense in trying to convince the Brazilians that it isn't a perfectly good English word for taking a promenade. Footing time can be any time on the beach from 10 a.m. on, but it reaches a peak on Sunday afternoons or every evening between 7:30 p.m. and 10 p.m. That is the best time for making friends and the Brazilian, Argentino, Europeao and North American girls who promenade along the famous mosaic sidewalk next to the beach are among the world's friendliest. It is only here that the chaperone system breaks down in Brazil.

The technique of the Carioca in making contact is simple, direct, and slightly reminiscent of the U. S. Navy. When he sees something he likes on the beach he makes "coió" at her. Coió is a sort of reverse whistle, made by sucking in the breath through pursed lips. When extremely ecstatic, the Carioca will shout "O-bah!" at the object of his desire. The close resemblance between the Cariocan "O-bah!" and our "Hubba, hubba!" is quite apparent to anyone who has heard the two love calls.

The Brazilian techniques, though, are pretty much of academic interest to the average American tourist. He will probably do better with procedures with which he is more familiar. The old camera routine is sure-fire, (asking a girl to pose-pretty-please while you snap the seascape) and, in fact, all you really have to do to find company is to sit down on the beach and avoid being too repulsive.

Sitting down on the beach is in itself most rewarding. You'll see more eccentrics in ten minutes on the white sands of Copacabana than you could in ten days on the Riviera, at its most bizarre. You'll probably notice the Countess, for example, almost immediately. Mornings at ten she lies down on the sand, rolls her bathing shorts up and her bra down and falls asleep. Within ten minutes the top has come loose completely. The Countess waits until an adequate number of spectators has gathered, then wakes up, says the French equivalent of "Oops!" and hugs herself prettily while reaching for the dangling brassiere. After making everything secure, she drops off to sleep again and the whole coming-loose business is repeated. The Countess averages six shows daily.

With all this going on in subtropical summer, in one of the world's most beautiful cities, only 30½ hours from New York—while you're shivering through a northern winter—maybe we should get down to facts.

How to get there

At the time of writing, you just about have to fly. The Moore-McCormack Steamship Lines out of New York have only cargo ships, carrying from fifteen to eighteen passengers, operating between New York and Brazil at the present time, and these are booked to capacity by those who have business in Rio. Furthermore, round trip passage is not obtainable. Moore-McCormack hope to have at least one passenger liner in service this winter or next spring. The Delta Line promises liner service to Brazil from New Orleans after the first of the year, but at present is running only an occasional freighter. The trip takes (*Continued on page 360*)

Go to	*Where*	*Why*	*How*	*Stay At*	*See or Do*
Santos	200 mi. S.W. of Rio	World's leading coffee port, resort center	Panair do Brasil, coastal steamer	Santos Atlantico Parque Balneario Bandeirantes	Docks, coffee warehouses, harbor, beaches, mountains, sea, tropical setting
Guaruja	Cross-channel from Santos	One of South America's best beaches, popular resort	Ferry and electric train or car and ferry from Santos	Grande	Beach, orchidarium
Sao Paulo	400 mi. S.W. of Rio, 50 mi. N.W. of Santos	One of the greatest industrial centers of S.A. Brazil's second city. Population 1,250,000	Brazil Central R.R. from Rio, Pan-Am Clipper; interesting trip from Santos	Esplanada Terminus Excelsior	Modern city, fine residential section, municipal market, municipal stadium seating 30,000, Jockey Club, Snake Institute six mi. from town, coffee fazendas, theatres, shops, museums
Sao Lourenco	200 mi. N.W. of Rio	Popular spa	Train, 9 hrs. either from Rio or São Paulo. Car road off Pan-Am. Highway	Brazil Elite	Horseback riding, rowing, tennis, picnicking, sightseeing by car, thermal baths
Caxambu	Just N. of São Lourenco	Popular spa, more or less swank	Train or car from São Lourenco	Avenida Braganca Gloria Palace	Woods and mountains, mineral water and baths, tennis, fishing, riding and swimming
Sete Quedas & Iguassu Falls	State of Paraná S.W. of São Paulo	Top tourist attractions. Stupendous waterfalls, rivaling Niagara. Water volume more than twice as great. Rail and boat trip affords excellent chance to see interior of Brazil	Air or railroad and boat. Latter is more interesting. Requires week for one way journey	Touring Club of Brazil arranges accommodations	Strictly sight-seeing
Florianopolis	Santa Catarina Island, off coast 260 miles, S.W. of Santos	Capital of State of Santa Catarina, a city of flowers	Coastal steamer, Brazilian air line from São Paulo	Central Metropole	Beautiful public parks and gardens. Wednesday market, beaches. Excursions to neighboring country side on mainland
Porto Alegre	240 mi. S. of Florianopolis on Rio Guaiba	Brazil's fifth largest city. Capital of Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil's most southerly state	Railroad, coastal steamer, Pan Am. Clipper	Grande Carraro Novo Jung	Near-by ranches and vineyards, country club, golf, riding, open-air theatre, movies, racing, cafés
Sao Salvador (*Bahia, Salvador*)	900 mi. N. of Rio	Capital of Bahia, Brazil's fourth city. Population 300,000	Pan-Am. Clipper, coastal steamers	Palace	Market place. Native women dressed à la Carmen Miranda, old port, shops, old churches and colonial buildings, frequent festivals
Recife	1120 nautical miles N.E. Rio	Capital of Pernambuco, important port. Population 327,000	Rail, coastal steamer, Pan-Am. Clipper	Grande Central Gloria	Colonial landmarks, racing, golf, tennis, movies, theatres, cabarets
Manaus	About 1000 miles up the Amazon, west of Belem	Collecting point of Amazon produce. Starting point for expeditions of the sun-helmet and mosquito net set	Amazon steamer. Panair do Brasil planes	Grande Pan-Am. arranges for pension accommodations	Water-front, jungle trading post, Indian handicraft, surrounding jungles
Belo Horizonte	376 mi. N. of Rio	Capital of mining state of Minas Gerais. Gold mining and diamond cutting center	Rail and Panair do Brazil planes from Rio. (Rail 16 hours, plane 75 minutes)	Brazil Plaza Grande	Glass, marble casino and yacht club on artificial lake. Center for excursions to surrounding magnificent scenery and picturesque colonial cities
Ouro Preto	N. of Rio in Minas Gerais	Treasure house of Brazilian colonial art and architecture; town is national museum and countryside a national park	Road or rail, 5 hrs. from Belo Horizonte	Toffolo Grande	A town untouched by modern civilization. Churches, houses, landmarks, bridges, fountains, mineral museum

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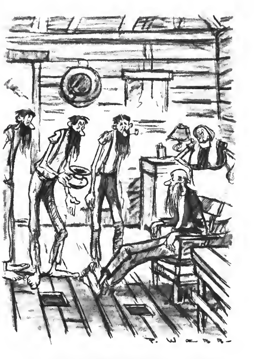
THE REST IN QUICK GLANCES

Here are a few other things the smart North American traveler to Brazil should know: Though the *language* is Portuguese, you can get along in Spanish if duly apologetic. You'll need a *passport* (cost $10) and a *visa* from the Brazilian Consulate General's office. Plan ahead on these, and phone or write to get a list of documents required for the visa. The Brazilian *currency* base, the cruzeiro, is worth about five cents, U. S. Divide the marked price by twenty to get the dollar equivalent. A ten to fifteen per cent rule for *tipping* works in Brazil as it does in the States. If your hotel includes a service charge, no extra tipping is necessary. Cab drivers don't usually expect a tip, and five cruzeiros is good for porters, bellhops, etc.



"Don't be stubborn, Paw . . . city folks all use spittoons . . . they don't go 'round sawin' holes in the floor"

Dead Men Don't Laugh

Upperworth hated a quitter, but there didn't seem to be any alternative to ending his life as quickly as possible

by HARRY FLETCHER

It was a long time since Mr Upperworth had laughed He had come to the end of his force and hope A younger man, a stronger man, might get the corporation on its feet again, but this last year had finished him A good man, a generous man, he hoped they would remember him as he had been. His insurance would take care of his wife This was the end, a hateful end by his own hand

There was not a sound in the sleeping house The left end of the broad desk behind which he was sitting was close to the wall on that side On the other side he was blocked off from the handsome long library by a big wing chair He was a long time finishing the three-line farewell note he was writing A few breaths more, a few heartbeats more and it would all be over Stiffly his hand went to the automatic pistol in the half-open drawer at his right hand

Suddenly Mr Upperworth raised his head

He wasn't alone In front of him, a few feet away, where the light from the desk lamp met the darkness a man had appeared Another man was close behind him

"Don't move," ordered a quick hard voice "This is a stick-up"

Both men had soft hats pulled down low and handkerchiefs tied around their heads below the eyes. Mr Upperworth was looking right into the barrel of a revolver

"Don't move or I'll let you have it" said the first man

Mr Upperworth slowly realized the situation The men had come in from the porch through the long window at the end of the room If he had not been blocked off by the desk and by the chair, they would have leaped on him and knocked him senseless before he knew what was happening He had looked up just in time

"Take it easy, buddy," said the man with the pistol "We want all the cash you got on you and in that desk You can act pretty and give up, or you can get shot"

"You will shoot me?" said Mr Upperworth.

"You got the idea" said the man with the gun "You're brightening up"

"Just a second" Mr Upperworth closed his eyes When he opened them he spoke steadily "All right I'll give you thieves nothing" His face was sternly set and his jaw was rigid "Shoot, you rat"

His gaze had been fascinatedly fixed on the revolver muzzle and his face had gone dead white The words, "Shoot, you rat," came with a gasp from the top of his lungs But when the gunman did not shoot, the color came up into Mr. Upperworth's jowls He drew several deep breaths into his empty chest. "Damn you, you lying cur," he said

"Keep cool, buddy Don't get excited," said the gunman "Hang onto your pants." He had edged forward while Mr Upperworth's eyes were closed

"You cur," said Mr Upperworth, "you haven't the guts to shoot."

"I'll show you bloody quick if I'll shoot," said the gunman "I don't want no noise if I can help it That's all"

Mr Upperworth still was breathing hard "You low scum," he said "You gutter sweepings You dirty, cowardly cur You aren't man enough to pull that trigger You are just a cheap bluff"

"Keep your shirt on, buddy"

"Listen here," Mr Upperworth's hot eyes stared at the gun "There's money in this drawer Now, damn you, shoot me."

The gunman did not move Across Mr Upperworth's rigid face flickered another idea "Do you see that button?" He pointed to a polished silver ornamental call bell

"Keep your hand away from that," ordered the gunman as soon as Mr Upperworth's hand moved

"This house," said Mr Upperworth, "is wired for burglar protection If I touch this button it will bring the patrol inside a minute and a half, and the menservants will come on the jump"

"Show sense buddy Don't make a move toward it"

"Hah you don't want any noise, eh? I'll show you some noise."

"If you make a move to touch it buddy, it'll be your last move"

"Shoot then, you dog" Mr Upperworth's hand was over the button His face was red and his jaws were clamped "Shoot Goddamn you, shoot"

Mr Upperworth did not touch the button

"You are the feeblest louse of a murderer that I ever heard of," he said when he could command his voice

"We can't get at him Let's get out" said the second man in a hoarse whisper

"Just sit where you are, buddy" said the gunman backing away

"Wait," Mr. Upperworth snorted "You can't sneak out on me Wait"

"Good night buddy You're all right if you set still"

"Wait, you pitiful false alarm I'm not through with you By God, I'll see if this will wake you up" Mr Upperworth dropped his right hand and it came up with the automatic pistol "If you don't shoot me I'll shoot you I give you thirty seconds"

Again Mr Upperworth was rigid as iron waiting for the crash But it didn't come He stood up and raised his arm and the automatic was lined up on the robber's shirt. They faced each other that way six feet apart Mr Upperworth was panting His eyes were red with rage "Good God, will you shoot?" he yelled

"Easy, bud" The gunman was backing away

"Shoot!" Mr Upperworth yelled again "I'll make you do it. *Help Help Thieves*" He pounded on the button and yelled again. *"Help Police"* He fired twice over the gunman's head Bang Bang

Mr Upperworth was standing in the open window with the gun in his hand as the family rushed in He clapped his wife on her shoulder as she ran to him in her kimono "Whoops" he shouted "You should have seen the beggars run Not two cents' worth of spunk in them You should have seen them give up and run" ■

"I check two billion short but I think I've made a mistake"

Drunk with the power of the written word, ad writers have led tractable males to a state of delirium called nightie-nuttiness

Nocturne in Lace

by BILL GRAFFIS

I am second to none in my admiration for the advertising copy writer. He has filled the hotels—"where hospitality is a byword"—until you can't get a byword in edgewise with the room clerk. He has jammed the trains—"modern transportation at your service"—but the water cooler is broken. However, I fear that he has overreached himself on the housing situation.

I don't mean to say that the advertising man is the villain of the piece, or that he has become a Fagin of the vine-covered-cottage industry. I only wish to deplore the effect of certain word pictures he sent out to many who were absent from the home of the brave during the late unpleasantness, as he pictured the American Way of Life in the periodicals and magazines they were reading.

We can forgive him for classifying the Fighting Sons of These United States as simple-minded oafs who would gladly take on a Panzer Division with a tommy gun for the sake of a chocolate soda in the corner drugstore, or a cut of Mom's apple pie made especially with Gluefinger's Flour. No, I call on the ad writer only to account for the present shortage in little homes in the west because of his word sprees in those tone poems selling a "nocturne in lace."

It is in these deathless bits of fantasy that the ad writers and the maids have contrived the most certain of all booby traps for boudoir beachheads. When the fair charmer exhibits, either coyly by bringing it forth from a package, or boldly by modeling it over the interested territory, a soft, sensuous spider-spun garment of linger-longer lingerie," the Son is on the verge of being a contentedly ruined man.

The maid may seem, publicly, to be just another one of millions of rather attractive persons with possibilities that should be investigated, but when attired in garment and mood with "a mad, heavenly blue bit of loveliness, styled just for him,'" Him is going to feel faint almost all over.

Him is due to make appointments for blood tests for marriage license and with jewelers, for his days as a celibate are numbered fewer than the spots on a craps cube.

The psychosis against which he wasn't warned at the separation center got him, as it gets most of the Sons. He is nightie-nutty, which is exactly the fate the ad writers and their customers plotted for him.

That is a delirium against which parents do not warn their sons. The education with birds and bees does not touch upon lingerie. The bird and bee education is not much good anyway. All of a really valuable nature that a child learns from studying birds is that they must favor a diet of laxatives, and from bees the child learns that one should never provide landing space on one's body to an air-borne insect with a flame thrower in its fanny.

These lessons do not have the lasting practical value that briefing in lingerie ads would have for a boy. In basic training for armed service he is taught to regard all guns as loaded and acquires a due respect for weapons. But who ever tells him of a devastating weapon that is "sweet as a laughing spring breeze—exciting as a first kiss?" Nobody, except *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, other women's magazines and the nightie-nutty ad writers and illustrators. And they do it with brazen cockiness in the power of biology. Unfortunately, none of the Sons ever looks at those ads until too late, when he's convalescing from nightie-nuttiness and worn out from wriggling for a third of the bed and a corner of the blanket.

Then—and only then—he sees ads in magazines his wife has bought and gets an inkling of how his emotions were played on for strictly commercial purposes.

Why doesn't he learn sooner? Could it be that he deliberately prefers to remain in blissful ignorance and wander around in a fool's paradise? He'd be silly if he didn't. What if he is smitten by a torrid little minx and is taken advantage of? It won't kill him, will it? He might even like it.

So it is futile to point out to the Sons this trap which has been laid for them ever since the Dawn Man thought he was shrewd in getting the Dawn Lady to come into his cave and look at his hieroglyphics, only to realize dimly on the way out that he had been sold into a contract to supply Mrs. Dawn with tiger hides and tasty tidbits of defunct mammoth. What the garment was that came between the night-blooming fig leaf and the "ravishing, gossamer-clad silhouette dreams are made on" is unknown, except, perhaps, to prying scholars. But you may be sure there was and will be, forever the nightie.

It could be that the male might make himself immune to nightie-nuttiness by studying the nocturnal lingerie ads and contemplating their calculated designs on his person, so to speak, for most certainly he is the ultimate objective of the tactics and strategy of the nightie communiqués.

But what guy wants to get caught reading a nightie ad? Unless he is employed in the nightie traffic, one fears he may be discovered reading these passionate messages with the most embarrassing and erroneous consequences. It would not do at all to be pounced upon in this research by a swishing object which dropped its long eyelashes and murmured, "Oh, let's go steady!" Then upon one's frightened protest, the swishy object would say, in hurt and puzzled tones, "But you crazy old cuckoo, you, I saw you just reveling in those nightie ads!" This is a danger that not one in many thousands would risk.

Yet if institutions of higher learning, or night schools, or even private reading in places of inviolable solitude, would educate young men in the wiles of the nightie designers and handicrafters, the Sons would feel so much better about it, I mean about not having had their complete ignorance exploited. And with serious hazard to the purchasers of the garments, too.

For instance: Let me cite the peril to all concerned in, with and about one nightie I saw advertised in one of the magazines my wife scatters around our home, our home (*Continued on page 316*)

"*It'll eliminate competition providing your competition doesn't use the same brand*"

"*My husband enjoys a few nips of brandy*"

"Look what I found under your bed, Dad"

The Man in the Moon

For the sure promise of immortality, the professor was willing to jettison his worldly ethics and his sacred honor

by CHARLES CARVER

PROFESSOR BRUEL had timed his departure with habitual scientific foresight. Halfway up the peak he rested in the grotesque shadows and watched as the others searched for him among the boulders of the barren valley. At best they could look for only six hours longer if they were to have enough oxygen to carry them back.

Back! His eyes were narrow behind the glass facepiece of his mask. A few thousand miles at most, then—poof! It would be a poor scientist who could not arrange such a thing quite simply. He pictured the outraged wire turning pink, then crimson, then blue. It was really too bad. They were so eager and so close to fame.

When he saw them finally enter the ship he lay on his back behind a low ledge. The ground shuddered under the tremendous blast of the jets and he was temporarily deafened. For a moment the beauty of the plane roaring away like a new comet hypnotized his heart and he was sad. But after he had shouldered his pack and started again up the tortuous slope the thought of his coming glory cheered him. When the tiny noiseless flash appeared miles beyond the horizon he paid little attention except to realize, with a trace of professional irritation, that he had slightly misjudged the time of the explosion.

During the remainder of his slow ascent the professor entertained himself by visualizing the effect back on earth of the wire he had crossed. Tired eyes at Mt. Wilson, Mt. Davis and others would widen in horror at the pinprick tragedy. There would be headlines black as crape and requiems heavy on the airwaves. A few wives would weep and be eulogized as the companions of bravery.

The impact of the failure would, he knew, deal a body blow to planetary exploration for years—certainly for a generation or two—particularly in view of the wide opposition that already existed. Much of this the professor had quietly fostered himself, for it was important that they should forget the others before they tried again.

They would forget them now. Just as surely as the world rotated on its axis the names of his vanished confreres would be shouldered aside by kidnappings and divorces, baseball scores and wars. Their pictures at home would go from the bedroom dresser to some dull corner in the living room. Later the years would whisk them to the wall on an upstairs landing, and finally to the frayed suitcase in the attic which is "being kept for the children."

It would not be that way with him. Sooner or later they would come again, either harried from the earth by bloodshed or with their hands clean and hearts shriven. Then his immortality would begin and his achievement would shine and be remembered as long as mankind. For its groping and careful as science was, it gave credit where it was due. The back-yard discoverer who polished his own lenses and set them in stove pipe would join Copernicus in the annals of science if he found a new comet or measured a new twist in the net of heaven. And Professor Bruel's name would outlast them all. To be hailed as the first to reach the moon he was sacrificing nothing but his little life. A few sordid aging years in trade for immortality. It was quite a bargain.

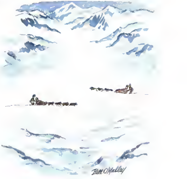
There was a small flat place about a hundred feet from the pinnacle of the mountain. Here he stopped and unpacked the knapsack. Tenderly he lifted out the thick square of steel, the bottle of acid, the wax, and an etching tool. In half an hour it was done, bitten deep in the bright surface: *Robert Ferris Bruel Primus Anno Domini 1963.*

There was no need for more. Whoever they were, whenever they came, they would find it and fame would reincarnate his faded memory. Methodically he repacked for the last few steps of the climb. The oxygen was low. There was not too much time left.

The top was in the shape of a large niche, formed on three sides by sheeted rock about five feet high. Professor Bruel held the plaque in his hands a moment, then rested it against the base of the shadowed wall. As he straightened, up his gaze was drawn to the face of the rock and despair like a snake slid into his soul. The chiseled characters he saw were ancient beyond even his embracing knowledge, but they taunted his sick mind with a vague resemblance to hieroglyphics he had wrestled with long before. What was the root of the verb? The noun? There had been no Rosetta stone to help.

The weird shades of his earthly eminence gathered close to him, uncomfortable and hesitant in the utterly amoral stillness. Acknowledging them, he felt his hands guided by awe of an ethic he had hitherto barely understood—a force greater even than his craving for perpetuity. Laying the steel plaque flat, he uncorked the acid again and poured it carefully in a burning pool over his name and the brief Latin inscription. He watched incredulously as his name died from view.

Then he turned with his back to the earlier claim and sat foolishly twisting his hands and watching the earth gleam like a ball in the vast distance. ##



"It's the Browns. Pretend we don't see them"

The Gringo passenger in the crowded bus had a ringside seat from which to watch moments flow in the life of a great city

Ride in Mexico

by RICHARD M. MORSE

Since I was a solitary male, the *camión* slowed only nominally so that boarding it was a feat that called for precise judgment. It was an act to be done with grace, in the style of the *torero*, not of the suburban American catching a train. As I paid the fare I noticed only two had preceded me: a woman in the center of the seat along the left side, a man in the center of the rear seat. I honored the pattern of dispersion and chose the center of the right-hand seat.

To ride with dignity and assurance on a Mexican bus requires familiarity with the texture of Hispanic life. The American driver is master of his vehicle, but the Mexican identifies himself with a machine, becoming one with it. Even in much trafficked parts of Mexico City, the horn is used to the exclusion of the brake so that the life stream of the driver may flow unchecked. The passenger must become one with the life stream. It is the *torero* instinct in driver and pedestrian which saves the city from many more daily fatalities. Even so, death in Mexico is a common enough thing.

The fourth person to get on was a girl of perhaps twenty. I watched her thin but not ungraceful legs as she made her way to the seat facing me. Her high heels and the lurching of the bus made *her trip circuitous* and halting. She was dressed in mourning. Hat, dress, coat, gloves, pocketbook, stockings, shoes (not to say hair)—all were black, if not characterized by simplicity of style. When she was seated I looked at her face. There seemed to be no Indian strain but her complexion was not the intense white of a Spanish woman's. Her face was rounded, her lips full yet not sensual. Most remarkable were her large eyes: brown, deep, and lustrous as agates. They looked into mine and I glanced past. But my eyes were drawn to hers soon again, and she was still looking at me. That was a surprise. Hers was not a stare but a gaze—not that of one racked with grief (she had probably lost a dyspeptic third cousin) nor of one burning with love (she had doubtless never kissed a man). It was a wistful gaze, minutely fired by the flames of a vibrant passion which found little fuel. With sudden courage my eyes centered on hers. My blood thickened with the fluid of her gaze.

Others were getting on the bus. Two students who moved like marionettes inside their soiled, loosely hanging shirts and trousers. Rotund *mestizos* with their straight hair, creased leather faces (Spanish-proud, Indian-taciturn), and awkward bundles. Blue-uniformed schoolgirls tittering like birds. Men with mocha skins, mustaches, nervous cigars. I arose so that an American woman, a teacher with thick legs and blonde translucent eyelashes, might sit.

"*Neti-and Grá-a-ficá!*" A ragged, barefoot Indian boy shouldered officiously among the passengers selling papers. His toes were straight and stubby, set far apart like first teeth. Three more small boys pushed a clearing near the driver. One had a ukelele, one a miniature violin. In falsetto dissonance, but with tragic Mexican fervor they wailed, thrummed, and scraped:

Ay, Jalisco, no te rajes
Me sale el alma gritar con calor . . .

I paid close attention, concentrating on the sounds, the trite lyrics, and on the thought that I would soon glance over my shoulder at the girl's face, which I could now visualize. The urchins ceased, collected some coins, and were gone.

The driver's assistant was now slithering among us to collect the fare from new arrivals. A man with a felt hat, thin mustache, and manicured fingernails aloofly extended a ten-peso note. The assistant took it, began counting out little piles of ten-, twenty-, and fifty-centavo pieces. Instant wrath flamed the passenger's eyes.

"Give me the five-peso note I saw in your hand!"

"I cannot. I must keep it."

As though a switch had been thrown, electric tension gripped all who saw. Two forces out of the surging drama of the city had met. The driver glared up into his reflector. The assistant grimly returned the ten-peso note. "Then you will get off at this block."

Unconcernedly, as though from a great height, the man gave back the note, cupped his hands. Once again the assistant counted out the piles of coins, dropping them into the man's hands.

Without counting or even glancing at his change, the man dumped it into his pocket. Neither man had sacrificed his *dignidad*. The tension dissolved only gradually, like a lingering pain.

One of the students got up, leering, and gave his seat to a woman, part Indian, who had thick firm flesh, wide nostrils, large lips, and sullen eyes able to flash. I watched her, fascinated. She was the huge marvelous whore that Orozco had painted in piercing, sinful scarlet prostrate across a whole wall of the salon in the Fine Arts Palace. I looked so intently at this great woman of Mexico that I failed to notice the girl till she had descended from the bus and was taken into the passion, color, and intensity of the metropolis. Whether her backward glance was for me I dared not guess. ⁂

A SALVADOR DALI CLASSIC

CARICATURE BY JEDLA

"I am not leaving Bugville because the snow is too cold . . . but because it is too white . . . I detest white!"

"I don't care much for duck shooting . . . I prefer skiers"

"I don't know what to get him for Christmas—he really has everything"

Recommending three tough old settlements which are still bred-in-the-bone rugged

The West's Wildest Town

by HENRY W. HOUGH

Visitors are discovering that many a Western town is busy living up to its bad reputation, deliberately putting its worst foot forward, because there is certain distinction in being known far and wide as "the West's wildest town."

For all the phony "tough" towns in the West, however, there are still several which are honestly bred-in-the-bone rugged. Deadwood, in the beautiful Black Hills of South Dakota, is one of these, as is Leadville, Colorado's ever-lusty mining camp that sits on top of the world. And, of course, there is the wildest town of all, the place Westerners themselves visit for their most memorable whing-dings—Montana's city of Butte, which is a big, bawdy mining camp jampacked with playhouses that weren't built for children.

These rugged old towns where anything goes should not be confused with the noisier tinsel towns that use Wild West atmosphere for tourist bait. This practice, which goes back to the days of the great showman Buffalo Bill, reaches its most absurd heights at Reno and Las Vegas in Nevada. There every loyal citizen dresses in lavish cowboy costume and yells "Yippee" every few minutes in order to give off a bit of what Hollywood considers real Western atmosphere.

So strong is the temptation to corn up things for the tourists, even towns that don't need such hokum go in for it, including Wyoming's gay old Cheyenne and the beautifully situated metropolis of the Pike's Peak region, Colorado Springs. Playing cowboy and Indians is good clean fun and a good portion of the West's visitors feel a bit safer with what they know full well are bogus thrills. Hardier souls who are ready, willing and able to encounter the real thing need only take a little folding money, or, better yet, a handful of silver dollars, and sail into the old West that's still young at Deadwood, Leadville or Butte.

Today's visitor is pretty sure to get a better reception than that which ended the career of Wild Bill Hickok at Deadwood. Hickok was famous as the marshal who had cleaned up Abilene and several other rip-roaring frontier towns. Nobody ever said James Butler Hickok wasn't a straight shooter, and he was so fast on the draw nobody wanted trouble with him. But Deadwood was enjoying its bad reputation when Hickok blew into town in the Summer of '76, while the Black Hills gold rush was at its peak. The businessmen of the community hired a weak character named Jack McCall to eliminate the law-abiding Mr. Hickok. When McCall shot Wild Bill in the back of the head during a friendly poker game in the No. 10 saloon, Hickok's hand held aces and eights. That combination still is "the dead man's hand" wherever poker is played.

Calamity Jane, most colorful of the frontier women, never got over her crush on Wild Bill, and Deadwood laid their bodies side by side in the "boot hill" cemetery looking down on the town. Somehow the shadow of their presence is felt even today in the South Dakota city.

Much of Deadwood's business has always been due to the enormous payroll of the Homestake gold mines, largest in the Western world, located three miles up the creek at Lead (it rhymes with speed). While the profits went to the owners of the Homestake mines, the wages went into the pockets of the miners, from which it was a short trip to the saloons, sporting houses and gambling tables of Deadwood.

Gold went up in value in 1934 and Deadwood flourished again as it had in the roaring days of its first gold rush. When other towns sent out advertising about their virtue, Deadwood stuck to its traditional easygoing way and frankly admitted it was wide-open. Then came a sobering jolt. The government ordered the gold mines of the country closed as a war measure. Lead's miners nailed wooden slabs over the windows of their houses and went off to fight or to work in essential industries. Near-by Deadwood, which had remained the liveliest spot in ten states ever since the West was raw frontier, just about turned up its toes and died.

But anything as tough as Deadwood finds some way to survive. Soldiers came from Army posts near and far to see the sights and to sample some of the forbidden pleasures. The word spread fast that Deadwood was the place to spend a night, a week end or a week's leave. Just when the saloons, gambling halls and sporting houses were about to conclude that it wasn't going to be such a bad war after all, the Army clamped an iron lid on all of the houses of prostitution. Such a blow was almost too much.

The Army wasn't fooling and the girls were ushered out of town in a hurry. In half-deserted gambling halls sad-eyed dealers sat out the war, idly riffling stacks of silver dollars and wondering if Deadwood ever would regain its highly-prized bad reputation.

Their concern was unnecessary, for with the war's end the Army folded up most of its training centers in the Black Hills area and lost interest in Deadwood's morality, or lack of it. Now music is heard again in Deadwood's meandering Main Street. At Lead, screeching nails being yanked out of boarded

(Continued on page 287)

Looking for a place to linger? Try this

A plane with ambidextrous talents (land and water), Commonwealth's Trimmer Amphibian provides an emphatic solution to the vacation and holiday problems of busier men and their folks. The de luxe model is a three passenger job equipped with a wealth of inviting features, including a forward hatch from which to angle when anchored at sea. The Trimmer cruises at a respectable 115 mph and can take a Chicago to Memphis hop in stride, for her range is a pleasant 500 miles. One of the better blessings of the air age, she should prove quite a gadget for the small family (consisting of one of each kind of parent and an heir apparent). She's tailored to the tastes and needs of such a group, besides which she has the obvious talent for getting them where they want to be—and back again—with dispatch.

The Snow Maiden

A Winter Legend

An old wives' tale once set to music by a great composer now is told again in a new setting

Deep in the forests of Russia, they still tell the legend of Snégurotchka the Snow Maiden. (To save paper she shall be Sné from now on, although Rimsky-Korsakoff, who had plenty of music in him, wrote an opera around her and gave out with four or five notes every time her name was mentioned.)

Roughly speaking, Sné's name means "almost-too-good-looking-to-be-true," which is not surprising since she was the daughter of King Winter and Fairy Spring. She was brought up in the chill forests of the Berendeys, but her icy beauty was something of a waste because it was decreed that while her heart was innocent of love, she was safe from the fatal caress of the sun-god. But once in love a ray of sunlight could finish her.

Poor little Sné, however, listened in on a shepherd's songs and watched some village girls dancing in verdant meadows, and longed to be a mortal. She was given her wish by Spring Goddess, but not without misgivings, since there's something about love and spring that never was any different.

So Sné tried out the wide world and its ways. Lel, the shepherd, just kept tootling on his flute and didn't have much time for her. Another lad, Mizguir, was well-smitten and delicately hinted his affection by chasing her through the forest so madly that it became necessary to change her back into a spirit for a time to give her a breathing spell and send Miz off on a wild-spruce chase. At this point, Sné spied Lel dallying with one of Miz' old girls, and poor Sné couldn't stand it any more. She prayed to her mother Spring to permit her to fall in love, so that she might enjoy this precious thing which comes to all mortals. Well and good, said Spring, but watch out for the sun, or he'll be the death of you.

So Sné and Miz fell tenderly in love and dwelt in happiness. He led her to the tsar, and there was great merrymaking and dancing and singing. Sné avowed her love for her bridegroom before them all. But at the height of her exultation and happiness, a ray of sunlight pierced the winter clouds and Sné perished, body and soul, melting, melting, melting. Miz, cursing the cruelty of the gods, flung himself into the lake from a mountain height. And so that is how the sun-god triumphed even over King Winter. And as the frosts gave way to Spring the song of the Snow Maiden was stilled forever.

By courtesy of Fred Rullman Inc., Copyright Owners

Snow Dance by EUCLID SHOOK

Snégurotchka, who was formed in a twinkling in all her crystalline beauty, is shown here by the artist as she appeared first on the wintry Russian landscape, doing a few dance steppes for the very joy of living. A bewitching *krasavitsa*, the little Snow Maiden had no premonition then of the bittersweet fate she was to find in the dark, forest land.

Soule was mean but blew the best horn in music—until he fell out of character

You Got to Have a Good Lip

by **JOHN D. MacDONALD**

It's funny the way some things stick in your mind. I remember the year I quit high school. An old doll taught us biology and once she talked about specialization. She said that for any form of life to survive it had to be able to do some one thing better than it could be done by anything else. Like man. Man can think better than the animals and that's his specialization. She had one grey eye and one blue eye and I remembered every word she said.

So every time I look at Soule Bless, I have to think of specialization, and what that old doll told us. Because Soule didn't have but one thing he could do. He's a sarcastic, egotistical jerk. He can't think and he never smiles. But he had one fine talent that kept him in Packard roadsters and big blonde dollies. He could blow a horn—or a trumpet if you're one of those people who call them that—that was high, wild, sweet and true.

I'm Marty. Marty Terrace, the guy who brought Soule Bless up into the big time. He would have gotten up there anyway. I just happened to be along with a fountain pen at the right minute.

You've got to give it to him—I've never seen him with a hang-over so bad he couldn't blow that horn for a couple of hours. He never had the slightest suggestion of a roll in that lip of his. Straight and true every minute. I had heard a few guys mention his name when he was playing out in the tank towns. I listen for things like that. I noticed that they said it with a kind of reverence. That I didn't get.

So when Hoggarty, who is the Ronald West of Ronald West's Band, caught his first horn with his babe, there was a vacant spot in the band. They filled in with a couple of plumbers and I took a trip looking for this Soule Bless. I found him in a mixed joint in Buffalo. I hate music. A bunch of people were standing on the floor, not dancing, and a swarthy guy with little black eyes was giving them a low sweet horn with nothing but drums to go with it. The rest of the group was holding up the bar.

He didn't mess with rough riffs or fancy breaks. Just nice plain round notes that kind of melted out of the bell of that horn. The customers liked it and gave him that couple of seconds of silence when he quit like Lincoln is supposed to have gotten at Gettysburg. Then they tore the roof off the place. He set the horn on top of the piano and shoved through them, a mean look on his nasty little face. He headed for his friends at the bar, but I stepped in front of him.

I'm not a big guy either. He stared at me, eye to eye and said "Get the hell out of my way!" Close up he looked as if he was in his early twenties—and as if he hadn't taken very good care of himself.

I sneered and said, "Look, punk! I want to talk bucks to you. Maybe a spot in Ronald West's outfit."

For a second, I thought he was going to swing on me. Then he relaxed, shrugged and followed me over to my table.

We sat down and I said, "This should be a big opportunity, Bless."

He leaned back and said, "Opportunity for me, hell! West'll be buying the best horn in the business."

I would have enjoyed telling him that I had changed my mind, but I needed him too bad and he knew it. We came to terms and I paid $600 to the leader of the little outfit he was with to release him. We took the train back to the city the next morning.

I would have liked to have washed my hands of the little stinker after I turned him over to Hoggarty's legal eagles, but somehow, by going out and getting him, I had given everybody who got brow and off at him a ticket to cry on my shoulder.

And after a couple of weeks they began to form lines to cry on me. Bless went right up to the top. Featured in the regular numbers, solo spots on the radio programs and cutting discs by the bushel. He was so hot that Hoggarty would rather cut off his arm than bust Soule out of the band. The dough was rolling in.

He pulled a lot of cute tricks. One night on a free-for-all number when the boys stopped turning pages on the arrangement, they were handing solos back and forth. Soule is always a pig about taking the lead and staying there. On this night, Racono, who handles a trombone with considerable finesse, tried to bust in and snatch the lead away from Soule. It soured the deal for a few minutes. Soule didn't seem to mind.

After the set, the boys got up to go out in back for a while. Soule stepped around his chair, tripped and stepped right plunk onto Racono's trombone.

They tell me that he apologized about six times, but he had that little glint in his eye that said it had been one of those accidents on purpose.

I used to see him around at some of the other spots after hours, always with big blonde women who stared at him with that honest, sincere affection with which big blonde women always stare at big bank notes. He'd never speak to or notice me.

Once he was down in Roderick's and got nasty to big Bronson, one of the best men on the drums in town. Bronson took it for a while and then grabbed Soule's arm and hauled him (*Continued on page 375*)

Falcon II glides through Lake Michigan waters

Falcon II has kept her Chicago owners looking alive for five eventful seasons. Twice winner of the annual Mackinac classic, this Class Q sloop has won three Universal Time Prizes for 1946: the Coast Guard Auxiliary, the Black Lake to Chicago and the Menominee 100-mile race in Green Bay, in which she set a new course record of 11 hours, 38 minutes and 15 seconds. This trim boat has an over-all length of 52 feet and a 9 foot beam, she carries 900 feet of canvas and her mahogany hull draws seven feet of water. Although specifically a racing boat, she is equipped for long cruises, the cabin sleeps six comfortably. According to her owners Henry T. Holsman, J. O. Bates and Levering Cartwright, the Falcon II is exceedingly yare (translated for landlubbers: quick and easy to manage).

"Now please stop worrying! I've been wanting to do this for years"

SZANTO

Dining at Tampa's biggest, gayest, most famous Latin restaurant, the Columbia

Food with the Spanish Accent

by PAUL WILDER

It was in the lusty days before the turn of the century that Tampa's Latin restaurants became internationally famous for their pungent viands and Spanish atmosphere. The thousands of Cuban cigar makers thronging to the little Florida port when V. M. Ybor was transferring his cigar business from Havana brought with them their Spanish customs and Spanish tastes and the restaurants were opened primarily to cater to those tastes.

Ybor City, the colorful Latin quarter, became a truly Spanish community with señoritas wearing mantillas to the market place, candy men pacing the streets and piping a shrill whistle and intoning "piruli, piruli," as they hawked a hard confection twisted on a stick, ponderous señoras peering wistfully over balcony railings and the endless click of dominoes in the restaurants mingling with the Spanish shouts of street gamins outside.

Eventually, Tampa's colorful Latin atmosphere began to wane. Quaint balconies were replaced by red-fronted variety stores and black-glass-fronted furniture stores and dress shops. The candy men went to work in a shipyard. The señoritas wore their mantillas only to Verbena Del Tabaco festivals once a year.

It was left to the restaurants, together with the Spanish clubs, to carry on the torch of Ybor City's renown. Today, the first place a Tampa visitor heads for is one of these cafés.

There help-hungry patrons consume yellow rice and chicken, fish en papillote and garbanzo soup at the rate of some 15,000 meals a day. Big-league ballplayers who train in Florida, scores of artists, musicians and actors have made the Spanish cafés their off-hour bull pens. Each restaurant has its hall of fame where pictures of famous patrons bear such amiable legends as "The food is the most wonderful I've ever enjoyed."

Oldest of the gourmets' paradises is Las Novedades, established in 1890. Quaintest is Rubin's, where host Manual intersperses his conversation with moments of magic like mixing cocktails that vanish. Then there's the Valencia, noted for its tender steaks, there's El Boulevard, the Barcelona, the Spanish Park and a dozen more, all serving Spanish-style food in varying degrees of ornate splendor.

But gaudiest, richest, biggest and most famous of all Tampa's Spanish restaurants is the Columbia. Day and night the hungry hordes push into the six dining rooms, goggle at the lavish marble and tile decorations, wolf down dishes of yellow rice and chicken topped by cherry-red pimientoes and then file by the cash register to deposit an annual gross of a million and more dollars.

Across the street is the Columbia bakery, source of the restaurant's baked goods, hot breads, rolls and pastries. Down the street a couple of doors is the Columbia coffeehouse, where they grind and package the strong Cuban coffee—so bitter when black and so rich when creamed.

Masters of this little restaurant empire are the four brothers Hernandez who developed the amazing enterprise from a corner bar started by their father forty years ago. It was about the time Theodore Roosevelt was munching sandwiches in Tampa that Casimiro Hernandez, a Cuban impressed into Spanish naval service, deserted his warship by jumping overboard and swimming to his home shore. Hernandez operated a little restaurant in Havana until he accumulated enough savings to come to America in 1904. Almost immediately he opened his little bar in Ybor City.

Hernandez added to his bar business with a dining room called La Fonda—the meeting place—and there he began preparing his famous Spanish bean soup and delectable chicken with rice. Two of his four sons became waiters, Casimiro, the eldest, and Gustavo. Hernandez was an excellent teacher but a hard taskmaster. When he caught one of the youngsters sampling a bottle of gin he burst into a rage, banished the lad from the bar with the fervent roar: "I'd rather see you dead than a drunkard."

When the old gentleman died in 1930, the business was well-established, but with a limited clientele. Gustavo sold his share of the restaurant to open the bakery, and another son, Evilio, did likewise to found the coffee enterprise. So the job of expanding the restaurant fell to Casimiro, Jr. and his brother Lawrence. Through a combination of money-spending showmanship and plain cussedness they finally rebuilt, refurnished and extended the restaurant until it reached the 5,000-meal-a-day class.

Remarkably resourceful, the brothers let little interfere with their restaurant ambitions. The Columbia's prize chef, Francisco Pijuan Alama, who once cooked for Alfonso when he was King of Spain, threatened to return to Cuba when his family was about to be deported for illegal entry. Pijuan had smug- (*Continued on page 129*)

Cook's Tour: Catherine Anderson

If you live in New York, or travel there, and have a taste for fine, little-known Oriental food, Gertrude Teale's East India Curry Shop (where Catherine Anderson, above, is one of two curry artists) is the spot to tickle your palate. Or at home, for six, the famous sea food curry comes out like this: one large tomato, two medium-size onions, one clove garlic—chop fine and sauté in two tablespoons butter, add two tablespoons curry powder, one tablespoon paprika, three cloves, a bay leaf, small stick of cinnamon bark crumbled, one tablespoon salt, a half lemon, and sauté ten minutes, add two pounds (in all) shrimps, crab, scallops or other sea food, and cook three minutes. Cover with water and cook until shrimps turn pink. A half cup of sour or sweet cream will make a smoother curry and bring out the flavor. Serve with rice and condiments, such as grated coconut, India relish, Bombay Duck as well as nuts, bananas, raisins, French fried onions and hard-boiled eggs.

Duty—Honor—and Country

When an officer and gentleman rescues his general from a social trap, he is functioning in truly soldierly fashion

by THOMAS L. STIX

It was 1918. It was Paris. It was spring and I was on my third leave. I walked virtuously up to the registration office on the Rue St. Anne. The colonel looked up at me. He had known me for a long time. "Tommy," he said, "how would you like this to be a two-week leave instead of just a week?"

"What's the catch?" I asked. He got up from his desk, closed the door, came back, sat down, pulled the leaf out on his side of the desk, propped up his feet and said, "Do you know Yvette?"

"Joe," I said with a fine disregard for rank, "in Paris that's a leading question."

"I apologize," he went on. "Yvette, the blonde that makes January seem like April and sits at the big outside table at the Café de La Paix."

"Certainly," I answered. "Am I not in the Intelligence Division of the General Staff of the American Expeditionary Forces?"

"All right," he went on, "here's the problem. Do you know General Henry Baker Clay?"

"Certainly," I said in just the same way I would answer whether I knew Hank Greenberg or Secretary Byrnes, "certainly I know him. But he doesn't know me. What's the gag?" Of course I knew General Clay. Everyone knew him. The thing that had impressed me about him the first time I saw him was that he was wearing a Boxer Rebellion ribbon, and I had confused it in my own mind with the Congressional Medal. Nobody in the Army had a more distinguished record.

"What's the gag," I repeated.

"Well," the colonel continued, "he has lost his cigarette case and he wants it back."

"So what?" I asked.

"So it's got his name on it."

"So what?" I asked again.

"Well," he drawled, "Yvette's got it."

"So what?" I repeated. "He left the café and Yvette picked it up."

"Well," Joe said, "he had his West Point ring cut off and soldered on the cigarette case. You know those rings with 'Duty Honor Country,' stuck on it and he wants it back."

"Sure," I said, "but go on."

"Oh, what the hell," said Joe taking his feet off the desk, "the old man got drunk and he gave Yvette the cigarette case and wrote her a card ... 'à Yvette de ton Coco ... Henry Baker Clay' ... and well, Yvette wasn't crazy. She waltzed the old boy up to Cartier's and she had it engraved on the cigarette case in his handwriting ... and he wants it back."

"That," I said, "is different. It's also more difficult and if you will buy me a Vermouth Cassis, I will try to think out the answer."

We sat around the little marble-top table. I turned to the colonel. "You say Yvette won't sell?"

"No, she turned down 10,000 francs."

"Well," I said, "she either wants it a lot, or she thinks it's worth a lot more than that."

"Yeah," said the colonel, "I've been telling you everything. Have you any bright ideas? Any port in a storm, you know."

I began to get an idea and I said to the colonel, "Joe, I think perhaps I can make it ... Maybe I can, but it's a complete gamble. It may cost beaucoup francs and it's perfectly possible that I will fail. I may win and it may not cost a thing. After all," I went on, "even if it doesn't work, it won't cost the taxpayers any more than that fine salvo you touched off down at Saumur that afternoon you were tight at artillery practice."

The colonel thought it over. "How much do you think you will need?"

"I should guess 10,000 francs."

"Come around about five," said Joe. "I'll see."

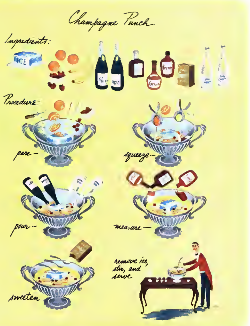
Of course, as I look back at this I come to the horrible realization that francs were worth twenty cents in those days.

At five promptly I walked into Joe's office. He handed me a sealed envelope and said, "Get the hell out of here." As I started to go he called, "Good luck" after me.

I walked down to the Café de La Paix, waved at Yvette, went up to her table, sat down, exchanged a few remarks in Freshman French, and bought her a couple of drinks. Of course I knew Yvette. Everyone knew Yvette. She was beautiful, charming, hard and realistic. Had she been in America, she would have run the Adjustment Department at Macy's. An evening with Yvette was more or less a combination of going out with Coty's and a General Electric stone crusher. She had everything ... everything, hell ... she had everybody.

The clans began to gather. A British colonel came over, drew up his chair and joined us. Jack Carney, a captain from Nashville, whom I knew slightly, and another American officer came in. In popped Marie, Yvette's (*Continued on page 257*)

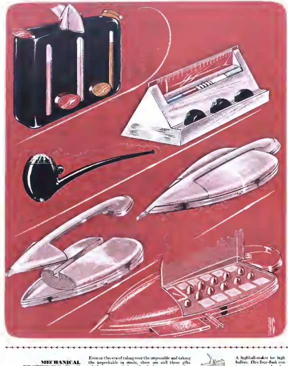
"Darling! Just what I wanted"



Esquire's
BLEND AND BEND
Recipe No. 1

Sketches by Mina Gow

Monarch among drinks, champagne punch is recommended to particular hosts who abide by the proper touch, whatever the season. A concoction of admirable taste, it is a drink guaranteed to supply a measure of gentlemanly and polite Gemütlichkeit for occasions auspicious and whenever it is essential for an evening to be gay but not gaudy. Guests, special and otherwise, will shine to householders who ply them with the above concoction, and what is more, the latter will be as pleased as champagne punch for the serving of it. What with the open-handed season at present upon us, we can think of no drink offering that is more in keeping with the wealth and warmth of the time than this princely libation with the democratic appeal.



MECHANICAL PROPHECIES, No. 7

Gifts You Can't Buy

By Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

Even in this era of riding over the impossible and taking the improbable in stride, there are still those gifts which money can't buy—if only because science has yet to produce them. Taking this generalization as an alternate Christmas test, Esquire presents four dreams out of the mind of Count de Sakhnoffsky which, we suggest, may well have the sure, prophetic touch

A highball-maker for high ballers. This four-flask contraption contains bourbon and Scotch, plus water and a carbonating cartridge. Knobs control the mixing of this mobile midget bar.

Radio with rationale. This dream wish gadget will get you what you want for as long as you want and play it back for it combines all the advantages of the radio with those of a phonograph.

Pipe for the millenium. It lights itself (through the top knob which controls the electrical impulses) and stirs its own ashes (via bottom knob). Smokers need do no more than puff and enjoy!

Feminine phone. Sleek and compact as a beautiful woman, this telephone spares broken nails, wrong numbers and resultant bad tempers by substituting rubber buttons for the revolving dial

Even James the crow failed to amuse the men as ill winds held back the transport

Home Practically by Christmas

by CHARLES COOKE

When last November 30th, they told us at the Marseille Staging Area that our ship would sail on December 3rd, that was the jack pot. Our ship was a 7,000-ton Liberty and rumor said she was a "sixteen-day boat." That meant America by December 18th. It meant home by Christmas! During our long wait to be redeployed, we had had one paramount fear—that we would not get home by Christmas. But, wonder of Army wonders, it appeared we would. "You're a lucky outfit," said a Staging Area Colonel. "We killed ourselves to arrange this for you and we're all very happy about it." We gave him a big cheer.

I sent a glowing cable to my wife: "Home by Christmas for sure, darling!" I had hit two jack pots. I live in New York; by some miracle New York was the port we were scheduled to sail to.

The Liberty ship we had drawn was to carry, on this trip, only one outfit, the 547 enlisted men and officers of our B-26 Marauder squadron, one of four squadrons making up the famous "Bridge Busters" bombardment group, which had operated for nearly two years from England, France and Germany.

We were delayed one day right at the start by a snafu on the part of the Staging Area people, who, having just killed themselves, were not at their best.

December 4th then found us lined up on a Marseille pier looking at our home-to-be on the ocean wave. "She's a beat-up son of a bitch!" said one of the men, accurately. Her hull was dented and rusty. Her lone black stack was bleaker than *Wuthering Heights*. She was painted not so much battleship grey as mouse-who-is-not-feeling-so-good grey. We didn't care.

The Staging Area had forbidden us to take any pets, so our fourteen dogs were given shots of sodium amytal and smuggled. Captain Boyd, owner of James, our pet crow, put James, unnarcotized, inside his shirt. Boyd was severely pecked all the way up the gangplank, but, like the Spartan boy in the story, he gave no sign. Sergeant Ramick's dog, Blockbuster, a gloomy boxer about the size of a calf, filled a barracks bag full. He refused to pass out, despite enough barbiturate to quiet a bull. However, he was docile in the barracks bag while the sergeant staggered up the gangplank. On deck Blockbuster gave a crew member a terrible turn just by looking at him with the huge, calm eye which he kept glued to the hole at the top of the bag. Sergeant Ramick saw the seaman flinch. "There go all our pets!" he thought. But nothing happened.

The Transport Commander (an Army lieutenant in a job not to be confused with that of ship's captain) greeted us cheerily. "What a lucky bunch of characters! Home by Christmas! Well, we came over under forced draft so you'd be sure to make it!" We cheered him to the echo. We were as close to pure joy, I guess, as troops on a movement with full gear ever are.

The ship sailed on the 5th of December. We were given to understand that the harbor winds at Marseilles were a touch too brisk for her on the 4th. This information made us thoughtful. The ship's bulletin board stated plainly that the distance from Marseille to New York was 3,895 nautical miles. Most of our mileage would be across the mid-winter Atlantic, on which serious storms were being reported. But what the hell! New York by December 20th still meant home by Christmas. Our hearts were high.

The first three days were idyllic. The food was incredibly good with fresh milk at breakfast and ice cream at supper. The Mediterranean was as blue as the steamship company folders used to claim. At one point, near Gibraltar, the surface was literally as smooth as glass. "And to think we're being paid for this!" was remarked several hundred times in Night Before Christmas euphoria.

On the fourth day, December 8th, our first in the Atlantic, a news broadcast informed us that the Army had at last ruled that pets were permitted on troop transports. Our pets instantly overran the ship. This was a great relief to them, to us and to the ship's captain, on whom the strain of pretending to be ignorant of our menagerie had begun to tell. He was, it turned out, a dog lover, although not especially a crow lover.

The dogs were placed in the anti-aircraft gun emplacement. These circular arenas, stripped of their guns after V-J, made ideal kennels. Blockbuster and Sergeant Ramick were especially pleased by the new arrangement, for they were both heartily tired of sleeping together on one narrow cot—and Blockbuster had more than had his fill of being punched in the nose by Sergeant Ramick every time he began to mutter and bark in his sleep. A police dog puppy squeezed behind an iron step in his gun emplacement and moodily refused to come out. His master, a corporal, pushed his food and water in to him and let him stay there until the end of the trip. This proved, as you will see, to be as wide an error of judgment as a corporal could make.

We settled down to sweating out the voyage. Our bulletin board informed us that we had averaged 300 miles a day for the first four days. Fine! The ship began to pitch and roll in the long Atlantic swells. A few men became mildly seasick. But the sky stayed blue and the winds stayed moderate; on the whole we were a healthy, adjusted shipload.

On the seventh day (December 11th), the ship's radio brought us news of an aircraft carrier which, disabled by a storm, had to be towed into New York harbor. On the ninth day, several days after we had passed the Azores, we heard about the heavy cruiser *Portland* whose nose was stove in by a wave during a storm off the Azores. One man had been swept overboard off the *Portland*, one was killed on board, and twenty-two were injured. Our weather was getting heavier. We thought nervously about the battering these big boats were taking. Our clumsy, bumbling little 7,000-tonner was beginning to bob around like a cork.

On the tenth day (December 14th), the sea got really rough. The ship's pitch began to exceed her roll. This had the disastrous effect of lifting her propeller clean out of the water once every seven seconds. In the air, the prop raced madly, making the ship shudder from stem to stern, and making us wonder whether the next pitch wouldn't rip the propeller shaft out of its bed.

"She's a goddam seagoing 40 and 8!" remarked a Pfc as he reeled the length of the forward hold. About that time somebody sarcastically named her the "Queen Mary." It stuck.

The skipper cut the Queen Mary's speed in half because the slower we went the less we pitched. Our rosy dream of Christmas at home paled somewhat. But we felt sure this alarming development was temporary. It wasn't.

The sea got rougher. On December 15th, our hearts sank when an announcement came over the loud-speaker, or Donald Duck: "Attention all personnel! We have been (Continued on page 217)

Charlie Pomerantz has made a career and an art of professional insect chasing

What Makes a Bug Man Tick?

by SIDNEY FIELDS

"I CAN find the solution for all your problems." Charles Pomerantz talking, a pink-faced, grey-haired little man, who does strange things to the King's English and gets into stranger places.

He gets in the hair of your dog, under the cellar floor, in the cracks of kitchen walls, right into the sockets of your lamps, and even down into bank vaults.

Pomerantz is always after bugs and pests, the seventeen to twenty-five different kinds that colonize home, office, factory or anything man erects over and under the ground. They are the "problems" for which he is always finding the "solution."

But don't call Pomerantz a mere exterminator. That would outrage him. He insists on the more streamlined handle of Pest Control Operator.

If you are inclined to snicker at Pomerantz and the 2,000 other pest control operators in his fraternity, just remember that you pay them $30,000,000 each year to hunt down and wipe out the varieties of bugs and pests that are always with us.

That's the bill. What's the damage?

Rats alone spread $250,000,000 worth of ruin each year, and eat up another $25,000,000 in food. Moths devour $200,000,000 in fabrics annually. Termites drill away $40,000,000 worth of buildings each year. The figures do not include the cost of replacement and reconstruction, or the hell raised by Rat Mites, Mice and Roaches, Bedbugs, Waterbugs and Cereal Bugs, Book Lice, Carpet Beetles, and Powder Post Beetles, Ants, Silverfishes, Flies, Mosquitoes, and Ticks. With one pest or another the damage adds up to a cool billion dollars a year.

Well, those are the bugs. What about the bug man? Their counter-attack against the bugs is constant. The pest control operator has launched an offensive to achieve professional stature and a measure of dignity. Eight hundred of them are banded together in the National Pest Control Association. They hold annual conferences in such halls of higher learning as Purdue and Louisiana State Universities, Massachusetts State College, and the University of Montreal. The association has persuaded five colleges and universities to include short courses on pest control in their curricula.

Charles Pomerantz holds no office in it, but he is the sparkling spirit in the Association. His colleagues regard him with considerable awe, because of his own enormous business, and because of his burning and articulate interest in ticks. He reads learned papers to the annual Pest Control Conferences, and addresses such austere bodies as the dermatologists at the Skin and Cancer Hospital in New York, and the Veterinarians' Association.

The Pomerantz papers before scientists are models of restraint. They deal with such topics as *Ticks in Relation to the Human Being*, and *Ticks and Disease*. His speeches to pest control operators are a little flashier. Typical subjects are *Pitfalls of a Tick Job* and *America Under an Invader's Bite—No Dog or Home is Safe From the Tick*.

For all his fifty years Pomerantz is still the bouncing Boy Wonder of the pest control industry. He has only been pest controlling for the past nine years.

He operates his business from a dingy little store and cellar on Manhattan's lower West Side. But he has six field men who handle fifty jobs a day, with fees running from $5.00 to $1,000 for each job. Among his accounts are Park Avenue mansions, city apartments, suburban high schools, kennels, churches, warehouses, print shops, and even a university.

Between a grammar school graduation and pest control, Pomerantz was successively an aspiring concert violinist, a stuffer of teddy bears in a doll factory, a manufacturer of ladies' ready-to-wear coats. He gave up his violin because he insisted that if he couldn't be like Mischa Elman he didn't want to be a second-rater. Later, as a ladies' ready-to-wear man he found he was busy for four months and starving the rest of the year.

"I wanted a business which didn't have such temperamental temperatures as ready to wear," Pomerantz explains. "Something without seasonable fluctuations. Pests pay no attention to seasons."

One brother-in-law, a real estate attorney, urged him into the flourishing field of bugs. Another brother-in-law, a pharmacist, gave up his pharmacy and became his partner. Now Pomerantz airily dismisses his partner as a "book" fumigator.

"He knows how to mix the insecticides," Pomerantz says. "Good. But a pest control executive must know how to meet any infestation. He should know construction and how termites eat with the grain, not against it. He has to know psychology—of bugs, too."

The devotion of Pomerantz to his pests is complete and unswerving. But there is a lyrical side to the man. His natural ardor inspires all sorts of poetical outbursts from time to time. Parting from one colleague was so full of warmth Pomerantz was certain he discerned tears in the eyes of his friend. So he felt impelled to dash off an opus on the incident entitled *Your Eyes Were Moist, Sir, When We Said Good-bye*. This is it:

Your eyes proudly bear with manly grace
The mist of deep felt departure—not in vain
Did we in parting gently interlace
Those soft murmuring droplets with Auf Wiedersehn

"I am devoted to poetry," Pomerantz offers shyly. "Especially Keats. I have a kinship with him. I think I get from him some of the fire in my own poetry."

But his passion for ticks exceeds his love for poetry and all other pests. A year after he embarked on pest control, Pomerantz ran into his first tick job. He remembers the encounter well.

"The complaint from the client was there was bedbugs on the wall," he recalls fervently. "My field man came back and said he was very embarrassed. No matter how much he sprayed, it didn't mean anything to this insect."

"Isn't it ironic, Doc—I broke that tooth chewin' on a vitamin pill"

The man brought back a specimen. It turned out to be a Brown Dog Tick. Pomerantz swung into action, did some "experimental" work in the client's apartment, and began mixing formulas. The eighteenth mixture killed the tick. "This I call Formulation 18," he says proudly. "It's a secret."

From then on Pomerantz was completely absorbed with ticks. He acquired a shiny microscope and a zeal for collecting every word written on ticks. His office is littered with slides, test tubes, enormous charts, diagrams, and illustrations of ticks. He is now writing a book on the subject.

"The fact is," Pomerantz admits, "I have a tough time keeping people from calling me Doc!"

Though most of the disease-carrying ticks do not exist in great consequence east of the Rockies, the Brown Dog Tick is all over the country, particularly in densely populated areas, and loves to settle in the hide of anybody's favorite pooch. Pomerantz quotes doctors who say that Brown Dog Ticks can be disease carriers, and quickly produces one picture of a boy with a big bump on his head which resulted from the bite of a Brown Dog Tick. Pomerantz wheedled the picture from a doctor.

"I persuaded him I should have it in the interests of science and progress," he says with a faraway look. Pomerantz gets this faraway look about ticks quite often. Once, in a moment of rapture, he vented his fears in a poem called *Ticks and Man*:

Hath not man in his hour of proving
Enough of human woe to heal and undo
Then must thy fateful hour of his undoing
From thee ill-conceived creature while in situ?
Oh Mother Nature—in glory behold!
Is it just for man to ponder and question anew
Man's inhumanity to own untold?
But to crown his spirit with grief by an arthropod in situ

The Pomerantz prose on ticks is prolific. It includes articles, papers, and speeches. One title is reassuring: *Don't Become Frightened—Ticks Can Be Cleared From Home or Dog*. He captions an illustration of a Brown Dog Tick with an alarming: *Look At Him. He's Bad!* Sometimes he uses sheer whimsy for his title: *Not in the Clock—The Pest That Pesters People*.

Whether it's poetry, prose, or oratory Pomerantz is ready to present the tyranny of the tick with vehemence. No customer, relative, or innocent bystander, like his partner, is safe from his constant harangues.

"Listen," he sums up the situation curtly, "my research proves the Dog Tick sucks the blood of the dog. It leaves the dog. It climbs into the walls and any objects in the house. So the problem is you have to have the dog and the house detacked."

Then he lowers his voice to a confidential whisper.

"This whole problem could be eradicated by washing the dog once or twice a week and examining between the toes and inside and outside the ears and of course you have to look over the whole body."

His wife once worried about his nights in the library and his complete abstinence from his violin. She doesn't any more.

"She knows the ticks is an emotional outlet," Pomerantz says. Ticks are a loving luxury to Pomerantz. They are also profitable. A tick job ranges in price from $45 to $150. But his daily work deals with such mundane matters as the other pests that afflict us.

Like all modern pest control operators, Pomerantz carries to his daily work a certain amount of class. His standard approach to any pest job is the "Survey" or "Diagnosis."

"Should you be surprised that eradicating bedbugs requires diagnosis?" he demands as his face goes pinker. "I take half a day just to look over an apartment. When it's a twenty-story factory it takes more. Then we lay out a plan of attack. If the terms are acceptable we attack."

As a matter of professional principle Pomerantz never hands out any free advice to potential customers on the phone.

"Does a doctor treat you over the phone?" he asks indignantly.

The Pomerantz standard of service is highly civved in the industry. He never puts a uniform on any of the six operators he employs. Carrying neat little black valises stuffed with poisons, powders, insecticides, bellows, and spray guns, they always look as if they were just returning from a guest week end in the country.

"Psychology," Pomerantz reveals tolerantly. "A man in a uniform tells all the neighbors right away that the client has bugs. The neighbors have bugs too, but who likes to admit it?"

Whenever Pomerantz goes out on any job he makes it a point to inform the superintendent or the elevator operator casually that he is merely going to do some moth work for Mrs. Jones in Apartment 10-A.

"If you tell anyone Mrs. Jones has bedbugs, it's gossip. Tell them it's roaches and they call her dirty. And if she has ticks, God forbid, she and the dog are ostracized socially and completely!"

All the Pomerantz operators are men and always will be. During the war he valiantly resisted the common tendency in the industry to hire women and beat the manpower shortage. Pomerantz insists he has no prejudices against women, and even admits they might have skill and finesse, and could be interested in pests.

"But," he says with sweeping finality, "a woman doesn't mind a man coming into her home no matter how it looks. But she would die first before she lets another woman see her dirty kitchen."

In his day-to-day problems Pomerantz is concerned mostly with rats and termites. Controlling them is the most lucrative part of his business.

"Huxley, that great scientist," he informs you, "once said that when man will destroy himself, the rat will inherit the earth. And why? Ask me." Because the rat is so cunning, and he gets his cunning only by his association with man. He is Public Pest Number One!"

Any country with a coast line is bound to have rats. They come and go on ships. They cause greater damage than any other pest, and their material damage is a mere fraction of the rest of disease they spread.

Pest control operators rest comfortably on the thought that the rate of rat reproduction is so great they can never be pied-pipered to extinction. They reproduce four and five times a year and each of their litters is from four to ten young. The young in turn are able to litter when they are only six months old.

Pomerantz has collected a store of rat lore from personal experience with them that is nothing short of startling.

With its front or hind legs a rat will throw some dirt on the trap, spring it, and then hop over to get the food. They cause fires by eating the insulation off wires and mess up communications.

On one job Pomerantz found that rats opened a case of eggs, and neatly removed the top layer. By the trail on the floor he concluded that one rat got on its back and held the egg in the paws, while a second rat pulled him by the tail. After a fifty foot pull they got impatient, and broke the eggs by bouncing them. They opened the rest by dropping them down the elevator shaft.

"They are cunning enough to select their own diets," Pomerantz says in ungrudging tribute. "When we bait (Continued on page 227)

The film that dreams are made on

Maya Deren experiments with motion pictures of the subconscious, but here is finite evidence that the lady herself is infinitely photogenic. Before she was sponsored by a Guggenheim Fellowship, she had completed three films and had exhibited them to warmly applauding engagements in the Provincetown Playhouse in New York. Russian-born, Miss Deren is the daughter of a psychiatrist, has a master's degree from Smith College and is married to Alexander Hamid, who is also a producer of motion pictures. She says: "I try to maintain the integrity of movement by making my camera a participant, a definite part of the film. In most motion pictures the camera only watches." Concerning the cost of her 16 mm productions, she quips: "I make my pictures for what Hollywood spends on lipstick."

Our experts agree that the fast puck game thrives on bashed noses and battered arms

The Esquire Sports Poll on Hockey

by JIM CROSSETT

DIFFERENT sports click for different reasons. Some—tennis, golf and baseball among them—owe their popularity to the educated spectator, the customer who knows the game as well as the players, and, to hear him put it, better than the umpire or the referee. There are others, like horse racing, which thrive through customer motives much more ulterior, the urge for the quick and ready dollar, for example. But hockey, fast and skilled though it is, has a much more primitive appeal than any of the above. It thrives because of the bashed nose and the battered arm, and its most applauded sounds are those of bodies flung against the boards, heads dented neatly with flying sticks.

Whatever the hosannas the publicists may sing in praise of the scientific aspects of hockey, most experts are agreed that the lure of the game rests strictly in its guarantee of mayhem on ice. When polled by Esquire on the subject of hockey's popularity, fully nine out of ten sports writers and broadcasters responded that hockey's current growth came from the fact that the game is fast, rough and tough.

Louis Cox of the Dallas *Times-Herald* serves nicely as a spokesman of the large majority. By his own admission, Cox saw very little of the puck game until the United States Hockey League invaded the South. He says, "Take a healthy athlete, endowed with the spirit of competition and a lust for bodily contact, put a pair of sharp blades on his feet and a stick in his hand and you have a condition that can't be equaled any place, anywhere or at any time when it comes to action, thrills and spills."

The facts seem to support Mr. Cox and his sports-writing colleagues. Actually, it's been a matter of a few years since hockey was even introduced to California and the South, where climate obviously makes the game foreign to the natives. Nevertheless, these regions are glutted with hockey fans as vocal as any French Canadian puck watcher out of Montreal or Quebec. Why? "Well," says Ernie Dalton of the Boston *Globe*, "the average hockey fan still doesn't know an off side from a pogo stick, but try and keep him away! He fights his way into the arena purely in anticipation of seeing someone legally cut up or driven through a staunch retaining wall." To which Muskogee, Oklahoma's Tom Davidson may well be quoted in the following amen: "For accuracy and two-mile-a-minute action topped off with a few broken schnozzles and an over-the-average number of rough skirmishes per game, you can't keep the guy who likes his entertainment rough, tough and nasty away from the rink."

In the face of this avalanche of sentiment for hockey the bruiser, it is obvious that those who enjoy the game for its science are by way of being members of a lonesome minority. Even more lonesome are the handful of experts who insist that promotion ballyhoo is responsible for hockey's phenomenal success in recent years. Those worthies are disposed of very neatly by Bob Hooey of the *Ohio State Journal*. Says Bob: "For a game like hockey, ballyhoo from the professional bell ringer isn't necessary. Just throw that rubber out there, blow the whistle and let's go! The fans love it without artificial coloring and have proved as much."

So hockey—whatever the reasons—has arrived as a big-time sport. But like most young sports, the strength of its appeal professionally is being endangered by certain practices not altogether pleasing to many fans. Our experts put an exclamation mark after that sentiment in answer to a question asking them what they thought of the Stanley Cup Play-offs. More than three-fourths of them do not approve of the annual pro shindig. What is more, they are in universal agreement in panning the affair as an extra-curricular nickel-grabber that is in out-and-out bad taste.

"The teams are all from the same league," contends Raymond Johnson of the Nashville *Tennessean*, who speaks for the rest of the anti-Stanley Cup experts, "and therefore the play-offs are nothing more than a trick of the owners to make a little extra money. Why should teams in the same league which have played a full schedule against each other have to play again to determine which is the world champion?"

Getting away from questions concerning hockey in general, the poll concluded with a query designed to determine the game's all-time number-one performer. A check of the ballots shows that Eddie Shore, a phenomenal defense man when he was with the Boston Bruins, is the choice of the experts as the all-time all-timer in hockey. After over eight years with the Bean Town Club, he played two more with Springfield in the American League as its owner and is now the owner of the Fort Worth sextet in U S H A.

Shore was closely followed for honors by Howie Morenz, the great playmaker in center ice for the old Montreal Les Canadiens, who died of a heart attack in a Canadian hospital while recuperating from a broken leg suffered in a Blackhawk game.

As next in line to these greats of the frozen surface our voters selected Hobart (Hobie) Baker, a man who never played the pro game but who made his reputation as a goalie with Princeton before the first World War. Fourth in the minds of judges was Frankie Brimsek, Boston Bruin goalie and the only man on the hockey honor roll who still plays the game. In the number-five spot we find Bill Cook, the New York Ranger wing, who left active play to coach the Cleveland club and now manages the Minneapolis Millers in the U. S. Hockey League.

In all fairness it should be emphasized that the poll experts, however vehemently they feel on the subjects of play-offs and other minor hockey sins, recommend a long, lingering look at the game as just the thing for those sports fans who haven't as yet dodged a flying puck. They suggest that a single squint will make one a vocal member of the most exclusive army of sports enthusiasts since the crowd which gathered around that New Salem, Illinois, general store to watch Abe Lincoln take the starch out of bully boy Jack Armstrong. ##

"*Just as I thought—French vermouth!*"

Why these ties should be set to music!

NEW ARROW ties—"Aropoplins" by name—have melody in every pattern.

But the thing that will attract you most is the way their colors harmonize with your suits. There's a shade that's just right for every outfit you own.

"Aropoplins" come in stripes and unusual mixtures—and like all Arrow ties, they form a beautiful knot.

The fabrics are wool and rayon, the patterns, crisp as popcorn fresh from the popper!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Season's Greetings

HICKOK

Good will... FOR MEN OF GOOD TASTE

Here are the Yuletide gifts he'd be most likely to choose for himself . . . masculine gifts that express his personality perfectly. Smartly styled and superbly crafted in the Hickok tradition . . . each one comes in a handsome gift box to make his Christmas pleasure complete.

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2 GIFTS IN 1

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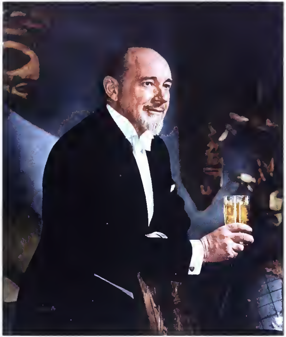

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Underwater Wonder

Exploring Farnsworth Banks is a dangerous job for any diver

by **JAKE JACOBS**

IMAGINE yourself a lone traveler climbing a weirdly beautiful, unexplored mountain range on a little-known planet.

Strange currents knock you this way and that, but you dare not for an instant lose your precarious footing. One fall, and the jagged cliffs would tear your rubber suit inflated with earth-air. It is your only protection from the cold lethal atmosphere bearing down upon you with a weight of over 120 tons.

That will give you some idea of how it feels to explore Farnsworth Banks, a treacherous reef off Catalina Island, below the sparkling surface of the Pacific Ocean.

Not since 1932, as far as I could discover, had anyone attempted a descent on Farnsworth Banks. I was curious about what I might find there. One clear morning in October 1945 my tender and I started out in our twenty-four-foot boat to find the shallow spot shown on charts as only fifty feet below surface. I hoped to find the medicinal seaweed I dive for. It grows on such rough, shallow places.

After hours of sounding I concluded the shallow spot must be merely a small pinnacle. The only practicable way to find it was to drop wherever I happened to be and climb up the incline. I started down the anchor chain. When I touched bottom I judged I was down about 200 feet. I was a little nervous about the connections because the current dragged against the air hose with such force that I felt like a small donkey trying to pull a big truck out of the mud.

I have been privileged to see many strange scenes in my two or three thousand hours spent on the ocean floor, but always the beauty and the unexpectedness is tinged with a peculiar sense of oppression at such depths, a numbness, an almost inescapable compulsion to get away. No matter how confident you are of your ability as a diver you feel that with every minute your chances of coming up alive are inevitably decreasing.

Pummelled by the violent currents I fought my way along a ridge with spike-pointed coral perhaps eight feet wide. On one side of the ridge about fifteen feet below were patches of flat sand bottom. They were littered with dead shells, and beyond them a shovel-nosed shark had almost buried itself in the sand. On the other side of the ridge, an abyss vanished into blackness.

As I descended I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw the concentration of sea life. The fish were so thick it looked as if a few more would crowd them so they could not swim. Most remarkable was their arrangement in a peculiar stratified formation. The lowest layer consisted of sheepshead. Five or six feet above bottom a layer of whitefish floated. Above these was a layer of mackerel and from there to the surface there were millions of anchovies.

I spent only two or three minutes hunting for shells but among those I picked up at random was one so rare that the curator of a museum had been looking for a specimen for twenty-three years. Some small purple shells I found were also of a rare species. I had gathered more of them than had been collected before!

These discoveries led me to believe that given more time to explore Farnsworth Banks I could find other rare forms of sea life. I made a second descent on October 20 and almost fulfilled the dire predictions of my diver friends.

I had been on the bottom about an hour-and-a-half when I sighted dimly what I believed to be the pinnacle of Farnsworth Banks. This was the goal of my explorations and I started for it eagerly. Too eagerly, for at that moment I tore my cuff on the coral and began to take on water. I dared take only about five minutes for the ascent, because of that gaping hole. A diver working with compressed air should take about four hours to come up after ninety minutes at 200 feet, or else spend an equal time in a decompression tank as a preventive against that painful and sometimes crippling or fatal disease, the bends. All I could do when I got aboard was pour the water out of my sleeve, put a big rubber band over it and go down again to hang on the anchor chain at about sixty feet. Wet as I was inside my dress, I could stand the cold only about half an hour. Surprisingly enough I suffered no ill effects from taking only one-eighth the proper decompression.

I wouldn't like to repeat that experience, but the chance of its happening again is not what keeps me away. Those two trips cost me about $300 each, and I found no commercial marine products, no medicinal seaweed or legal-size abalone, no boats to salvage.

But sometimes I think of that challenging pinnacle of Farnsworth Banks, see again those deep holes in the purple coral, holes wide enough for a diver to enter. Who knows what may live in those mysterious chasms?

Someday I'm going back to Farnsworth Banks. #

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Never Say Stranger

Her first kiss was a blessing, her second pure heavenly manna

by J. EDGAR GROVE

We got out of the bus and stretched our legs. John was astutely surveying the young women who passed in their cool summer frocks. He smiled a satisfied smile and turned to me.

"Africa," he said, "was never like this. Any idea where we are?"

"Torrington or Waterbury. I'm not sure which."

"And where does one go in Torrington or Waterbury?"

"One goes to the Yankee Arms in Torrington. Waterbury, I don't know about."

"The Yankee Arms." He rolled the words around his tongue, squeezing the last drop of savor out of them before turning them over to his innards. "The Yankee Arms. Africa was never like this." He halted a gentleman walking in the shade of a large straw hat. "And how does one get to the Yankee Arms?" he said.

"Three blocks up. Keep walking." We were in Torrington, and happy to be there.

It was cool in the Yankee Arms, and the afternoon sun could not afford the cover charge. John leaned forward in his chair and spilled some of his drink on me.

"Africa," he said earnestly, "was never like this. In Africa, it was hot. Damnably hot. The women were unappealing. They did not look like that."

"Like what?"

"That. Like that." He pointed with his highball, and I quickly got my arm out of the way. She was in the doorway, waiting for the breeze to come in with her. She was the shade, and her hair was spun out of gold. She was the mountain stream and her legs were bare. She was delightful.

"I don't suppose it was," I said. She came in and settled herself at the table two doors from ours. She wore a blouse where green prints bloomed out low over her bosom, and her white arms flowed out invitingly from the fountains of her shoulders. The yellow skirt hovered like a formation of butterflies over her darling little knees. In all of her life, she had never been out in the sun.

"She has the air of a girl who is waiting for someone," said John.

"That is to be expected."

"Do you know what I think?" I did, but he told me anyway. "I think she is waiting for us."

"No, John," I said. "She is not waiting for us. You have been away too long. Try to recall how it was before you left. It is still like that."

"Fine," he said. "I was pretty good before I left."

He moved his chair to the right, and smiled at her over my shoulder. He saluted her with his drink, and simpered. He looked most fearfully silly.

"The trouble with you," he said, as she came over and sat down at our table, "is this. You have not been away long enough."

We looked at her and she smiled back at us. My drink was suddenly cooler, and the sun had ceased to exist.

"My, my," I said. "Aren't you something."

"Everything," John corrected me.

Her laugh was a wondrous tinkle. "I'll bet you think I'm terrible," she said softly, "sitting with strangers."

We looked at each other open-mouthed. Such a thought had never entered our minds.

"Strangers!" said John.

She patted his hand. "Not any more," she said.

I glared at the guy. "Pat my hand, too," I said sulkily. She patted it, and I included John in my smile. We were friends again. The waiter automatically brought her a Tom Collins.

"Now, then," he said, as she sipped. "Let us understand one another. In all the world, there is no one like you. We are both in love with you. I am John, and I have been in Africa doing electrical work. He is Peter, and he has been nowhere, and he writes. You must choose between us."

Her eyes danced a mournful dirge over her glass. She took a hand apiece from us.

"I am Sandra. You are both wonderful. I love writers, and Africa is so very pleasant. I am being married tomorrow."

John was an old man, slumped in his chair.

"I will never be happy again," he said simply.

She looked at me with wide eyes. "Will you?"

"I have never been happy anyhow. I am a philosopher."

She clicked her tongue sympathetically, and the three of us sat silent contemplating this tragedy. John was the first to brighten. He managed to lean toward her without spilling anything on her.

"Isn't it an old custom," he said, "isn't it an old American custom for brides to get themselves kissed? Isn't it? I'm almost sure it is."

This made all the difference. We smiled brightly, back and forth, tossed our happiness about like an old double play combination. Peter to Sandra to John.

"And would you like that?"

We didn't say anything. We

just bobbed our heads up and down like porpoises.

She smiled and pulled her chair toward John. "You mustn't look," she told me. "I think it spoils everything when someone is looking."

I thought so too. I looked at the bartender and the waiter, who were talking earnestly near the cash register. I studied them fixedly, so as to keep my promise. The bartender was dark with wavy hair and a small mustache and eyes set very wide apart. I think he would have been happier fighting bulls. The waiter was a quaint little man garnished with a thin layer of silvery hair, and the suit he was wearing was not quite a tuxedo, and not quite not a tuxedo. They seemed worried, but I hadn't time to include them in my thoughts, for her hand was on my arm.

"Close your eyes," she said to John, which was unnecessary, for he had not opened them. To me, she said, "Next."

I pulled her chair toward mine, and slipped my arms about her. She put her hands on my lapels and held up her face. Her lips were like cold water that seems hot, or hot water that seems cold, but you can't tell which. When I let her slip away from me, I knew I had more will power than I had ever suspected.

We mumbled something about hoping she would be very happy.

"Thank you both," she said. "And now I must go. You've been sweet."

John sat forward in his chair and busied himself looking as sweet as possible. I didn't, for I had noticed a disquieting something. My wallet was gone.

When she stood up, I noticed something else not so disquieting. The waiter in the almost-tuxedo was standing at the door, waiting with an air of patience. The gravity in his manner made it look more like a tuxedo than ever.

She saw him, and hesitated. Then she turned, and cuddled her handbag under her arm. I could not take my eyes off that handbag.

"I think," she said, "I'll go out this way. I must freshen up before meeting Paul."

We looked at the door in the rear. The bartender, having deserted his habitat, was standing there, making a great show of wiping a table. I thought at any moment he would snap open the cloth, hold it before him and dance suddenly to the right to avoid the onslaught of the bull.

"Do you know," she said, "I think I'll have another drink."

This pleased both of us. I signaled to the waiter, who left his post reluctantly. When the Tom Collins was safely in her hand, he took up his stand once more. They also serve, one could picture him reminding himself.

She sipped her drink with faint annoyance. John was telling her about Africa, which had not been like this. Her smile was upon him, but it was narrow in scope.

The sentries held the fort well, and she kept glancing at them. I suddenly had a happy thought.

"By God!" I said, "it must have slipped my mind, but now that I think of it, I am being married tomorrow, too."

John looked at me blankly. "You never told me."

"Well, you know how it is. I wanted to surprise you."

He thought on this, and his face broke into a sudden smile.

"Why, so am I!" he said brightly.

"And you never said a word!"

He made a deprecating gesture. "Well, you understand. She wanted to keep it quiet. But I don't see why—"

We shook hands warmly and looked expectantly at our companion. When life gets a bit too thick for me, I often console myself with the thought that maybe somebody will smile at me like that again. It was the most beautiful smile I have ever seen.

"Why, you darlings!" she said. "You wonderful sweethearts!"

"Don't you think," said John, but she cut him off.

"I certainly do," she said.

I watched the waiter while she pulled her chair toward a happy John. He looked at me and at Sandra kissing John, and he nodded. He seemed highly relieved.

"Next?" I said.

"Next."

The spring was on my lips again. I drank deeply, so deeply that I was incapable of feeling. But when she had moved gently away, and my arm pressed my breast pocket en route to deliver a cigarette, there was a satisfying bulge. The wallet was back.

"John," I said, "show Sandra that picture of you with the black girl in Africa."

He looked at me as though I had gone mad. Then, grumblingly, he reached into his pocket, abstracted his wallet, and produced the picture.

"Why, it's a beautiful picture," she said.

"No," he said. "Nothing in the world is beautiful. Only you."

I nodded to the bartender, who nodded back. When she rose once more, he was polishing glasses in his old stand.

"And now, I really must be going," she told us. "Paul will be angry with me."

She reached out and pressed my hand.

"Hey!" said John. But she was gone. The waiter held open the door, bowed meekly from the hips, and she passed through. The breeze got up and went with her, and the ice in my glass was melting.

John looked at me for a time and then he grinned.

"Oh, well," he said. "She kissed me first—both times."

He studied his glass for a moment, and I looked away respectfully, for I saw that he was still kissing her. He smiled happily.

"Africa," he said, "was never like this."

I'm sure it wasn't. #

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Cripple Creek Reborn

A rich new gold strike has the old Colorado town roaring again

by **RAFE GIBBS**

SPRING of this year the sleepy and nostalgic town of Cripple Creek, Colorado suddenly shook itself out of its lethargy and began to roar with a lustiness unlike anything heard there in a generation.

Gold was what the roaring was about. Gold had made Cripple Creek a frontier legend. And now a multi-million dollar strike gave the town a lease on second childhood and provided the old settlers with new incentive to spin yarns about the days of their youth and the golden youth of Cripple Creek.

The Cripple Creek legend, the old boys will tell you, started with a fluke strike.

In 1891 a Colorado cowboy picked up a heavy rock to throw at a stubborn maverick. The cowboy, Bob Womack, never did heave the rock at the cow. Instead, he found traces of gold in it, said, "To hell with the critter!" unwound the buckskin thongs from his pick and shovel and began to dig. When he finished, he had sunk a forty-eight-foot shaft and come up with a strike that assayed $250 a ton. He sold his claim for a ridiculous $500 (it later produced more than $5,000,000 in gold), drank a hatful of liquor to celebrate, and told the world there was gold in the hills of Cripple Creek, Colorado.

Right on the heels of Womack's strike came another by Winfield Scott Stratton, a Colorado Springs carpenter. On the fourth of July, 1891, Stratton staked out two claims, calling them—in a burst of patriotism—the Washington and Independence Mines. And the migration of dreamers to the Cripple Creek district in the shadow of Pike's Peak was on.

Professional prospectors steered clear of the Cripple Creek "bubble" at first, but the little people, the barbers, farmers, teamsters who had never sunk shafts in their lives came pouring into the small community set in the ground floor of an extinct volcano. They sprawled over the range, burrowing into the earth like so many star-struck moles. To corral them in one place, the town of Cripple Creek was platted, taking its name from the meandering stream where a forgotten cowboy or cow had once broken a leg in crossing.

The adventurers who descended on Cripple Creek may have been mining greenhorns but they were inspired and willing to work like galley slaves. Sinking a shaft in that hard volcanic debris was a grueling job for two men but some did it alone. That meant using pick and shovel where you could, and dynamite where you couldn't. It meant climbing down a rickety ladder in the narrow shaft, drilling holes by hand, fixing a charge with a long fuse, firing the fuse and clawing your way up the ladder before the explosion. Then back down into the stifling, evil-smelling pit you went, loading a bucket with broken rock and again climbing out to crank a crude windlass and draw the bucket to the surface. The richest ore was hauled on a mule team and carried thirty miles over torturous mountain trails to the smelters at Cañon City. That was expensive, and what you got back was barely enough to keep you alive so you prayed for richer ore and cheaper refining processes.

The prayers began to pay off. In 1892 several thousand Cripple Creek muckers mined $600,000 worth of gold. Two years later the population of the district had increased to 18,000, and by 1896 gold production had jumped to $8,750,000.

Cripple Creek did not know a one-day stampede but a tide that could not be held back. The stories of rich strikes by poor men—poor in both funds and mining knowledge—drew gold diggers from all parts of the world. It seemed that the less you knew about prospecting the more gold you found. By this time many old-time prospectors had been lured from as far as South Africa and Alaska, and they roared with fury or laughter when they discovered how some of the big strikes were being made.

In 1895, for instance, John W. Bernard, jobless and horseless, started walking from Colorado Springs to the Cripple Creek field. What he knew about prospecting could be written on the end of a pick handle, but he staked out a claim around the first likely-looking rock pile. Some elk horns lay near by, so he named the mine the Elkton. It eventually produced $13,000,000 in gold.

At the town of Victor in the district, some workmen were excavating for a hotel basement, and struck gold. The mine, named the Gold Coin, proved to be one of the richest in the area.

The discovery of the famous Portland Mine, whose 3,000-foot shaft has yielded more than $61,000,000 in gold, really had the experts muttering. Two young Irishmen, James Doyle, a carpenter, and James Burns, a pipefitter, rambled all over Battle Mountain looking, not for gold signs, but for an unstaked claim. They found about one-sixth of an acre which nobody wanted and began digging. When their grubstake ran low, they took in a third partner, John Harnan, who knew a thing or two about mining. He advised trying a crosscut and they struck a fabulously rich vein.

Because they had not patented their claim, they took gold out in secret. While two of them worked at night underground, the third stood guard at the shaft opening to warn of any overinquisitive passersby. The sacked ore was spirited to their cabin in the darkness. Every now and then, one of them would strap a sack of ore to his back, and tote it thirty-five miles to a smelter in Colorado Springs. Their neighbors became suspicious and investigated. The secret was out, and a many-sided legal fight began over alleged infringement of neighboring claims. But the young Irishmen already had taken out $90,000 in gold, and with that they fought and won the court battles.

"Just as a matter of idle curiosity—how big a check could you cash?"

With such strikes, Cripple Creek boomed and the roaring days arrived. The valley that had slumbered so long was awakened by a weird cacophony. Dynamite blasts thundered day and night, steel hammered upon stone, electric wires droned, locomotives shrieked, endless ore cars rattled and clanked. The tracks of two electric lines and three railways slashed across the district. Ore shipments were so heavy that the Florence & Cripple Creek is said to have paid for itself in the first year of operation.

Every hillside was pockmarked with prospects, each surrounded by its ugly heaps of debris. High wooden structures stood over the shafts. The powerhouses belched black smoke from towering iron chimneys that stood as "markers" over miles of tunnels spiderwebbed at various levels beneath the earth's surface.

The town of Cripple Creek raced to keep pace. Buildings of brick and stone went up to replace the tents and flimsy, false-front wooden structures of the first settlers.

Many miner's cottages, spreading upon the scarred and barren slopes, added a grotesque touch. Real estate operations pyramided, as stockbrokers bid against saloonkeepers for the best spots on the main stem. Some speculators who paid $50 for lots later sold them for $15,000 to $20,000.

Finding a place to live was as hard as finding an unstaked claim. If a miner could not find a bed in the camp, he could rent a billiard table for $2 or $3 as a bed after lights out in the establishment, which often meant four a.m. If the games ran too long he could rent a chair for $1 and go to sleep counting billiard balls.

If a stockbroker could not find

Continued on page 194D

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Cripple Creek Reborn

Continued from page 194C

office space he did business on the wooden sidewalks and before that in the dust or mud of the streets churned by wagons and stagecoaches. He often had scouts in the hills, and they would come galloping in on horseback to report a new strike.

At the turn of the century the Cripple Creek district, world's richest cow pasture, was producing almost two-thirds of the gold from Colorado. The camp of Cripple Creek had forty-one assay offices, forty-six brokerage houses, fourteen newspapers, seventy saloons, ninety-one lawyers, eighty-eight doctors and dentists, and one coroner (often the busiest man in town).

The streets of Cripple Creek were lined with saloons, dance halls and bawdy houses. Where cattle grazed quietly a few years before, cancan girls in ruffled satin and cerise garters now gave the "come-on" to muckers with fat pokes. The town was an ember of Old San Francisco fanned to life in a forgotten Colorado crater. It was a bit of Texas, too.

The late Texas Guinan, legendary female m.c., kept the miners roaring and stamping for more in a Cripple Creek saloon. She delighted the big gravel and gold men by greeting them with a hearty, "Hello, mucker!" When she moved on up to her own night spot in New York years later she simply adapted her greeting to the big butter and egg men. Her "Hello, sucker!" was repeated from coast to coast.

The doors of Cripple Creek's saloons seldom stopped swinging at night. Sometimes at one saloon, however, they shuddered and sagged. This occurred when Jack Johnson, who was to become the first Negro world heavyweight champion, did his duty as a bouncer by heaving out a mucker who had had too much.

With so much natural talent at hand, Cripple Creek fostered other fighting men in ensuing years. Among the leather pitchers was George Coplin, a tall rough-and-tumble fighter who had the reputation of being the best ore shoveler and the biggest eater in the district. He could eat thirty pancakes at a sitting, and had flattened as many opponents like pancakes.

One night, however, Coplin was matched with a young mucker, a native of Colorado who had just returned from the West Virginia coal fields. The Kid, although much lighter, started the fight by rocking Coplin to his knees with a sledge-hammer blow. But Coplin could take punishment like he could take food and came up for more. He got it. Time after time, the Wonder Kid knocked Coplin down with his terrific punch but Coplin hung on. Finally the Kid won on a technical knockout, and was awarded a $50 purse. The Kid went on to fight before a crowd of 102,000 at Chicago with a $2,600,000 gate. He was William Harrison (Jack) Dempsey.

Cripple Creek in its embryo stage was as tough as anywhere, yet paradoxically as gentle as chamois. A lady could walk any street day and night without being molested—provided she always looked straight ahead and kept moving. You could leave your shanty unlocked and $50 in a coffee can would never be touched. But if the shanty wasn't well anchored to the ground you might come back from working on your claim and find the whole house gone.

Gambling stakes ran high and a fortune made in the morning might be lost in the evening. Water (five cents a cup) was scarce; whiskey was not. Saloon brawls were common, and killings were frequent. A Colorado Springs newspaperman commented that the stories coming out of Cripple Creek "read like war casualty lists." So numerous were the shooting scrapes at the little town of Altman in the district that an undertaker offered party rates if all killings were scheduled on Saturday.

A Cripple Creek trial growing out of a saloon killing is a classic in legal annals. The defendant was accused of having struck the deceased a fatal blow on the top of the head with a pistol barrel. But, fortunately, he had for his attorney shrewd Morris Finn.

The climax in the trial came when Finn brought to court a mysterious looking black bag, and dramatically produced from it a human skull. Then he put the coroner on the stand.

"Will you please identify this skull?" he asked the coroner.

"Yes," said the coroner, "it is the skull of the deceased."

Next came a doctor.

"Is there any marked difference between this skull and the skull of the average man?" Finn asked.

"It is only about one-third as thick on top."

Then Finn became eloquent, concluding his remarks by demanding whether any man with such a thin skull had any business getting involved in a saloon brawl. The twelve hard-headed jurors agreed that he had not. Verdict: "Not guilty!"

With so much easy money floating around, Cripple Creek quite naturally played host to criminals. Where the cattle rustlers of the area left off, "high-graders"—high-grade ore thieves—carried on. One expert high-grader could steal more in a night than a gang of rustlers in a year. More than $2,000,000 in gold was stolen from the district in a decade. It was carried off in bushy beards, lunch buckets—and in carload lots. "Fences"—generally small mine operators or assayers—disposed of the "hot ore."

Rich mines such as the Cresson, which was as lush as a dream of Cortez brought to life, were the favorite haunts of high-graders. Far beneath the ground in the Cresson was a cavern lined and carpeted with gold-bearing tellurium. So tempting was this great treasure to high-graders that the owners placed a steel vault door at the entrance. The ore from the mine averaged $5,000 to $10,000 a ton. Some of it ran as high as $100,000 to the ton.

One gang of high-graders lined their pockets with gold for a considerable time by "cutting in" the teamsters of a rich mine. The teamsters would unload their sacks of high-grade ore in a lonely gulch, then reload the wagons with low-grade stuff.

High graders played desperately, and for high stakes. Ore thieves were busy at midnight in the Independence Mine, when they were surprised by mine detectives. A gun battle broke out in the darkened tunnels. Bullets whizzed and ricocheted against the walls. The high-graders stumbled through the maze of tunnels until they were finally trapped by a dead end. They surrendered.

In court their attorney dusted off old law books which held that no man could steal real estate. While still in the mine and off the ground, gold was considered part of the real estate. The high-graders went free, and the legislature hastily passed a statute making ore stealing a larceny.

Whatever Cripple Creek did, it did with explosive force. Strike bound in 1893 and again in 1903, it put on violent shows that involved whole battalions of National Guardsmen and regiments of miners. Mines were dynamited, strike leaders imprisoned or railroaded out of town, state troopers patroled the streets with fixed bayonets.

Once the century had been turned, however, the town settled down to a stodgier, more conservative pace, concentrating on its business of mining gold. In one year alone, almost $25,000,000 worth was removed from the Cripple Creek earth, a figure surpassed only by such great producers as the Homestake in South Dakota and the Witwatersrand in the Transvaal, South Africa.

Cripple Creek produced more than a dozen millionaires. The natives like to tell the story of Stratton, the itinerant carpenter, who discovered the Independence and Washington Mines in 1891, and sold out nine years later for $11,000,000. When he died in 1902, his estate was valued at $20,000,000.

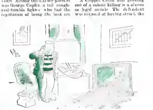
Others they tell about include Verner Z. Reed of Denver who received a million-dollar commission for negotiating the sale of several Stratton mines to a British syndicate. And of course you will hear about Cripple Creek's Carlton brothers, Leslie and A. E., who began in a small way with a freighting and transfer business. The brothers are dead but the firm they started today controls most of the gold production in the district.

For all its roaring entry into the world, Cripple Creek reformed into an orderly, progressive town, which surprised and disappointed Eastern tenderfeet. The gold resources have shrunk with the years, but the district is still good for $5,000,000 worth.

In the thirties, the mines began to fill with water and Cripple Creek appeared doomed. But the miners bet a million dollars they could save it. In 1939 they began the prodigious, mole-like job of boring a six-mile tunnel into the mountain side to let the mines drain.

Experts considered the project fantastic, but the tunneling went on month after month. It was completed in 1941, giving Cripple Creek the longest blind-end tunnel ever made by man. The area began to drain, and gold again flows where water flowed before.

Before this year's strike, Cripple Creek was a sprawling community of about 2,500 with some of the early, paint-hungry buildings making it look old before its time. Now once again—if only temporarily—the romantic, rough-and-tumble city of old, its ancient frontier trappings are in very apt taste. The town has come back and the sentimental old-timers are harvesting a new crop of roaring memories. #



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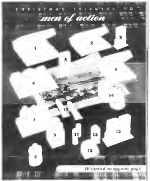

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Vintage Vocabulary

Testing your esoteric knowledge of the juice of the tender grape

by LEWIN W. WICKES, JR.

It's one thing to know your wines—when to order a white and when a red is called for—and another to understand enough of the vintner's language so that neither the wine card nor the wine steward can throw you.

You won't find all the numbered words on a night-club wine card, but they're all used when connoisseurs discuss their favorite juice of the grape. How do you stack up in picking their equivalents from the lettered suggestions?

Nine is average, eleven is good and thirteen allows you to hang the wine steward's keys around your neck.

1. Marc
   - (a) "[illegible] up to the marc"
   - (b) Refuse
   - (c) Graft
2. Brut
   - (a) Driest
   - (b) Doux
   - (c) Sweet
3. Rehoboam
   - (a) Sour grape
   - (b) Jeroboam
   - (c) Sixteen quarts
4. Foxy
   - (a) Clever at buying wines
   - (b) Good at tasting wines
   - (c) Defective in taste
5. Kick
   - (a) Dent
   - (b) Per cent
   - (c) Proof
6. Bloom
   - (a) Flowers
   - (b) Waxy coating
   - (c) Fine color
7. Flowers
   - (a) Film
   - (b) Labels
   - (c) Bloom
8. Must
   - (a) Yeast
   - (b) Juice
   - (c) Odor
9. Fining
   - (a) Clarifying
   - (b) Distilling
   - (c) Grading
10. Racking
    - (a) Storing
    - (b) Stacking
    - (c) Drawing off
11. Cuvée
    - (a) Blended wine
    - (b) Stopper
    - (c) Watered wine
12. Remuage
    - (a) Bottling
    - (b) Pounding and shaking
    - (c) Floating impurities
13. Cap
    - (a) Caked solids
    - (b) Wax covering
    - (c) Top of cork
14. Lees
    - (a) Chars
    - (b) Ages
    - (c) Sediment
15. Nip
    - (a) Vinegar yeast
    - (b) Mother
    - (c) Half pint

Answers

1. (b) The marc is the refuse of skins, seeds, etc. A second but acceptable wine can be made from the marc by adding water.
2. (a) Champagnes are, in order of dryness, brut, extra dry, dry (or sec), sweet (or doux)—and the drier the better.
3. (c) Wine bottles are: Rehoboam, 16 quarts; Jeroboam, 8 quarts; Double magnum, 4 quarts; Magnum, 2 quarts.
4. (c) The aroma of wines from certain grapes has a "foxy" taste.
5. (a) The kick is the dent in the bottom of proper bottles for sweet wines, dry wines usually being put in flat bottoms.
6. (b) The delicate white coating on grape skins is the bloom.
7. (a) The film on ailing wines indicates the presence of a certain undesirable yeast.
8. (b) The must is the juice or mixture which is fermented to produce wine.
9. (a) The last suspended particles are removed from wine by "fining agents" which carry them to the bottom—white of egg, gelatin, etc.
10. (c) Wine is drawn off its sediment—racked—several times before bottling.
11. (a) Cuvée is the blend of wines placed in bottles for secondary fermentation to produce effervescence.
12. (b) This is the long process of settling the sediment from the second fermentation of champagne on the cork in order to remove it.
13. (a) In the first fermentation rubbish is forced to the top and supported by the gas in a thick cap.
14. (c) Lees—the sediment of defunct yeast cells, solid particles, etc.
15. (c) The smallest wine bottle—convenient to avoid leaving wine in open bottles. ##

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Five Yards Through Wolcott Gibbs

Continued from page 136

up six months later as a book, this time with a thirty-page preface running interference for text.

In one of the less passionate passages of his prelude Shaw says "Three men in New York today determine whether a play will survive or not. They are the Messrs. Howard Barnes, Lewis Nichols and John Chapman who serve, respectively, the *Herald-Tribune*, the *Times* and the *News*." The old halfback also straight-armed Burton Rascoe, at that time critic of the *World-Telegram*, and left cleat-marks on the buttocks of Robert Garland of the *Journal-American*.

Wolcott Gibbs, of *The New Yorker*, did the *Assassin* no computable harm, since his review in that weekly appeared when the play was already doomed, but Shaw went back and got him, too. "When he is trapped into praising a play," Irwin said, explaining why Gibbs so seldom is, "his review reads like a paper by an intelligent, somewhat snobbish sophomore at a nice college in a course in contemporary literature." Irwin Shaw needn't have felt hurt about *The New Yorker* review though, because later on in the season Gibbs made a small mouth, on successive weeks, at Shakespeare's *Henry IV* (he found Falstaff's comedy "elementary and monotonous"), Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya* ("a play that can hardly hope to avoid flippant criticism") and Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* ("the domestic affairs of that inconceivably mixed-up family always leave at least a trace of Philistine levity in my mind"). Anybody who can stop Shakespeare, Chekhov and Sophocles on three successive plays is hard to make ground through.

Shaw's estimate of the Big Three's influence on producers, if not on the public, is no exaggeration. Occasionally a play stays on despite bad reviews and battles it out successfully, hustling tickets until it begins to get a trade based on favorable word-of-mouth reports. But usually the producer will refuse to risk increasing his loss, and it is the producer who can give the order to abandon ship. One particularly peevish pair of playwrights on Broadway last year were Sam and Bella Spewack, authors in happier seasons of *Boy Meets Girl* and *Leave It to Me*. They brought in a thing called *Woman Bites Dog*, a slapstick burlesque of a clan of publishers. This automatically precluded any enthusiasm from Chapman, who works for the publishers popularly identified with the play, although the program directly denied living mod-

Continued on page 202

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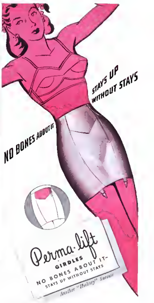

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Fire Yards Through Wolcott Gibbs

Continued from page 201

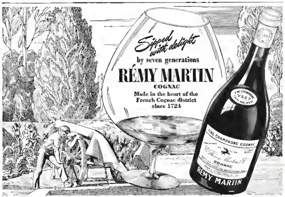
cis Barnes was not too bad, but Nichols didn't like the show, and next morning the life rafts were over the side and the Spewacks were struggling in the water. It was a case of one man giving the verdict. The World-Telegram and Post boosted the show, but the impresario apparently had no faith in their pulling power. The Spewacks are still working on their preface.

One man doth not a movement make, even when he is carrying a lot of tacklers on his neck, but as 1946 grew shorter Shaw acquired allies. Arnaud d'Usseau and James Gow, a pair of purposeful young playwrights, had nursed back to health a play called *Deep Are the Roots*, which the critics hadn't liked too much. In time they brought *that* out as a book (Scribner's, $2.50). Even though the play was still running and making money, D and G had neither forgotten nor pardoned the split decision; they lit into the critics, too.

"We live in a violent age, an age of heroic virtue, of gigantic evil," they say,—"why this noticeable fear of violence on the stage, this genteel shying away from anything that might be considered excessive emotion? Is this a canon of taste arbitrarily invented by the critics? For certainly audiences do not support them in their prejudices. ... from the twenties perhaps still lingers the feeling that it isn't quite chic to be emotional. Let us resign ourselves to an evened liberalism in which nothing is quite good or quite bad (say the critics). Take refuge in the ivory tower of the wisecrack." They go after just one critic by name, Louis Kronenberger of *PM*, whom Shaw had missed.

Still later Maxwell Anderson's play *Truckline Cafe* got a going-over from the guzzlers and Mr. Anderson, who had seldom before had occasion to notice how rude they could be, went out and hired space in their own newspapers to call them names in. 'The Jukes

Continued on page 204



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Five Yards Through Wolcott Gibbs

Continued from page 202

Family of Journalism" if memory serves me correctly, was the most adhesive epithet he thought of. *Truckline Café* has not yet appeared in print at this writing, but when it does it will probably have a front in neon lights Then Orson Welles whose very amusing spectacle *Around the World* ran into a barrage of critical sniffs that collectively sounded like a powerful vacuum cleaner took to making curtain speeches about his tormentors after each show. He used to put the hex on them with war drums. It was a little like the old burlesque skit in which the comic, slapped down and chucked into jail keeps yelling, "You can't do this to me!" The damage had already been done The show struggled on for 74 performances, then closed I am looking forward for the first time to Mr. Welles in print

Not that I am taking sides in this hassle. I know nothing about the theatre (which in Shaw's view would make me eligible for employment as a critic) and I am quite unable to judge from reading a play whether it would be rewarding on the stage Indeed, I am sometimes assured by my friend Dick Watts, who is a critic emeritus that the plays I think read best in all the world. Marlowe's play badly. *State of the Union*, by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse (Random House, $2), reads so badly that I would be sure, following out Mr. Watts theory, that it would play well on the stage, if I had not had the misfortune to see it.

This is a play that all the critics liked It is about a high type man the sort we don't get in politics often enough, who has made a lot of money (but in a clean way, just cost plus) building airplanes during the war, and who is almost inveigled into running for President. The millionaire is no prude, however, he is sleeping with a lady publisher Just a regular fellow, human But you know as soon as you see his wife that she is going to win him back from the publishlady. I mean publisher lady because she is so much prettier, and also because her name is in larger letters in front of the theatre Married women always like plays and novels in which the husband comes back to his wife, who is more intelligent than he is and, well finer This is no ordinary husband though, don't get me wrong there's nothing common about him. He has ideals, in fact, grey matter

"I think somebody can appeal to what's best in people instead of what's worst," he tells his wife. "Damn it, I think the American

Continued on page 209

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Five Yards Through Wolcott Gibbs

Continued from page 204

people are sound —I have faith in the American people. You and I couldn't take issue with him on that, but the political boss in the play won't stand for a candidate so forthright. So our man sacrifices the nomination —it was only the Republican nomination anyway—and the publicity. His wife is much prettier anyway. And he goes back to be just the President of the Strangulated Hernia Airplane Company, Incorporated, capital ten billion dollars. This leaves the audience snuffling softly in the knowledge that the Republic has lost its only chance for survival. But wait! All hope has not fled. Our hero is still scheduled to make a broadcast over a national hookup, and it is going to be so wonderful I bet you that the mean old Republicans will have to nominate him if the Democrats don't beat them to it.

The cutest thing I haven't told you yet. In the first act his wife makes him sleep on the *floor*, a big important man like him—she's so mad at him. But it's so *human*. And at the end, what do you think? He slaps her right on her behind—and she likes it. Just as natural as you and me, and them with all that money and going to live in the White House.

Not that I want to sound like a critic myself. It's just that I think people write so much more entertainingly when they're sore or barring that even when they're pretending to be. A good gob of invective is a literary dish that is easy to prepare and always welcome like beef stew. Fellows like H. L. Mencken, the Rocky Graziano of American letters, and Westbrook Pegler their Bummy Davis have spun out long and lush careers serving nothing else. The critics have been beating the authors' brains out for years and now let the authors get up off the floor and put the slug on the critics. Who'll benefit? So who? So the readers. ##

Continued from page 186

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The Hero Worshiped

Continued from page 97

agreed to that. They got out the dice and threw. Davie won the first game of the three; he was using loaded dice. Mannie guessed what he was up to and changed dice; he was the cleverest man with his fingers in the world. He could steal the liquor out of your mug or the rings off your fingers and you'd never know. So he got Davie's dice and won the game. Davie saw what had happened when it was too late, and he went white as ashes, but he never said a word. Only from that time on, there was bad blood between them.

Then a rich young fellow, a Greek who'd just come into his father's money, he fell in love with this Gippo girl. Mannie let her go to him, the idea being that one nice dark night she was to let us into the house. There was a ton of money in a strong box, and any amount of other stuff worth picking up—jewels and what not. She was willing to work with us on the job. She was all sorts of things, but she'd never let us down in a matter of business.

So the job was organized, and it was only a matter of waiting for the right time to do it."

Kamzan looked towards the narrow barred window of the cell.

"Getting near daylight," he said. "To cut a long story short, Mannie and Davie and me, with three others, went into the house at the time the Gippo girl had arranged, and when we got inside the big gate slammed and was bolted behind us, and all of a sudden, from nowhere as you might say, twenty or thirty armed men jumped out on us. Mannie and Davie were taken, the other three were killed, and I smashed my way out by brute force with a cut in my head that you could have laid three fingers in. And the last thing I saw in that house was the Gippo girl laughing like a devil, and screaming, 'Tie them tight! Bind them fast!' She'd got rid of the whole mob so as to be free with her rich Greek. And he actually married her; he owned the biggest perfumery business in the world and was worth millions. But Mannie and Davie were sentenced to death as common thieves. It nearly broke my heart. That's what women do for you!"

"And so they died," said Tito, "the same way as you and I are going to die."

"I hope you and I die as game," said Kamzan. "They argued to the last. Davie blamed Mannie; Mannie said it was all Davie's fault; they'd have torn each other to pieces, given half a chance. What men they were! And to think that I've got to hang next

Continued on page 212

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The Hero Worshiped

Continued from page 210

to such as you! Oh well . . . what's the odds? Yes, like brothers one day, and at loggerheads the next, that's how it was. There was a chance that one of them, either Davie or Mannie, might get a pardon. There was a religious ceremony going on about that time of the year. 'I'll see you hanging yet,' Mannie said. And Davie said, 'Yes? Don't be too sure. I'll be on the ground when you're up there in the air.' But they were both wrong. It was a stroke of bad luck, everything turned unlucky after that Gippo girl came on the scene. Some dirty politician was under sentence, some politician with influence in the city. He got off scot-free, and Davie the Schemer and Little Mannie and some other bloke went up the Hill to die."

"Who was the other one?" asked Tito. "One of the mob?"

"Nobody in particular," said Kamzan, "a tub thumper or a preacher of some sort. Davie the Schemer cracked jokes about him while he was hanging there—Davie had guts, son, he was a man! And Mannie even in his agony answered back. But the other fellow just took it and said nothing. I don't know who he was. The bloke that got reprieved at the last moment, *he* was the lucky one. They made a sort of hero out of him—a big bragger, a loose-mouthed geezer with a loud voice. He was in the crowd next to me. 'See what it means to be highly regarded by a discriminating public,' he said to me. And I said to him, 'You?' I said, 'who are you compared with Mannie?' And he said: 'I, my good fellow, I am Barabbas.' And I said— —'"

Footsteps sounded. Armor clanked and a bolt rattled. The door opened. A black figure appeared against an oblong of grey half-light and a voice said: "Dawn. Get outside, you two!" ✠

"Can't you see there's nobody home?"

Continued from page 97

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(lower center)
ALCAN — Oil wind and water repellent Haley & Gold Klondike Cloth. Warmly Alpaca lined, genuine "electrified" Mouton collar. Padded shoulders, [illegible] front, belted, wool [illegible] wristlets, [illegible] band. Cocoa brown or Putty. Sizes 38 to 46 About $19.95

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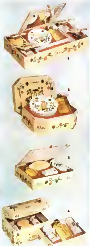

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Home Practically by Christmas

Continued from page 185

ordered to put in to Hampton Roads, Virginia instead of New York owing to weather conditions. Ordinarily this would shorten our mileage but we have also been ordered to turn south owing to weather conditions. The new course increases the distance from Marseille to America to 4,234 nautical miles. There will be a meeting of all personnel in the main hold at ten hundred hours tomorrow. The Transport Commander at that time will clarify the latest information. All personnel will wear their life preservers at all times until further notice. Out."

We went into huddles and decided the announcement was cushioning for still worse tidings.

It was.

There was much muttering the rest of the day. Donald Duck's line about clarification of the latest information was, to put it mildly, poorly received. American soldiers are relentless realists. "They'll clarify us home by February, according to the latest information!" was one comment I heard. We were still going at half speed because of our racing prop and by this time we all knew that insufficient ballast was the cause. The ship's crew admitted it. Blame for this was variously placed, by the unhappy soldiers, on the ship's captain, the War Department, the War Shipping Administration, and sometimes Harry Truman.

We went to bed glumly that night of the 15th—the enlisted men in their wretched tiered bunks in the forward holds, the officers in their staterooms whose walls were innocent of portholes and whose ventilation systems didn't work. During the night a gale hit us.

On the morning of the 16th, the Queen Mary's motion was a combination of pitch, roll, hop, skip, sidestep and an indescribable corkscrew burrowing. We clung to stanchions, or peered apprehensively out of hatchways at the grey, mountainous waves which crashed over the bow or side. Walking around was like walking around on an earthquake. Few dared go out on deck. Seasickness rose sharply. But even the seasick went to the meeting.

There was an ominous silence in the jam-packed main hold when the Transport Commander climbed on a table. After some vapid generalities about the weather, the propeller, and the orders to change ports and direction, he reluctantly came to the point.

"Now we're all as sorry as you are about developments and on behalf of the ship's crew and the permanent Army personnel

Continued on page 218

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comfort is –
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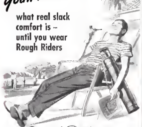

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Home Practically by Christmas

Continued from page 217

aboard this ship I want you to know that, in spite of these unforeseen difficulties, we are going to bend every effort to get you home by Christmas or *soon thereabouts*."

A groan went up from the souls of five hundred Americans. I realized how completely Christmas has become, in America, a folk rather than a religious festival. I realized that to be cheated of Christmas at home is one of the cruelest things that can happen to an American. We were profoundly wounded, we were bitter, we hated the Queen Mary, our floating fool's paradise.

"Why didn't you ballast the old tub?" yelled a husky voice.

"What the hell does soon thereabouts' mean?" yelled another.

The Transport Commander muttered something unintelligible and fled.

Psychiatrists say that in times of extreme frustration human beings tend (1) to turn back in time and (2) to become confused. That evening I saw the first symptom of a curious mass reaction.

At the movie in the main hold that night, our Special Services Officer perversely ran a G.I. film addressed to troops sailing to Europe and telling them how to behave toward the British. Ordinarily this film, if shown to a group leaving Europe, would have been greeted with jeers and hoots. But on the night of the Great Disappointment we watched it quietly, chuckled at Burgess Meredith's clever acting and behaved quite as though it was 1943 and we were England-bound.

"We can't make it. Ming Toy's sitter didn't show up!"

Morale hit bottom and stayed there. The wind and waves diminished but we still had to go at half speed because of our propeller. The sun came out and everybody admitted to having feared capsizing for two days and nights; even the crew admitted

Continued on page 220

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Home Practically by Christmas

Continued from page 218

it was the ruggedest weather they had ever been through.

Boredom beyond description set in. We got sick of the smelly holds, sick of the slippery iron decks, sick of poker, dice, chess, checkers, cribbage, parcheesi, reading, sleeping, bull sessions, sick of each other, sick of our dogs and sick even of James the crow. For the first time in two years James got no laughs when he did his one foolish "trick," a matter of placing one claw over the other, seizing the underneath claw in his bill, tugging, and, of course, falling over backwards. We were uncivil and irritable and I wish to record here that on December 20th, 1945 aboard our sad-sack ship, the Queen Mary, I heard the ultimate in Army bitching. As I passed the supper chow line, I heard a soldier say: "What? Ice cream again, for Christ's sake?"

On December 21st we developed rudder trouble. In the twenty hours it took to fix the rudder, we crawled at the rate of 2.9 knots. It was maddening to look over the side and realize that we could *walk* faster than the Queen Mary was moving.

Food began to run low. Ice cream and milk disappeared, the dread words "C Rations" began to be whispered. Our collective confusion took an alarming turn for the worse.

As I walked through the main hold I overheard a soldier ask the ship's purser: "Is this a motor ship or a Diesel?" I stopped because I wanted to know, too. I was startled when the purser, who was making his ninth trip on the ship said: "Why frankly I—er—don't know." But I was still more startled when our Armament sergeant—a Montana cattleman in civilian life—said, authoritatively: "She's an oil-burning steamship," and went into such an intricate mechanical description that the purser's jaw sagged.

At the purser's desk sat an Intelligence captain. He had just taken over the editorship of our mimeographed daily newspaper, *The Blow*. He was, however, a lawyer.

In one of the officer's staterooms, a few minutes later, I came upon the previous editor of *The Blow*. He had been an editor as a civilian but at this moment he was acting as diagnostician to our squadron doctor, who suspected that he (the doctor) had scabies but had never seen a case. "It's scabies all right," said the editor, frowning at the doctor's bared torso. "Are you sure?" said the doctor, apprehensively. "I'm sorry, but there's no question

Continued on page 225

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MALLORY *hats*

Home Practically by Christmas

Continued from page 120

about it," said the editor firmly.

This so unsettled me that I walked out on the pair and went aft. Passing the ship's galley I saw one of our hottest B-26 pilots telling three cooks the recipe for real Marseille *bouillabaisse*.

Back in a corner of the galley an official mess officer who had piloted his own plane before the Army got him was holding some KPs spellbound with an account complete with Air Corps hand gestures of dangerous flights and landings he had made.

I made for the deck in flight from a growing conviction that the Queen Mary's frustrated passengers had stepped in a body Through the Looking Glass.

At the end I found the one chaplain who was being redeployed with us. He was, it happened, a rabbi. He was listening earnestly to one of the ship's officers. The officer was in a friendly way urging the rabbi to delete certain words and phrases from his (the rabbi's) speech. "I know it's a habit that's grown on you without your realizing it from mixing with the boys all the time," said the officer. "But you're a spiritual leader and you oughtn't to cuss like that." "I'll try to stop," said the holy man meekly. "Good!" said the ship's officer, who was by the way the mate.

I went down to my stateroom, got in my bunk and pulled the covers over my head.

All afternoon on the day before Christmas a group of secretive officers and men were closeted in stateroom six. They emerged toward evening and set up in the main hold a Christmas tree the like of which was never seen before on land or sea.

Its foliage was blue, being made of ship's bedspreads hung on a network of intertwined wire coat hangers. It was festooned with streamers of surgical gauze sup-

"There goes your checking account, Pa."

Continued on page 226

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Home Practically by Christmas

Continued from page 225

plied by the squadron doctor, who also supplied the mercurochrome with which the gauze was stippled. "What's the red dots for?" asked a member of the amazed crowd that quickly gathered. "Holly!" said one of the creators irritably. Surgical cotton was strewn, for snow, at the base of the tree; hundreds of cotton tufts were pinned to the blue foliage. The snow effect was further developed by a liberal sprinkling of DDT powder. Flashlight bulbs loaned by our photo officer were hung here and there as baubles. Most successful of all were the streamers of anti-radar strips called "window" in Army code while the war was on: these silvery, fluffy strips made perfect tinsel. But most arresting of all were the surgeon's rubber gloves which, inflated like toy balloons, hung side by side, their fingers extended like sausages. In all reverence a cross had been painted in iodine on the back of one glove, the Christ child on the other in gentian violet. The dispensary bottle of gentian violet stood forgotten at the base of the tree. It was labeled "For athlete's foot."

Inside of five minutes the entire ship's company had crowded into the hold to see the masterpiece. Spontaneous applause broke out and the creators tried to look modest. *I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas* happened to be coming over the ship's radio amplifier just then and I don't think there was a dry eye in the main hold of the Queen Mary. We stood around for hours examining and discussing the tree. Sometimes we giggled but mostly we just looked at it wistfully like American children looking at an American Christmas tree.

On Christmas morning a "General Christian Service" was held and almost everybody on board attended. It was presided over by the good rabbi and was a great comfort to us all.

I went out on deck after the service and panic seized me when I looked over the rail.

The Queen Mary herself had joined the general confusion. She seemed to be moving sedately backward. I called a seaman over and asked him if my impression was correct. "Sure," he said, "we been going backwards for two hours. Say, ain't you kind of green around the gills? Hadn't you better go below?" I just swallowed. "We're still on half speed and there's a head wind. That's why," he said. "I imagine they'll jack up the speed right soon—or the wind'll shift," he said.

I held my head in my hands

Continued on page 228

No. 6 in a series of cartoons by Phil Kern depicting incidents in the life of that great sentimentalist, Mr. I. M. Setteweye and his wife, Perky

"AFTER ALL, HONEY, SENTIMENT GOES JUST SO FAR"

TIME TO CHANGE TO MODERN. .

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This past summer, all over America, thousands upon thousands of men enjoyed the cool, comfortable pleasure of wearing NORTHCOOL wrinkle resistant tropical suits. For you who are planning to winter vacation in the South . . . NORTHCOOL promises delightful and refreshing clothes comfort. NORTHCOOL tropicals are smartly styled in a new variety of summery patterns and colors. Now available at leading stores from coast to coast.

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Home Practically by Christmas

Continued from page 226

and prayed that we would make port soon if only that the Queen Mary and her passengers—if it was not too late—might grope their way back to normalcy.

We trudged into Hampton Roads on December 26th.

Several men, on reaching the pier, turned to thumb a nose or blow a Bronx cheer at our dowdy Queen. Blockbuster, the huge boxer, wasn't half the sensation coming down the gangplank in his master's arms that James, the crow, was. James bowed regally to right and left as he descended to the pier on Capt Boyd's head. Against the khaki stream leaving the ship moved a plumber with an acetylene torch. He was on his way to the gun emplacement in which, on our fourth day at sea, the police dog puppy had crawled behind an iron step. His owner—the corporal who had lovingly pushed food and drink in to him during the entire trip—found, to his dismay, that during our 21 day odyssey the pup had grown so big he couldn't get out.

On the train to Camp Patrick Henry, our Reception Station, we heaved a huge sigh of relief. In the coach I was in, a sergeant said, as the train pulled out of the pier shed, 'God Bless America!' A corporal answered, 'You can say that again!' The silence that followed was sweet with pure unashamed love of country.

Army red tape held us up four more days at Camp Patrick Henry. We escaped on December 30th in contingents bound for various Separation Centers.

At Fort Dix I waived immediate separation, got a seven-day leave, took a bus to Trenton, a train to New York and a cab to my home. At 6:28 a.m. on December 31st I tottered over my threshold and into the arms of my wife. ##

'Objection overruled! Objection overruled!' Just whose side are you on, bud?

Continued from page 185

DO YOU MAKE THESE SOCIAL ERRORS ?

(1.) **Use a Hook?** It's not being done, even if it *will* keep shorts up when buttons go "pop." Better way: Get trouble-free shorts equipped with convenient Gripper fasteners!

(2.) **Shoot Your Wife?** Don't! It's illegal ... she won't like it ... and shooting won't help her mend those torn buttonholes any faster. Treat her right ... wear shorts with laundry-proof Gripper fasteners!

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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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SWANK—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

When Irish Hearts Were Laughing

Continued from page 124

lty: When Rooney split with his partner Harry Miner of the Bowery Theatre, he was signed by James Donaldson for the London Theatre, across the street, for $800 a week, a fabulous sum in those days. Donaldson hung a huge banner across the Bowery proclaiming "Pat Rooney, the famous Irish Comedian and Dancer Now Playing Here" in four-foot letters. Miner signed Pat Reilly as a counter attraction at the Bowery Theatre and had a banner almost a duplicate in size, color and print: "Pat Reilly in an imitation of PAT ROONEY playing here."

Now Rooney couldn't read or write English and his wife would teach him his lines. He could recognize his own billing, however, by the two O's in his name. A wit, joshing Rooney that he was in danger of being outclassed, remarked, "Not only does Reilly do an act like yours, but he also draws pictures." "'Tis all right," Pat retorted. "I draw houses."

Born in Ireland, Pat hit the varieties in Birmingham at an early age and came over to this country at nineteen. His acclaim then wasn't exactly unanimous. A clipping from the New York *Spirit of the Times* in 1880 refers to him as "one of the most hopelessly imbecile and popular of the variety performers." Apparently the paper had it in for Pat, for when he died in 1892 it led off its obituary with herbs in the shroud: "Pat Rooney, who was called an actor—though we never admitted it—died Monday at 44."

Pat employed topical references and he was wise enough to promote the Irish in his songs. What he sang was in no way as important as how he sang and when read, Rooney's lyrics fall far short of supplying their true appeal. Just as today's crooners and groaners can draw sighs and tears from apparently banal words, Pat and others did likewise in earlier decades.

John W. Kelly, a native of Philadelphia who broke into the theatre after working in a rolling mill and entertaining at parties and bars for the love of it, was signed for a week by Pastor—and stayed a year. Old timers remember Kelly's strictly impromptu act. He never made up. Kelly frequented a bar at the corner of Third Avenue and Fourteenth Street, a block from Pastor's, and when it was time for his number he'd roll up the street in his long black Prince Albert and stride right onto the stage. If the bar session had been overlong Kelly would tell the audience about it. These sidewalks

Continued on page 234

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These days, you feel fortunate to get any kind of a new coat, but if you can find an Alpagora, you'll have a really solid basis for satisfaction! For despite all shortages and difficulties, Alpagora Coats today offer you the same quality details that have made these coats famous in the past. So that, whether you get a Fleece, a Tweed or a Covert, you know you're getting your money's worth when the label says Alpagora!

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When Irish Hearts Were Laughing

Continued from page 233

ought to be fixed," he'd tell them, saying that he had gotten dizzy from dodging all those puddles on the way to the theatre. Unlike many comedians, Kelly was as good inebriated as sober. "The Rolling Mill Man," as he was billed, was christened Jack Shields and was an actor's actor.

Kelly, as with many others, often worked a serious theme into his songs, making frequent references to the laboring men to unions and grasping corporations. *A Fight for Home and Honor* was one of Kelly's best in that vein. It told of the bloody tragic Homestead strike. Another well-known song about it written by Willy Wildwave (W. W. Delaney) was called *Father Was Killed by the Pinkerton Men*.

But Kelly is best remembered for his comic songs, like *Slide, Kelly, Slide*, which ranked second only to *Casey at the Bat* as a baseball song. A great favorite for many years was Kelly's *Throw Him Down McCloskey*, which was to bring fame to Maggie Cline.

Irish acts preceding Rooney and Kelly had been strictly on the rough and tumble. Some, like Sheehan and Jones, put on a comic sketch with a burlesqued boxing match apt to be more real than acting. Ferguson of Ferguson and Mack became totally deaf after years as a result of beatings about the head, which will give an idea how far the teams would go to earn coffee and cakes. Their act finished with Mack sinking a hatchet into Ferguson's skull, the latter wearing a trick wig to handle the blow.

"Irish Comedians . . . top o' the mornin'"

Another rough act and highly popular was Needham and Kelly, a song and dance routine topped with a fight that usually left both "actors" numb. Their most popular song was *The Roving Irish Gents*, which extolled the Irish laborer who had built the elevated railway and run the steamboats and cared "divil a hair" for the kind of work he

Continued on page 236

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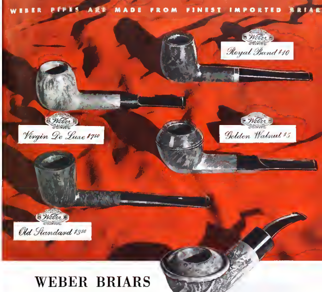

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ALFRED HALE RUBBER COMPANY • NORTH QUINCY 71, MASS.

When Irish Hearts Were Laughing

Continued from page 234

had to do. The chorus was a veritable necklace of pearls:

"We're always aware but a pipe we carry the load
In the workers' strikes our principles are strong
We're advocates of all kinds of working men
And if that's the case you cannot say we're wrong
Are we right?"

References to the Irish were continually made. John T. Kelly and Sam Ryan, who billed themselves as the Bards of Tara, offered an act replete with shamrocks, rough humor and the misfortunes of the Irish. Only one instance is recorded of resentment against the threats which made out the Irish as gazelus and this was by Paddy and Ella Murphy singing *The True Irish Gents*. The first verse went:

"It's a shame on the stage how they mimic our race
In a style that's a mystery to me
How the people in front will stand such insults
Burying such blackheads in glee."

John and Harry Kernell with an act based on crossfire conversations, arguments and hilarious misunderstandings employed a contrast in voices, a trick later worked successfully by Amos and Andy and Abbott and Costello. John with a big husky voice and Harry with a light, rather high-pitched treble presented gag framework with all the elements of the "Who's on first" routine.

Humorous patter songs, some of which show up on the radio, were also employed. One old program reveals that Annie Hart was singing. It has *Throw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder* at Pastor's back in 1890. And there's still a laugh in songs like *Put Me Off at Buffalo* which was written and sung by the Dillon Brothers, a top-notch team of comic singers who delivered their numbers in "a curious but effective crossfire manner." The song, as you must know, tells of a man who boards a sleeper and tells the conductor

"Watch the fireworks now!"

Continued on page 241

Pride in their Bearing

Possessions he'll proudly carry and display are these luxurious SWANK brand Wallets in gleaming black or brown leather— corners and signets of 10 Karat Gold. One for the breast pocket, one for the hip —and both designed with the style sense he expects of SWANK accessories. Suitable for initialing. In genuine morocco, $12.50 each

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Why? Because the Pleasure's Mutual!
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Quality FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION... SINCE 1819

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Every drop crystal clear, light and dry, delicately distilled for smooth mixing. Enjoy its delicious flavor in your favorite gin drinks

Graves Gin
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Now in the round bottle. Same as the bottle shown.

distilled and bottled by C. H. GRAVES & SONS CO., Boston, Mass., 100% grain products neutral spirits, from finest American grain, 90 proof

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When Irish Hearts Were Laughing

Continued from page 236

to be sure and put him off at Buffalo, even if he has to get rough with him to wake him up. The porter tosses off the wrong man after a hectic battle and the right fellow sleeps on contentedly.

Maggie Cline, a huge plain-faced woman with a great shock of auburn hair and a voice that "would blast the walls of a theatre," always had tremendous crashes offstage when she sang of the redoubtable McCloskey. Another of her top pieces was *Mary Ann Kehoe*. Close on her heels for popularity was Lottie Gilson, who was known as the "Little Magnet." One of her most successful numbers was *The Sunshine in Paradise Alley*, by John W. Bratton who at nearly eighty, is still turning out songs.

Rumor has it that one of the teams Harrigan and Hart who put on a show held by Douglas Gilbert to be in a class above the vaudeville level, may be brought to life again via motion pictures.

Harrigan and Hart joined forces in 1872 and a great number of the popular songs of the day, songs which "made" other performers, were originally Harrigan songs. Dave Braham wrote all his music and conducted the theatre orchestra. A contemporary wrote of the numbers: "They do to whistle, to grind out of a hand organ, to dance to." The song, *Mulligan Guards*, became famous and Harrigan developed it into an afterpiece at The Comique, of which they became managers and they produced in turn such offspring as the *Mulligan Guards' Ball*, *Chowder*, *Christmas Surprise*, *Picnic* and *Silver Wedding*. Other Harrigan and Hart shows included *The Major*, *Squatter Sovereignty*, *McSorley's Inflation* and *Dan's Tribulations*. If and when Crosby and Hope get around to it the Harrigan and Hart revival should pack the theatres and give America an idea of the laughter that the Irish brought to these shores.

Yet, many of the names are forgotten. One must imitate the historians of the time, the old actors and the few vaudeville players who are still alive to toss a belated garland in remembrance of them. Tony Pastor summed it all up compactly in an interview just before his death. "I can't help thinking that it won't be very long before another generation will be reading names of our present stars and trying to recall what they did and where they played. That is the tragedy of an actor's life. They should have been called comets rather than stars." #

Continued from page 184

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LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON EVERY PAIR

See your dealer for available styles and sizes.

Macy's Santa Claus

Continued from page 133

wears pince-nez and looks like Bernard Baruch. He also in some less clear manner resembles Santa Claus, even in ordinary clothes. Hence the frequent uneasy feeling of strangers that they must have met him before.

This merging of personalities is natural enough. In the beginning Mars disliked the department-store turn, which he took out of brutal necessity. He soon got interested, and in the way of all good players, took the role to heart. By now it has identified him.

But the parts that preceded it and the ones he hopes will follow are still much dearer to him conversationally.

"Don't ever try this trick again, dear"

Aged three-and-a-half, Mars first appeared at the McVickers Theatre in Chicago where Clara Morris had a play called *Miss Multon*. She stayed at the Clifton House, which was managed by Mars' mother. When the company left Chicago Miss Morris got his mother's permission to take the boy with her, paying for a nurse and giving him $50 a week. Mars believes this made him the highest-paid child star of his day.

The six years he spent with Clara Morris are still a remarkably vivid and happy memory. "No artist today compares with her," he insists, adding that Sarah Bernhardt once came backstage and paid her the highest compliment by saying: "That woman isn't acting—she's suffering."

After a period of "character dancing" in his teens, Mars' grandmother took him to France, where he studied dramatic pantomime under Lucarista and played for the Prince of Monte Carlo and at Gaiety Promenade in Paris. Back in America at 21 he began doing juveniles and in time established his own company.

He first splashed into renown (and it didn't altogether please

Continued on page 244

'tis better to give and to receive . . .

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Macy's Santa Claus

Continued from page 242

him) as an Ibsen actor. Introducing the Norwegian playwright's *Enemy of the People* to America at the Manhattan Opera House, he played Dr Stockmann, the hero. Then he appeared on both sides of the Atlantic in *The Master Builder* and *Ghosts*, creating such a sensation in Paris with the latter that he had to do insane roles for three years. At one time he was cast as a man with hydrophobia.

He played with the great James O'Neill, father of Eugene O'Neill, in the *Count of Monte Cristo* and in Charles Frohman's *Ulysses* with the father of Hollywood's Tyrone Power. Later there were years of vaudeville in the Orpheum circuit in a long series of skits he wrote himself. He first appeared in vaudeville in *Tangled Relations*, a satire about divorce in which the hero winds up as his own grandfather. His last Broadway appearance was in 1928 when he brought his own company to New York in a short-lived version of Strindberg's *The Father*.

The movies' 25-year-old promise is slow in being carried out, but Mars already has had the satisfaction of seeing himself on the screen. In 1913 he was featured in *Parsifal*, one of the first full-length movies, produced and directed by Edward Porter in a Long Island studio. Later he went to the old Metro studios in New York and played with Lionel and Ethel Barrymore and Nazimova.

Mars feels that modern players haven't enough experience for really good acting, that they don't understand the theatre as the old-timers do. "No projection, no mood and tempo, no traditions," he says sadly.

A few years ago he and Mary Young, who was Booth's leading lady, went to see the Provincetown Players kid *East Lynne*. Halfway through the first act, with tears in their eyes, they got up and walked out of the theatre.

"We couldn't stand it," he says. "They wouldn't have dared do that in our day."

Meanwhile he lives alone in a west side men's residence, too busy to be lonely or discouraged. There's the play about the psychological aspects of crime that he's writing, the old vaudeville skits that he's turning into stories, the articles that actually get published in the *Rocky Mountain News*. And, of course, the enduring hope of Hollywood.

Finally, there is the knowledge, if all else fails, that come next day-after-Thanksgiving he's sure of top billing once again in the perennial smash hit at Macy's department store. #

Continued from page 133

After the plum pudding

When you've finished the last delicious crumb of that sugary brown plum pudding, settle down in your easy chair, light up a Dutch Masters cigar and enjoy the taste of truly great tobaccos. What a perfect way to end your holiday dinner!

DUTCH MASTERS

WARMTH WITHOUT WEIGHT

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BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, PASSAIC, N. J. • Robes • Ties • Mufflers • Sportswear • [illegible] • Men's and Women's Wear Fabrics • "Botany Brand" [illegible]

"BOTANY" BRAND ROBES* for MEN

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ROLFS *Signature* BILLFOLD*

Your name may have its duplicate in some family branch . . .
your signature is yours alone. Deeply engraved on a bar of solid fourteen karat gold,
that signature imparts, forever, your personality to Rolfs 'Signature' billfold,
makes it uniquely, individually a reflection of you.

This distinguished pocket piece was created for you, to own or to give,
of solid gold and Jacaretinga, rarest and finest of all leathers. Individual as your signature,
the intricate pattern of this precious leather is impossible of duplication.
Its primary facets polish to jewel-like lustre, while the whole takes on,
with age and use, the mellow patina of burnished bronze . . .

A source of utmost pride in your lifetime, Rolfs "Signature"
will be a priceless heritage, in years to come.

If you desire, we will send you promptly the name of the store nearest your home that carries Rolfs "Signature" and "Monogram" billfolds

Rolfs "Signature" in Jacaretinga, ladies' or gentleman's design, $100. In other fine leathers, from $55. Rolfs "Monogram" billfolds in a selection of fine leathers with 14 K gold bar suitable for monogramming, $20 to $37.50. All prices subject to tax.

Rolfs

330 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Division of Amity Leather Products Company

*Patent Pending

Kodachrome by Edward Jacobson

$35. $20. $10.50 $5.50 (plus taxes)

Surrender

HE WILL IF YOU WEAR IT
SHE WILL IF YOU GIVE IT

PARFUMS
CIRO

To sight the old gun
On a high flyin' one
Is a thrill for sportsmen true.

And to make the fun greater
In that drink that comes later
Only Old Thompson will do.

H. E. Kelley

...now for another perfect retrieve

A perfect day calls for a drink that's perfect. Recipe: Take one tired but happy hunter and add a tall glass, ice cubes, a little water and a jigger of Old Thompson. Then a sip and a smile as your happy hunter savors the matchless flavor of Old Kentucky, put there by Glenmore.

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—67½% Grain Neutral Spirits
Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky

A Glenmore Product

OLD THOMPSON
BRAND

* * A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS * *

Sinderella, Incorporated

Continued from page 101

these women writers are glamorous—a provocative hairdo and a skilled photographer are no small help. The patrician loveliness of Daphne du Maurier is a perfect foil for her charming scoundrels who are (to quote the latest advertisement) "brilliant in battle and unscrupulous with beautiful women." Nancy Bruff's piquant features were a great asset in *The Manatee*; her publishers placarded her as "the glamorous young writer all America is talking about." Kathleen Winsor's sultry allure became as legendary as her heroine's in *Forever Amber*, and her book, like Amber, was a flamboyant success story.

What is the secret? Why are women writers surpassing men in concocting tales which are (to vary the rhyme) made of sugar and spice and things that are not traditionally "nice"? It may be said that many of these confections are not so much written as assembled; that they are composed of shopworn emotions rather than ideas, of stock situations, tinsel and shoddy purple passions. But the ladies manipulate the old props as though they were freshly manufactured, as though (incredibly enough) they had never been used before. The formula is not new. It is a combination of the virtuous Beggar Maid and Scarlet Woman—a composite heroine who might well be called Sinderella. Amber is merely Cinderella on the loose, a wanton costume piece, rising like her prototype from rags to riches, from the rustic hedgerows to the royal chamber. Her ancestress Moll Flanders throve on much the same trade. But the author of *Moll Flanders* was Daniel Defoe, a man, and he made his heroine spend her declining years in an atmosphere of pious, though prosperous, repentance.

Our women authors scorn this. They feel no compulsion to pay off their naughty heroines with the wages of sin. They are contemptuous of moral endings. Rosamond Marshall, author of the notorious *Kitty*, has surpassed even this gaudy saga of seduction in *Duchess Hotspur*. The latter unrestrained romance of bed-and-bawd is a classic of its kind. It is presented as "the vibrant story of one of England's loveliest wanton ladies who scorned the nobles and gave the golden key to her heart *and* (the advertisements pointedly add) her boudoir to a commoner." It includes a whole gallery of stereotypes: a poor but potent hero, an amorous and amoral heroine, a rabble of noblemen and roughs, mistresses and murderers, and a death scene in which Laurence Sterne is polished off in

Continued on page 270

Points out the Well Dressed Man!

ANSON Collar Holders, Tie Slides and Cuff Links come beautifully packaged in single pieces, 2, 3 and 4 piece sets. Priced about $1.50 to about $24.00. At your favorite Men's Jewelry Counter.

ANSON PRODUCTS • 24 BAKER ST. • PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A full selection of Men's Jewelry in gold filled and gold plated of exceptional quality

Rain Topcoats
that do Double Duty

. . Topcoat Smartness plus Showerproof Protection

Leading retailers now feature what thousands have waited for—the Rain Topcoat, of finely loomed super-fabrics that make one garment serve as two.

These fabrics in your favorite shade are soft-draping, rich to the touch, and retain their smartness for the life of the garment.

Moreover, they are showerproofed a unique way which permits the fabric, hence the body, to "breathe."

Men who want the distinction of fine tailoring, fine fabrics, and eminently correct style are selecting the Rain Topcoat by Rainfair. And they obtain full measure of utility in a garment that gives double duty rain or shine.

Ask for a Rainfair. Look for the label shown below.

York—**$12.50**—*(at left)* Made from fine combed yarn gabardine. Trim fitting collar shaped to your neck line, raglan shoulders. Open through pockets. Yoke and sleeve lining of strong, silky rayon. Colors: light olive and taupe.

Zipron . . . **$13.75**—*(center)* Softly draping gabardine of fine combed cotton yarn. Knee length, raglan shoulders, balmacaan collar. B. B. stitching on cuffs and bottom. Yoke and sleeve lining of strong silky rayon. Colors: bleached bone and light olive.

RAINFAIR
Racine, Wisconsin
Makers of Smartair Sportswear
Also manufacturers of Rainfair Uniform and Work Wear

RAINFAIR Showerproof Rain Topcoats

How to make your Rain Topcoat last... our new free booklet gives you detailed instructions, and illustrates the popular Rainfair styles ranging in price from $12.50 to $30.00. Write for it today.

Wow! Up to my neck in Christmas Spirit-all this P.S.

PURITAN SPORTSWEAR

WOMAN, smother that man with real Yuletide affection! Keep him covered the year round in true Puritan style. Spruce him up in Puritan Sports winners as warm hearted and cheerful spirited as a crackling hearth fire. Puritan leisure wear is fashioned to fit well and wear beautifully. Idling, playing or working, the man will love 'em—shine in 'em. Gifts not easily forgotten—one and all! All styles and colors at finer stores

Sweaters Sport Shirts Weatherproof Jackets Beachwear

The PURITAN KNITTING MILLS, Inc. • Plant: Altoona, Pa. • Showrooms: Empire State Bldg., N Y 1

Sinderella, Incorporated

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a paragraph that is more unconsciously comic than the consensus burlesque of Max Beerbohm's *Savonarola Brown*. The authors of the proud young journalist and the lusty pursuing Duchess Percy reach a series of incredible climaxes. For example:

> *A little blood crept inside Tom's nightshirt, a warm wet face nestled in the hollow of his neck. The blaze from the hearth fire was not hotter than their loving. When Percy rose from the newspaper bed, inked words were stamped on one rosy buttock, words from an Old Gazette. It read backward but Tom, an experienced in type reading, could decipher the imprint: "A Continuation of Certain Privileges."*

All this is a far cry from the best sellers of yesteryear. Such goings on could never occur in Harold Bell Wright's fleshless novel *The Winning of Barbara Worth*, which sold more than a million and a half copies, or Eleanor Porter's *Pollyanna*, that incorrigibly glad girl, or Gene Stratton-Porter's ruggedly wholesome *Girl of the Limberlost*. The heroines of our day are even further removed from Richardson's *Pamela or Virtue Rewarded* in which the young maidservant indignantly repels advances and refuses to yield her virtue (as per subtitle) until after marriage.

Today this would seem a mockery. Today most women would cynically conclude that the adage which says "Virtue is its own reward" is the devil's best advertisement. Even the most strait-laced woman, they contend, has a touch of the suppressed courtesan in her. Modern women in love voice a longing for equal rights, a demand for untrammelled—or at least occasional—freedom. They have tired of playing the passive role; the pursued have turned pursuers.

After all, women instinctively know what excites women, and men. It is no mere poetic fancy that the names of today's perfumes are significantly sexual: "Foolish Virgin," "Aphrodisia," "Libido," "Danger," "Ecstasy," "Courage" (frankly advertised as "a challenge, a whispered invitation for a man to be masterful"), "Tabu," the forbidden scent, "Breathless," "Follow Me," "Surrender," "Saint" and "Sinner," which, says an informal survey, outsold "Saint" two to one.

This may be historically startling. But Clio the Muse of History was a woman—a woman who recorded the truth—and she remembers that Sappho also was a woman outspoken about her passions, peculiar though they were. Yet Sappho's precedent was not followed for 2000 years. Rarely

Continued on page 252

THE COLLECTOR'S PIPE

John Surrey's

Golden Burl Prima... $5

AN EXTRA MEASURE of pride comes with the ownership of a John Surrey GOLDEN BURL PRIMA. For its beauty says what its performance proves ... here is a pipe of unmistakable quality and character.

Fashioned from the choicest *imported briar*, John Surrey's GOLDEN BURL PRIMA is hand made by craftsmen who, for three generations have devoted their skill exclusively to the art of fine pipe making. Observe the rich golden finish, unmarred by varnish or lacquer sprays. Instead the briar is polished with a costly wax to bring out the full beauty and color of its handsome grain.

Ask for John Surrey's GOLDEN BURL PRIMA at your favorite tobacconist's. 36 different shapes. If your dealer cannot supply you, please write to us, mentioning dealer's name and address.

OTHER LINES Sir John $2.50 Royal House $3.50 Briary Prima $5.00, Sun Flame $7.50

JOHN SURREY, LTD. 509 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17

More Famous Watches Wear Bretton Bands than any other kind

Take this as your cue for Christmas giving. BRETTON bands rate as top favorites with manufacturers and importers of famous watches—people who know watch bands best. For a fine watch looks its finest when its band is a fine quality BRETTON—superbly styled, precision built by expert craftsmen, beautiful to behold. Indeed, giving or getting, there is no finer watch band than a BRETTON!

[illegible] $18.50 [illegible] $25.00 [illegible]

Bretton

FIRST AMONG FINE WATCH BANDS

BRUNER-RITTER, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20

EMPEROR
WORLD'S CHOICEST BRIAR

An Investment
YOU WILL ALWAYS BE GLAD YOU MADE

FOR symmetry, for rugged strength, for rare beauty of costly imported briar — here is true perfection. Every Emperor is a masterpiece created in the custom tradition. Hand-fitted mouthpiece of traditional design, and removable cleaner to suit your smoking mood.

Truly, your Emperor is a pipe you can discuss confidently with any pipe-lover.

The shapes illustrated can be had at
$3.50 · $5.00 · $7.50 · and $10.00 Limited

EMPEROR PIPES
Empire Briar Pipe Co., Inc. 608 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

Sinderella, Incorporated

Continued from page 250

did the women writers wrestle with the "baser emotions" of mankind, and when they did they were condemned. The three Brontë sisters first appeared in masculine pseudonyms, Anne, Emily and Charlotte making their debut as Acton, Ellis and Currer Bell. Mary Ann Evans signed her novels George Eliot. Amandine Lucile Aurore Dudevant protected herself by assuming the name of George Sand, even though, as a woman, she wrote "I have never imposed constancy on myself. When I have felt that love was dead, I have said so without shame and have obeyed the fate that was leading me elsewhere." But George Sand and George Eliot were exceptions and even they had to suffer; the frankness with which they led their own lives provoked storms of angry protest.

Then, in the first half of the twentieth century, woman emancipated herself. She began to write voluminously, unreservedly. Her books revealed a creature who refused to follow the old patterns of double-standard behavior, a liberated spirit that troubled the once-superior complacent male. They evoked a set of questions which still remain unanswered. Do these women writers actually favor polygamy—or polyandry? Is it possible that the women who buy these books in increasing thousands are becoming increasingly promiscuous? Are they, too, demanding the right to seek their pleasure wherever they can find it, in bed and out of wedlock?

It is a platitude that readers identify themselves with what they read. Today the respectable housewives, the irreproachable matrons, and the unsullied teachers identify themselves with women who are more beautiful but no better than they should be. There is a vicarious thrill. They too (so they persuade themselves) could have been lively and distracting hussies if they had let themselves go—or rather if they had not let themselves go to seed. They envy these fancy wenches who wink broadly from the shelves of every lending library; theirs are the sour grapes of Womwrath.

As writers, men continually alternate between false romance and rough realism. Women know better. They write not so much about things as they are but as they ought to be. Their stuff is made, not of coarse fact, but of silk-spun, wish-woven fantasy, lush and lax. Theirs is a world where love laughs at law, where the tempestuous mustangs ride roughshod over trampled reason, where desire never falters but is always gloriously fulfilled. #

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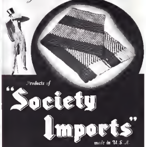
Distinguished Accessories for Men

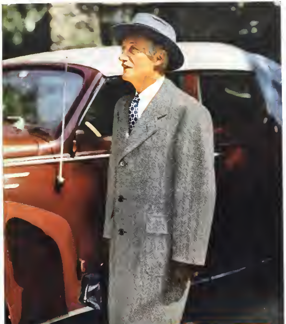


Products of
"Society Imports"
made in U.S.A.

HOSE · GLOVES · MUFFLERS · SWEATERS

AVAILABLE THROUGHOUT THE STATES AT DISCRIMINATING MEN'S SHOPS AND BETTER DEPARTMENT STORES

SOCIETY IMPORTS · Division of Society Gloves, Inc. · 79 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16



a doctor can't afford to "let-down"

It's a wise doctor who realizes the strain he puts on his clothes — and chooses those that are built to keep their smartness ... like Timely Clothes. For Timely Clothes have the advantage of Balanced Tailoring*— a special blend of hand tailoring (for soft shapeliness) and machine sewing (for extra strength). All at a moderate price ... Timely Coats, $45 to $75.

For the name of the store nearest you, write: TIMELY CLOTHES, Inc., Rochester 2, N. Y.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Balanced Tailoring makes
TIMELY CLOTHES
look better ... longer

To all your men
..say "Relax in
BOSTONIAN Slax*"
Bostonian Basque in wine suede
Bostonian Slide in wine calf and black patent calf, solid wine calf or natural veal.
Mansfield Slax* Mod in brown calf

Enjoy the twinkle in their eyes when they spy SLAX*. Casual! Carefree! All men will take to this leisure-time slipper comfort joyfully and with endless thanks to you. P.S. . . . There is a MANSFIELD selection of Slax*, too!

TUCK A BOSTONIAN MINIATURE INTO *HIS* CHRISTMAS STOCKING!

He'll be charmed with the token Mini Slax* in a Tom Thumb box. He'll exchange the gift bond for his wearin' size and color choice at his convenience.

Slax Footwear Inc.
North Quincy Massachusetts
*Reg. U.S. Pat Off

Wrisley
SPRUCE
for Men

Simply Superb!

Gentlemen prefer the unobtrusive, cool, forest-fresh scent of Spruce ... the smartness of its elegant simplicity ... Spruce toiletries for men are unerringly correct and appreciated

Ivory plastic Shave Bowl with lock-top closure
Shave Lotion • Talc • Cologne Deodorant
Hair Dressing • Soap for Men • In sets or singly, one to three dollars.

The aristocrat of sweaters made of the finest virgin woolen yarns from Australia Soft as fleece—light as a feather—tailored to perfection! At most fine stores... $15
you bet
it's good
it's a
Brentwood
america's finer sportswear

Brentwood beauties—every one! Sportswear unsurpassed in value, style and good taste. Crafted with custom precision in every stitch for the man of quality ... priced moderately for most everyone. At most fine stores—but not always in every style shown

BRENTWOOD SPORTSWEAR
Philadelphia • New York

Duty—Honor—and Country

Continued from page 132

girl friend, completely in black We knew her as the camouflage widow In an hour there were ten or a dozen of us. The uniforms of a half-dozen nations were around the table It was obvious that Yvette was an internationalist. We were sitting around gossiping The conversation was gay, mild unimportant Drinks began to come more quickly Then saucers piled up

Finally I had my break Someone — I think it was Marie — suggested poker I allowed myself to be persuaded Yvette said "Come over to my place" We piled into a taxi and went over to her apartment just off the Rue des Grands Augustins We sat around, had a couple of drinks, sent out for supper and started to play I always had a theory that anyone with practically unlimited cash could win at poker Winning at poker is the business of playing to win instead of playing for fun — and I had no cash worry It was a good stiff game nothing more, and there I sat with 10,000 francs back of me I wouldn't have needed 500 I never had such luck in my life I played carefully, but I set out to play against Yvette It wasn't as tough a job as it seemed She had good hands, but she was being topped by pretty much everybody About eleven she was pretty desperate She picked up her cards and opened for 100 francs The pot was tilted I looked at my hand I had nothing I couldn't even play There were five people in the pot I saw Yvette getting more nervous The play was high — there must have been a thousand francs in the pot I watched her like a hawk — a vulture might be more accurate. The hands went down and Yvette won The color came back to her lips The game went on but it was not her night.

She was not playing her cards well. She began to try to force her luck I was playing very carefully A couple of hours later I saw that strange look of desperation come back to her face I picked up my hand and there were three aces Jack Carney opened for 100 francs Yvette raised him 100 and I raised 200 francs Jack came back Yvette stayed I raised again They both stayed Jack drew two, Yvette one and I drew to my full hand Jack bet 500 francs Yvette looked at her hand slowly, pulled the cigarette case out of her handbag and said, "How much is this worth?" I looked it over indifferently I wanted to make sure it was the right cigarette case. It was There was the ring with

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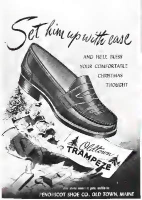

Set him up with ease
AND HE'LL BLESS YOUR COMFORTABLE CHRISTMAS THOUGHT
Oldtown TRAMPEZE

For store nearest you, write to
PENOBSCOT SHOE CO. OLD TOWN, MAINE

Founded P&T in 1840
PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
America's Luxury Whiskey
PARK & TILFORD Private Stock A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
From the Treasured Stocks of a Century Old House

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC. NEW YORK, N. Y. • A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES • 86 PROOF

Ākom talks a man's language

WITH GIFTS THAT KEEP ON GIVING

Your Christmas "male" will purr with gratitude when he opens your AKOM gift particularly the new Snoozmaster* with the smart paratrooper flop-over style note. Two models the Sportsman, a double-service performer in warm knit cotton, for sleep or wear under sports attire for outdoor winter activities the Beau Brummell, luxurious lounge and slumberwear handsomely tailored cotton and rayon that's washable

Snoozmaster Sportsman . . . Claret Cove Blue, California Gold 3 95

Snoozmaster Beau Brummell Moon Blue, Sandman Tan 8 95

AKOM CHUKKA SHIRT* smartly tailored knit wool and cotton Luggage Brown Marine Blue Fireman Red Bottle Green 7.50

AKOM POP SHIRT* for all out door sports features exclusive action sleeve Indian Red Marine Blue California Gold, White 2.50

AKOM SIDEKICKS*, sweaters of distinction, plain and fancy sleeves and sleeveless, 100% virgin wool worsted 5.95 to 6 95

Available at leading stores the country over. *Reg U S Pat Off

ĀKOM

Easy fitting knit sportswear for MEN

AKOM • EMPIRE STATE BUILDING • NEW YORK 1

Duty—Honor—and Country

Continued from page 257

“Duty Honor Country” right on it. I offered 500 francs. She screamed bloody murder. Jack looked at it and said that was all he would give for it. She kept on screaming and I finally made it 1000 francs. She tossed the cigarette case on the table and raised Jack 500. I looked at my hand. I had caught two lovely eights that were sitting there along with my three bullets. “Tablestakes,” said Yvette, “that's all I've got.” I called and so did Jack. I won, of course. Yvette had a king-high flush. I stuck the cigarette case in my pocket, loaned Yvette 500 francs and played the tightest game you ever saw. We broke up about four. Yvette was down to a couple of hundred francs. She propositioned me for the cigarette case, but no soap.

I walked up the Rue St. Anne the next afternoon. The colonel looked at me. “Well?” I tossed the cigarette case across the desk to him. He sighed a sigh of relief. “Good,” he said.

“Here,” I said to him as I opened my billfold, “are your 10,000 francs.”

“That, too?”

“Yes,” I went on. “I spent 265 francs for wine and supper.”

“Oh, take that out,” said the colonel, being big-hearted.

“I have,” I said. “And here,” I continued dramatically—at least I thought it dramatic—“are 6525 francs.”

“What's that?” he asked.

“That is extra stuff that I won,” I replied.

“For God's sake,” said Joe, “put that in your pocket.”

“I'll do a lot for the Army,” I said, “but I won't play that kind of a game for my own profit.”

“What the hell am *I* going to do with it?” he wanted to know.

“I know,” I said, “put it in your left-hand top drawer until the next general gets into a jam.” ⊞

“When are you going to learn to quit singing while you shave?”

Continued from page 182

Golosov Co

Custombilt pipes

Gift-Giving is a Pipe

with Convertibole* by Custombilt* the newest idea in pipe smoking inter changeable for every occasion as individual as a thumbprint hand crafted styles for office, home and outdoors

the *Twist* of your *Wrist* plugs in a fresh pipe 2 or 3 times daily

Priced $7 50 medium $10 00 large • Spare bowls $3 50 medium $5 00 large • At all fine stores or write

EUGENE J RICH INC
7 EAST 35TH ST • NEW YORK 16

*Aged Imported brayere

NO CREASED BROWS THIS CHRISTMAS!

Here's a gracious way to remember him Give him a fine Lee Hat but let him select it

A Lee Hat gift certificate enables him to suit himself with just the size, shape and color he prefers

Lee gift certificates are packed in little "Lee plastic" boxes with a miniature token hat a foretaste of the pride and pleasure he'll get from his handsome, long lived, smart Lee

Sold in various denominations from $8 50 to $20 00

LEE HAT GIFT CERTIFICATE

Tune in Drew Pearson and his "Predictions of Things to Come" every Sunday, coast to coast over the American Broadcasting Company's (Blue) Network

Frank H Lee Co Fifth Avenue New York

Symphony IN COLOR

Smoothie Ties present a seasonal symphony in color . . . in which designs executed with inspiration strike the bright note of fashion. Fine fabrics, full cut and wool lined, plus built-in wrinkle-resistant quality are the colorful signature of Smoothie Ties . . . on display wherever excellent neckwear is sold

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Smoothie WRINKLE RESISTANT TIES

SPORTSWEAR • • • • UNDERWEAR

Manufacturers A. SCHRETER & SONS, INC. • Baltimore, Md. • Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C.

We Shoot at Sunrise

Continued from page 116

have a meeting and Winona King comes to me with a contract. Everything she's got except no script. And she says 'We've got to shoot in the morning.'

'Shoot in the morning!' I says. 'This is insanity. Winona, my beloved friend, I cannot risk my reputation in such a flimsy enterprise.' Anyway I'm a sick man and besides this my agent I'm just discovering is a crook and has been making remarks to my wife that when I say I'm shooting nights at the studio that this is a lie and that I am in Mocambo rumba-dancing. In this Winona is not interested. I must direct the picture. She pleads with me and pleads. Hokay. 'I say, we shoot in the morning. I promise you.'

"Then comes something that is out of this world. Out of a blue clear sky comes to my house the vice-consul of the country in which I was born. But now I am many years an American citizen so this doesn't mean anything to me. But the blood of my forefathers don't wash off so easy. So when this vice-consul reminds me of the old days of the great happiness in the old country before they shot my father I made with him a dinner engagement. I say, 'I take you to Romanoffs.' 'No, for the novelty,' he says, 'I would like to go to Chinatown.' Now Georgie, mine pal, sit quiet, because I'm going to tell you something now that is unbelievable. But I will take an oath on the Little Boss' life and you know what I think of him—without him where would I be? Now thank God everything is hokay. Anyway this vice-consul takes me to this Chinese restaurant and he is very palsy-walsy with the Chinese. This Chinese has a name like something Lo Ling High. We have all kinds dishes—almonds, raisins, ducks, different herbs with vegetables which I am not enjoying. Then from out a blue clear sky comes a proposition. This Chinese wants to produce a picture. He has the finances and also a son from whom I shall make a Tyrone Power.

"But it couldn't be the butler that done it that happens to be the butler, Inspector"

'Well,' I says to myself, 'I must get out of this place even if I have to make some terrible excuse like it's sick my old mother.' This I do and as I am leaving I say to them both the Chinese and the consul, 'This is to me very interesting what you tell me. But I have important phone call at my house. Contact me again.' With this I am leaving because between this entire combination—the eating, the consul and the whole thing—my nerves are on edges. I jump in my car, not the one that was stolen from me in Palm Springs, but the new one which goes like lightning and I say to myself, 'Laslo, don't let these things upset you—go home, take a slipping pill and get some rest.' I do not answer myself because this is settled and does not require any more conversation.

"I go to my apartment, change my clothes. I hear the doorbell is ringing. My man opens it and there stands in the doorway the Chinese from the restaurant and six others. They are so polite, you know how they are, that I tell them, 'Gentlemen, sit down. I cannot serve for you the eating that you are associated with. Where I can get herbs in my apartment? But I can give you some tea with lemon and some lox.' 'No,' these Chinese are saying, 'we came only to talk to you. Eating we can do at another time.' 'Well,' I say, 'please yourselves. Give me please one minute to change my dressing.' Just then the telephone rings.

"I rush to the phone I thinking maybe it's the Little Boss, God bless him, because no matter what happens in my life I will never forget what he done for me. But no, the phone call is from my friend the vice-consul who tells me for the good will of both the countries, his and the Chinese, I would be helping humanity if I

"Touch the button, and sip . . . you're ready for your first card game"

Continued on page 259C

SPORTING ENSEMBLE . . .

To suit the masculine taste. For that important occasion give him a sterling silver set which includes tie clip, $8.75. Cuff links $14.25 and money clip, $10. Also matching belt buckle (not shown), $16.50. Silver key chain, $14. Prices include Federal Tax.

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We Shoot at Sunrise

Continued from page 259B

am directing a picture with the guy's son, Tyrone Ling High.

'Well,' I say, 'gentlemen, give me some time to think it over. Not only do I have to make up my own mind, but I will have to confer with my agent because I could not do anything without him.' This is a lie because my agent don't care what I am doing so long he gets the commissions. But naturally I am not telling this to the Chinese because what they care about my personal impediments. They all nod their heads very understandingly and the head one from the restaurant with the herbs says I should think it over, but they would like to start shooting in the morning.

'This is such a impossible thing that for the first time in my life I find myself without the words to speak. I say only 'Good-bye gentlemen.' And they leave. They are gone not even ten minutes when my friend the vice-consul calls me how happy he is that I have signed the contract with the Chinese. 'What contract?' I say. 'I told them only I would let them know.' He answers me that by these people this is a contract, as they are the most honest people in the world and signing papers with them is nothing. A shake hands is by them better than the biggest contract and if I do not go through with this he is in a spot not only because he promised them, but that he owes them money for many meals which he is having in the restaurant and these herbs he is eating by the doctor's orders. Also he can be deported because of some other trouble that he's having on account of some feminine person. I tell him hokay, I promise to start shooting in the morning. I hang up. Bong, bong, goes the telephone. Who is calling me? The Little Boss. I catch myself together and answer the phone. 'Hello, my beloved friend,' I say, 'what can I do for you?' He tells me he has a picture for me to direct, I should come right away to the studio and get ready to start shooting in the morning. Now, Palsy, that's the situation that I am in. I'm shooting in the morning for Winona King. I'm shooting in the morning for the Chinese Tyrone Power. And so now for the Little Boss I'm shooting yet besides. If he thinks for one minute, my friend, that . . . but well, the Little Boss is my pal. After all didn't I promise him? A promise is a promise, my friend.

'Now I got ten minutes before I got to be on the stage to make a test. I'll play you two games three across same gin. A little relaxation is a good thing for me unless of course I'm losing. #

Continued from page 116

millions of men prefer Style King REG. T. M. toiletries

Men come back *again* and *again* for Style King! Men like that distinctive ruggedly masculine scent—so cool and refreshing. They appreciate the extra quality, the trim, modern Style King containers. Style King toiletries are designed by men for men . . . that's why they're bound to satisfy.

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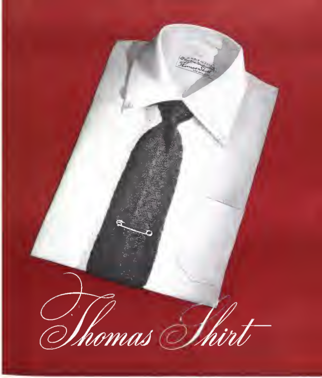

Thomas' new button-down shirt, custom-constructed in comfort conscious California. Luxurious for business wear with tie as shown, or for casual wear open or buttoned. At leading stores about $10.00. Or write Thomas Shirt Co., Los Angeles 15.

With its rich, handsome leather and its sleek, streamlined design, this smart MEEKER creation is the perfect Christmas gift. But it's just as practical as it is attractive—has room for bills, checks, etc., plus a Removable Pass Case that holds 8 cards, licenses, snapshots, etc. Expertly fashioned in fine, hand-boarded Calfskin, Genuine Morocco, or Pigskin—black or brown.

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[illegible]

Man's Alien Shore

Continued from page 93

opened his eyes to see a convertible crosscut them sharply and duck into their traffic lane to pass a car on the inside. Instinctively he pushed hard against the floor board with his brake foot and braced his hands flat on the seat.

"The stinker," she said calmly, picking up speed. "I'll show him."

He turned his head and her eyes were as placid as iced coffee. He said, "Let the son-of-a-bitch go. Remember my aged nerves."

Her foot eased up and without looking she reached over and covered his braced left hand with her right one. He looked down at it, square and competent, and turned his palm up to lace fingers. He clenched his hand tight and she clenched back, and her flesh was firm and dry and smooth.

Like kids in a movie he thought, like a couple of goddam kids.

To get his hand back he lit a cigarette, and she said, "One for me," so he lit another, taking excessive care to keep the paper dry. She leaned toward him without taking her eyes off the road, her lips parted, and he put the cigarette in her mouth.

"Where is this joint we're going to?" he asked.

She blew out a deep lungful of smoke. "Almost there."

Half a mile further she cut casually left through two lines of traffic and pulled a hundred yards up a side street to stop in front of a place that called itself The Ship in distorted neon letters. She turned the key and handed it to him and slipped out and around the front of the car to wait for him on the sidewalk.

He motioned to the canvas bag. "Bring it in?"

"Who'd steal that?" She laughed and turned to a door with a large round porthole set in at eye level.

He followed her, feeling stiff in the knees from jumping surf, and they came into a long narrow barroom decorated with life preservers, ship's lanterns and a large ship's bell. A cobweb of ship's cordage sagged from the ceiling.

"Very nautical," he said drily.

She said, "Come on," and walked to a little room in back.

Here the portholes were smaller and a little dirty, and in the dusty light he saw four empty built-in tables against the walls. She motioned him to one out of view of the narrow doorway and he sat down on a kitchen chair.

She stood over him. "Scotch and plain water?"

"Beer," he said. "I'm thirsty." And when she started away, he called, "No waiters in this joint?"

"I'm quicker," she said.

She brought back two bottles

Continued on page 265

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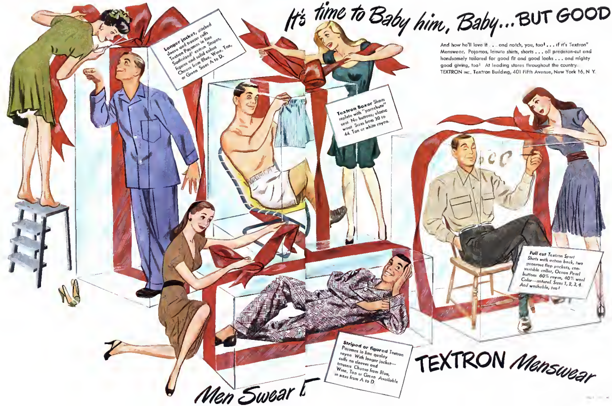

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Man's Alien Shore

Continued from page 260

and two glasses and poured for both of them. Then she sat down opposite him and pushed his across the linoleum table top. He stared at the pale foamy collar for a moment and then took a long swallow.

"Ah!" He nodded. "Swimming dehydrates you."

She ignored her drink, watching him, and there was something in her eyes.

Finally she said, "I wanted to be here with you."

He said, "Well, here we are."

"You like it?"

"You said it was gloomy."

"I mean, do you like being here with me?"

He escaped her eyes and said, "I like being with you anywhere—you know that. Drink your drink."

She took a quick sip. "I've been happy here. I've had good times. I'll come back. And I want to be able to remember you sitting there."

He said, "Out with the boys?" trying to evade her, but she seemed not to have heard.

"Darling," she said, reaching out to touch her fingertips to his, "it's been so wonderful. You're so wonderful. Everything's so wonderful."

"Now wait—"

"Don't tell me it's silly," she said quickly. "I love you. Oh dear gentle God, I love you so."

"Stop it," he said.

"I can't," she said. "I can't stop it. You can't stop it. It's there. Why don't you accept it, darling? Why not enjoy it? If you'd just give in, it wouldn't hurt you. It wouldn't hurt me."

He picked up his glass with his left hand to get it away from hers and took a drink. The hand shook and a little of the beer ran down his chin. He mopped at it with his handkerchief.

"Listen," he said. "I leave on The Chief tomorrow noon."

She looked over his head and said, "Nineteen hours."

"I'll be gone and God only knows when I'll be back."

"I don't care."

"You've got to pull yourself together."

"I'm all right. I'm perfectly all right."

"But there's no good in it for you," he said desperately. "Maybe I've got no children, but I've got a wife and she—"

"Shut up!" she said and threw her hand across his mouth. It was almost a slap. "I don't want to hear it again." Abruptly the fierceness went out of her voice and she leaned toward him. "Darling, I'm sorry."

He scraped at his lips with the

Continued on page 266

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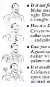

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Man's Alien Shore

Continued from page 265

back of his hand and said "It's all right. But listen, child—"

She got to her feet, emptied his bottle into his glass, and started back toward the door "I'll get you another," she said

He drank the beer angrily and thought How the hell did I get into this? How did I get her into it? I've always laughed at old goats who got ideas about young girls I've always thought the girls must be on the make Sharp little hussies who knew the actuarial tables And now look at me! And look at her It doesn't add up It doesn't make sense

She came back, wiping a squat bottle with a paper napkin, her face entirely calm 'They're out of Mexican beer," she said. "Is this all right?"

"Just so it's wet" he said

She poured for him again and sat down across the table to stare at him She propped her elbows on the table set her chin between her hands and set her eyes on him almost blankly He had endured this for days now and it made him increasingly uneasy, as if he were in a police line-up

He said "Goddam it—don't do that"

She gave a start and asked, 'What?'

"Look holes through me."

She gave half a laugh, soft in her throat, and said "I'm memorizing your face" And when he looked puzzled she said 'I wake up in the night dreaming I can't see you any more"

"A damn good thing"

"It's horrible" she said simply

"Look, child" he said. "Why don't we wash me off your slate? Why don't you walk right out of this dump and forget you ever saw me?"

"Why?" she said. "I don't want to"

He clawed at his short greying hair and glared at her "Good God," he said, "why don't you face the facts? The only reason you look at me twice is because you aren't seeing right just now Hell I'm old enough to be your father I'm as old as Time"

'I don't care how old you are" she said "I love you"

'You don't"

"Then what are you afraid of?"

He drank the beer without taking the glass from his lips, set it down, and made wet circles with it on the table top He thought Well what *was* I afraid of? What *could* I be afraid of? He was afraid of hurting her yes And afraid of hurting his wife back home But it was something more than that.

She said to him, 'Give me a nickel for the juke box There's a tune that I really want you

Continued on page 268

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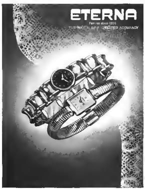

ETERNA WATCH CO. OF AMERICA, INC., 580 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19

Man's Alien Shore

Continued from page 266

to hear. And I'm out of change."

He gave her a nickel and a dollar for the beer and waited. These modern songs were jingly; they had no melody to dance into your memory and stay there. He knew about songs and high moments, but this would be something he could forget.

And then the song followed her around the corner: *After You're Gone.* "I've always liked it," she said, "and now I always will."

It wasn't the old Sophie Tucker record. It was a modern symphonic arrangement with the vocals taken soft and humid.

"Dinah Shore," she said.

"Nice," he said and asked himself by what intuition she had picked something tied into his salad days, redolent of his youth, something he had never forgotten and could not forget. He asked, "Why did you want to get mixed up with me anyway?"

"I didn't want to," she said. "Did you?"

"Hell, no. What's in it for you? What can I do for you?"

She had that look on her face again, staring at him. "Darling, I don't want anything from you."

"There ought to be something."

She shook her head.

Irritably he said, "Is there anything I can *give* you?"

"There's nothing I want of you, darling. Absolutely nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Yes." She held out her hand. "Your key."

"But child—"

"Please."

"Someone will see you. Someone you know."

"I don't care."

"I've got to go to dinner with this man. I'll be late."

She smiled at him. "I'll wait."

He reached in his coat pocket and pulled out the brass key with the oval of plastic hooked to it. He read the inscription about putting on a stamp and dropping it in the nearest mailbox and let it fall into her square flat palm. Her strong fingers closed around it and she got up.

"We'd better get along, darling," she said. "I don't want to make you late for your dinner."

He followed her out through the narrow barroom, watching the play of muscles in the back of her legs, smelling the warmth blowing through the open porthole. He watched her walk ahead of him and he thought: I'm a stinker. I'm a heel. I ought to cut it off short and clean. But she's young. She can take care of herself. She'll get over this.

And then when he stepped out into the sunlight he thought: But will I? ##

Continued from page 98

Once again you may have all the perfection of Tailored Man Pajamas—all the exclusive pre-war features that made Glover pajamas famous. These pajamas really fit . . . no sagging shoulders—no bottom bowl gs— no safety-pin waist. Here is the very acme of fine tailoring for yourself and your friends. Not too many available yet—but a prize when you find them . . . at the finer stores.

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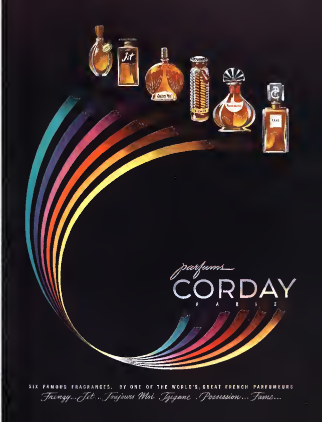

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Georgia Spartan

Continued from page 141

sensational All-American back.

Wally's first season at Georgia was only so-so but among sixty-odd freshmen who reported in the Fall of 1939 was "Fireball Frankie," a blocky-built kid from Youngstown, Ohio. Although it was Sinkwich and his flat-footed duck-waddle way of running that set Wally on top with an Orange Bowl champion in 1942 and a Rose Bowl winner in 1943 he, at the same time, came very near being the millstone that dragged Wally under.

The clash between these two potent personalities came in the Spring of 1941 when Frankie then a junior suddenly informed Wally that he wouldn't be out for spring practice. When asked why, Sinkwich sullenly said that he was tired of football and wanted more time for studying and dates.

This was too much for Wally. He didn't beg Frankie to come out, nor did he try and put pressure on him. He just avoided him as studiously as something fetched across his path by a none-too-meticulous cat. Avoiding a player of Frankie's caliber when one's career might depend on it was hard but Wally did it and worked away with the material at hand. Finally Sinkwich's friends prevailed upon him to change his mind. He went to his coach and asked for a chance to come out for the remainder of practice.

Those who witnessed the redemption of the errant Sinkwich still shudder over what happened. For hour after hour day after day, play after play, Frankie carried the ball with Butts excoriating his every effort. It was the making of Sinkwich. In the Fall of 1941 Frankie made the Associated Press All-American and led the nation with a total of 1,846 yards gained including 1,103 yards rushing for an average of 110.3 a game. He also showed great courage by playing the last nine games of the season with a broken jaw.

It would be manifestly unfair to picture Butts simply as a whip-cracker who takes ready-made high school stars and whips them into winning college elevens. The little guy is quite a coach. He won the Nashville *Banner* award as the Southeastern Conference's outstanding coach in 1942 and twice has helped coach the college All Stars in the annual game with the pros at Chicago. And offsetting such admittedly great material as Sinkwich and Charley Trippi of his present squad, there is Wally's feat of making an All-American end of George Poschner who had been a cheerleader in high school!

Poschner was a pal of Sinkwich

Continued on page 274

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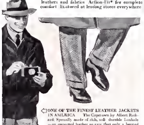

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Albert Richard
MILWAUKEE
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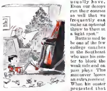
Georgia Spartan

Continued from page 273

in Youngstown, Ohio, high school, and was originally given a scholarship at Georgia just to keep the temperamental Frankie company. Poschner weighed only 165 pounds, but Butts, never a man to coddle an idle investment, invited George to come out for football. This was a happy day for both, for Poschner became one of the greatest ends in Georgia history on Butts' teams of 1941 and 1942.

Butts, who has used both the single-wing and "T" formation effectively at Georgia, sums up his coaching system this way. He rates the following in the order named as the main features of his tactics: (1) discipline, (2) condition, (3) fundamentals and (4) pass attack.

"The outstanding feature of Butts' pass patterns is the number of eligible receivers he can get down and the way they run their course," says one of his assistants. "About the best the average coach can get down field is three, but Wally's system projects four possible receivers into the open on virtually every pass play, which runs the opposing secondary crazy. Everyone of these is a potential threat because you never see Wally's receivers loafing under a pass. They run as if all of them have a chance to catch it, and they usually have. Even our decoys run their courses so well that we frequently can make an optional throw to them in a tight spot."



Butts is said to be one of the few college coaches in the Southeast who uses his center to block the weak side end on pass plays. This maneuver looses an extra receiver. When his center protested that he couldn't do it, Wally, a great demonstrator despite his forty-one years, showed him just how it could be done. This ability to demonstrate is another strong point in Butts' coaching. Proud of his passing arm, Wally frequently takes over the passer's duties in scrimmage and finds

Continued on page 276

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Georgia Spartan

Continued from page 274

loopholes in the defense. He never misses a slipshod tackle or block no matter how smoothly the play may function otherwise.

Butts' players are the first to defend him against those who criticize his coaching methods. They will tell you he is the best in the business, that he molds a certain amount of character, or 'pours it,' as one player put it. "If you've got anything in you, good or bad, Butts will bring it out," said one boy. "I believe that he appeals to the good in the boy by getting rid of his bad qualities in a hurry."

If there is one thing that characterizes Butts himself, and hence his approach to football, it is that he came up the rough way, making up in gameness what he lacked in physical equipment, making up in strategy what he lacked in brute strength. Today Wally is known facetiously as "Football's Mr. Five-by-Five," a testimonial to his 190 pounds packed on only five feet six inches of frame. He weighed only 165 pounds when he was an all-conference end at Mercer University in Macon.

Butts is a scrapper who has practiced his trade. He walks with the rolling, shuffling gait of a boxer, a mannerism dating back to his youth when he was a sparring partner for a better-than-average Negro heavyweight named "Batthng" Mims. Loaded with physical energy, he played football, basketball and baseball in college and supplemented these activities with a bit of boxing and wrestling on the side.

As a coach, Wally had to sweat out his time with high schools before he got his big break at Georgia. His first assignment found him coaching all sports and teaching history at Madison, Georgia. Between 1928 and 1932 he turned out a Southern and State champ at Madison. He followed that job with an assignment at his old prep alma mater, Georgia Military College in Milledgeville. At GMC he also taught history, though he never let textbook teaching interfere with his coaching. His students of those days like to tell how Wally frequently filled the blackboards with football plays, hurriedly erasing them when the students entered.

After four years at GMC Wally had built up quite a reputation in prep coaching circles. Meanwhile, Male High School of Louisville, Kentucky, was looking around for a coach and Wally was hired.

At Louisville, a town that takes its prep school rivalries seriously, DuPont Manual High had been top dog for years. This was said to be because industrial Manual

Continued on page 278

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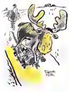
Georgia Spartan

Continued from page 276

attracted a more rugged type of lad than Male which was the city's upper-crust school being attended mainly by children of the silk-stocking set. Wally, perhaps recognizing this handicap, set out to remedy the situation. At the first meeting of his squad he deplored such [illegible] as pantywaists and proceeded to lay down his Spartan code of training and discipline.



As Wally spoke in his quaint Georgia drawl, a handsome, aristocratic-looking young man sat in the back of the room snickering. Wally hurdled the group and grasped the startled lad by the collar. In a moment he had him pinioned against the wall, lifting him an inch or two off the floor while reading him the riot act. From then on Wally was master during a highly successful three-year tenure at Male High where his teams defeated hated DuPont Manual two out of three for the city championship.

Wally's transition to the so-called big-time came in 1938. The University of Georgia at Athens decided to reshuffle its coaching staff after the resignation of Harry Mehre, ex-Notre Damer who had coached the Bulldogs for ten years and won some recognition as being the first and only coach ever to defeat Yale five games in a row. Head coach in the new deal was youthful Joel Hunt, a Texan who had made a great reputation as a player at Texas A&M and later served as backfield coach at Louisiana State. Hunt needed brand-new assistants and Wally's old friend of the Mercer days, Bernie Moore, went to bat for him. Result was that Butts was taken on the new staff with the title of assistant coach.

Disaster, some of his own making, soon began to dog the capable but tactless Hunt. In aristocratic little Athens where the black ball is always poised with Damoclesian gravity, Hunt allegedly was tart with some of the

Continued on page 280

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Georgia Spartan

Continued from page 278

city's numerous downtown quarterbacks. These promptly conferred upon the hapless Hunt the title of "King Tut" when Joel built himself a high platform from which he issued coaching orders through a megaphone. Such doings plus a disastrous season terminated Hunt's career at the end of one year.

Butts meanwhile had been working hard and keeping on the good side of the alumni. Among those whose favor he had gained was George C. (Kid) Woodruff of Columbus, Georgia, soft drink magnate, ex-Georgia coach and a man high in alumni councils. When debate opened on who would fill Hunt's shoes, "The Kid" helped carry the day for Wally and the roly-poly fellow fresh out of prep school ranks became head coach at Georgia at thirty-four years of age and after only one year on a college coaching staff.

Though Wally has done sensationally well at Georgia—winning fifty-one, tying two and losing only twenty-one games in a tough league—he exercises the coach's prerogative of the long pan and the dim view. Butts is a worrier, a calamity howler and a wailer to make Gil Dobie look like a crass optimist. His concern for "Po' Jawjuh" is expressed in breast-beating and jeremiads whose subtle purpose is to take pressure off Wally and his team. In this respect Butts is playing his cards cleverly. As long as he can keep people sorry for "Po' Jawjuh" and still win games, he'll be king of the hill in Athens.

Actually, Wally has a streak of whimsicality that tricks him into coming off the wailing wagon now and then and cryptically admitting that he fears no opposition. Once a wild-eyed alumnus came charging into his office, waving the morning paper and pointing with jittery forefinger at the top headline on the sports page.

"Just look, coach!" cried the bandwagon jockey. "It says here that old so and so's gonna have secret practice for Saturday's game with our team. He's closed the gates to everybody. Whatta we gonna do about that?"

"Nothin'," drawled Wally, utterly unmoved. "Nothin' at all, provided he has them open at three o'clock Saturday afternoon."

Again, there is the delicious example of Wally's gift for succinct whimsy when he was once asked by a girl reporter to describe his football system. Wally told her straight-faced: "We use the color system. We just knock down anything that doesn't wear our kind."

He's done all right with that system, after all. ##

Continued from page 141

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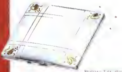

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BALZAC APRICOT TODDY—Dissolve 1 lump sugar with hot water. Add 1 jigger Balzac Apricot Liqueur. Fill glass with boiling water. Add a slice of lemon. Stir.

BALZAC EMERALD FIZZ—1½ oz. Creme de Menthe (green), ½ gin. White of one egg. Juice of [illegible] lemon. Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into glass.

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NEW RECIPE BOOK reveals the secrets of successful liqueur cocktails. It's free. Write Balzac, Dept. [illegible], 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

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The West's Wildest Town

Continued from page 175

up windows herald return of the gold miners, and the great Homestake mines again are grinding out the mazuma that soon finds its way into Deadwood's bars and gambling tables and into the stockings of Deadwood's good-time girls. And now, in addition to the old-fashioned saloons and other such, Deadwood is offering more ladylike play spots, including swank cocktail lounges.

There is no night in Deadwood and nobody in Deadwood in the daytime. During sunny hours the Black Hills area is a sportsman's paradise, with fishing and hunting in woods and lakes and streams; South Dakota's celebrated pheasant hunting draws shooting parties from as far away as Texas and New York. Whoever named these hills Black must have seen them from afar, because they are "as green as any grass can be."

Sheer sightseeing is fun in the Deadwood area, not only for natural woodsy beauty but for such spectacular man-made attractions as the great stone faces of the presidents at Mount Rushmore Memorial, and the park full of life-size dinosaurs (in concrete, fortunately) at Rapid City.

A freak of nature, the whole Black Hills area is an accident. These hills were old before the Rockies, Himalayas and other major mountain ranges appeared out of the prehistoric ooze. As a matter of fact, a day's drive through the region is likely to be followed by a Marx Brothers' dream. Of course, instead of exploring the whole Black Hills area the visitor who has made a night of it in Deadwood may choose to "hole in" somewhere and just sleep. That was the only way the old-timers could take it.

While new life now is surging through the gold mining camps, most of the mining communities never stopped going full tilt during the war because they were able to specialize in production of strategic metals including copper, lead, zinc and molybdenum. Most of those metals still are in short supply, and with gold and silver coming back rapidly there is a hot time in almost any mining camp any night.

South of Deadwood, in Colorado, the tourist encounters that state's champ among cesspools of iniquity in Leadville, which still tops anything in the tall mountain area as a place to have a good time. Leadville is proud of its many gambling halls, which are operated scrupulously "straight" under the watchful eye of such old-timers as Mayor John Cortellini.

Many of Leadville's most popular recreation parlors are un-

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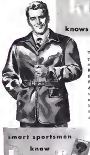

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The West's Wildest Town

Continued from page 285

changed from their original location and furnishings of sixty years ago. Several of the saloons have no locks because they are never closed, and the famous Pioneer saloon on State Street has been open for more than sixty years, day and night. Every taste and pocketbook is matched by an establishment of similar hue, and strangers are welcomed royally in every establishment from the decrepit-looking old Pastime saloon at the end of the line on State Street to the swanky American Legion Club which occupies the mansion of an early-day millionaire. Stacks and piles of silver dollars are seen everywhere and anyone flashing bills is invited to get "real money" in exchange.

Just making the rounds of Leadville's night spots is the usual diversion of visitors but the historic old mining camp has unusual daytime interest as well. Rimmed by the highest mountains in the United States, Leadville itself is two miles above sea level. In every direction one sees mines and more mines. Many are dead or sleeping, but some are working like the Matchless on Fryer Hill where Baby Doe Tabor died of cold and hunger but with unwavering faith in the promise of her one-time millionaire husband that the Tabor fortunes would come back again if she would "hold on to the Matchless." Here and there are rich ore dumps being worked by John Hamm, a young mining engineer.

"I've solved our budget worries dear — why don't you earn more money?"

Much of Leadville's current lustiness comes directly from the operation of the world-famous molybdenum mines at Climax, eleven miles away. The thousands of hard-rock miners who dig the "molly-be-damned" include soldiers released from the Army after it had determined that the rare metal-hardening moly was more important than a few more G.I.s. At Climax,

Continued on page 288

somewhere in his life there's a woman who uses perfumes by *Renoir*

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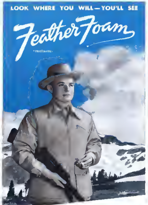
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Arctic FEATHER & DOWN CO.
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The West's Wildest Town

Continued from page 286

also is the world's greatest coronagraph, a scientific laboratory for studying the sun. This establishment is operated jointly by Harvard University and the University of Colorado, and members of its staff welcome visitors.

Favorite side trips from Leadville include a drive and an easy hike to the Mount of the Holy Cross. Twin Lakes is a favorite fishing and camping spot. Then, too, there is quaint old Aspen, another early-day mining city which now is being transformed into a year-around sports resort, featuring America's fastest ski run. This gem of a town is full of comfortable old houses frilled with Victorian touches.

A bit farther on is the colorful resort of Glenwood Springs with its warm-water swimming pool and the red-walled canyon of the Colorado River. Up the Crystal River is stunning Mount Sopris and an art colony at Redstone, as well as the huge open pits that yielded the glistening white Colorado Yule marble for such shrines as the Lincoln Memorial and the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Leadville and its surrounding high country is filthy rich in what-to-do and, as many a bleary-eyed survivor of Leadville's night life has learned, there's more than gold in them thar hills!

Montana's big, bad city of Butte probably hasn't got anything that Leadville or Deadwood doesn't have, but it has so much more of it that Butte seems to rate in a class by itself. Moreover, Butte is never passive about its sinfulness but displays an active aggressive character that reaches out and takes hold of anyone who has a little while to play.

In another wild town a man determined to keep his thoughts on The Higher Things of Life might be able to walk right past the gay places. Such a determined clean-liver would have his mettle tested to the utmost in Butte. Before he had walked two blocks from the leading hotel a gentle tap-tap-tap on a windowpane would attract his attention. From what appeared to be professional or business offices a pretty face smiles. If our mere male has mustered sufficient resistance to pass, he is likely to get only to the corner before he is swept up by a group of revellers who bear him off to make the rounds of every night spot in Butte with a few of those at nearby Meaderville tossed in for good measure. With all the informality of an old-time barn dance he is likely to be caught up in a round of revelries that would seem in order only on New Year's Eve or at the end of a war. But not so in

Continued on page 290

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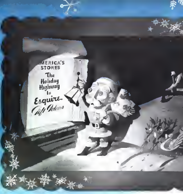
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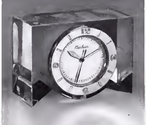

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The West's Wildest Town

Continued from page 288

Butte, which stages a loop without the slightest provocation and somehow seems to thrive on it all.

The richest hill on earth is tucked into a pocket of the Continental Divide on a tributary of the Columbia River. It is cut up by ravines, including the celebrated Dublin Gulch, from which a handful of persistent prospectors developed a second-rate silver camp into one of the world's mining marvels. Many famous mining districts have won their fame with a total output of less than $100,000,000. The truly great ones, such as Leadville or Cripple Creek, have each produced a total of about half a billion dollars. But Butte's production is just rounding the three-billion-dollar mark, and very little of it was chalked up with precious gold or silver. Most of it came the hard way, from lowly copper at ten to fifteen cents a pound.

For every dollar the mine owners have taken away from Montana, four dollars have been left in the state in the form of wages or have been spent there for supplies, freight, etc. Thus the almost countless night spots of Silver Bow County are not dependent upon traveling men and tourists, which gives Butte an air of its own, particularly when contrasted with other celebrated playgrounds. The sizzling steaks, nearly two inches thick, that are served with thick French fried potatoes for a dollar and a half in Meaderville's Rocky Mountain night club is a working man's [illegible] man's town. And while there are women galore at the gambling tables, the atmosphere is decidedly masculine.

Drinking, gambling, singing, dancing along with Butte's miners and those who help them to find a few hours of forgetfulness, one soon discovers that these men are no less interesting than visitors—

"If I had my life to live over again, I believe I could beat the train to the crossing this time!"

Continued on page 292

Always Clean, Fresh, Pure...

AND THE FLAVOR'S ALL YOURS

because PHILIP MORRIS tobaccos are

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Here's *double assurance* of PHILIP MORRIS quality!

1. PHILIP MORRIS tobaccos are *pasteurized for your protection* . . . purified and mellowed by *radiant heat* for a CLEAN, FRESH, PURE smoke!

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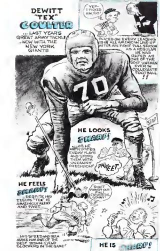
UNANIMOUSLY ALL-AMERICAN by Frank Willard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YEP- I PICKED HIM, TOO!
PLACED ON EVERY LEADING 1945 ALL AMERICAN LINE-UP AFTER HIS FIRST FULL SEASON AS A REGULAR HE WAS RATED AS ONE OF THE BEST LINEMEN EVER IN COLLEGIATE FOOTBALL!!
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STOP
HE LOOKS SHARP! ...AS HE ANTICIPATES ENEMY PLAYS AND STOPS THEM WITH UNCANNY PRECISION!
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HE FEELS SHARP! ...DESPITE HIS 225 LBS. "TEX" IS AMAZINGLY ALERT AND FAST
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Gillette
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You *look* sharp for you enjoy the swellest shaves ever. You *feel* sharp because they're refreshing and give you a lift. You *are* sharp for you get far more shaves per blade and save money. Ask for Gillette Blue Blades.

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The West's Wildest Town

Continued from page 280

day's copper kings, Marcus Daly and W. A. Clark, whose flamboyant rivalry long supplied "hot copy" for the nation's Sunday supplements. The miner of today is a plunger as lusty as Daly and Clark were and although his Local No. 1 of the CIO Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers union is one of the most powerful units in American organized labor, the Butte group obeys no impulse save its own.

Within an afternoon's drive northward from Butte a visitor comes to Glacier National Park, where mountains stand straight up on end and lakes wind invitingly from one fantastic resort to the next. On Canada's side of the border is the same breath-taking mountain scenery through Waterton Lakes Park and on to Lake Louise and Banff.

Southward from Butte is another Mecca for tourists: Yellowstone National Park and Grand Teton National Park in the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming. In addition to its ever-popular bears and other wild life, Yellowstone is putting on an exceptionally good show of its geysers and hot springs, with new ones popping up and such favorites as Old Faithful doing their stuff with unusual vigor. Between Butte and Yellowstone is the Madison, one of America's most popular trout streams. And for those who like historic touches there is Bannack, pioneer gold camp where Vigilantes strung up a crooked sheriff and started a vogue that has kept a lot of public officials honest. This is a region of great pine forests where the visitor may glimpse fire fighters as they parachute to work into trackless wilderness.

It is only a few hours drive from a secluded fishing hole on the Madison to the Red Rooster on Butte's Harrison Avenue, just as it is just a hop and a jump from Leadville's rugged old Pioneer dance hall-saloon-gambling resort to the wilderness trail that leads along Maroon Creek to the lake that mirrors majestic Snowmass Mountain and its neighbor, the Maroon Bells.

So the West still has its tinsel towns and phonies who dress up like extras in a Hollywood horse opera to entertain visitors. And the same West has its tough old towns where silver dollars roll merrily down long bars that lead from old-time dance halls into modern Monte Carlos in settings out of the Days of '49. For a good time in a picturesque setting where the sky is still the limit, visit one of the old towns with a bad reputation to uphold—Deadwood, Leadville or Butte. ##

Continued from page 175

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caught your eye. You noticed how the unique, natural-
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But that's not all! Sportsman pipes, of course, are made of finest imported bruyere.
And their bowls and shanks are extra thick — to absorb the heat — and
cool your smoke. Or perhaps it was Sportsman's balance, inherent quality and styling
that intrigued you. Either way, you really know good pipes when you see them.

If you want an absolutely individual pipe — of seasoned bruyere,
so fashioned that it always smokes cool and sweet —
here's what you do — just put your tobacco in a Sportsman.

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L-C IMPORTED BRUYERE

From $5 to $15 in a wide range of shapes and styles, at better stores

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Lion Hunt · painted especially for the Brown-Forman Collection by Walter A. Weber

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Heir to Chopin

Continued from page 112

fingers which have been called the longest of any pianist in the world. This assertion makes him nervous. He is afraid that those of the late Rachmaninoff may have been longer. Incidentally he was a great friend of Rachmaninoff who, many years back, in his capacity of Government Inspector of Music in Kiev, heard Brailowsky, then eleven, play, and remarked, "You are destined to become a great pianist." Brailowsky was duly appreciative of all this, but just the same wanted to have longer fingers. Some time ago he was asked by a music critic: "Why don't you compare fingers with Rachmaninoff?" "Might find his are longer," muttered Brailowsky.

Whatever he may feel about his own hands, Brailowsky says that "the individual hand has little to do with the matter. It takes the student some time to realize that playing is far more a matter of big minds than long fingers. For example Josef Hofmann, whose technic is gigantic, has comparatively short fingers. Yet there is nothing that is beyond the reach of his pianistic genius."

An accomplished linguist like so many continental artists, Brailowsky speaks English very well, but with a considerable accent—not, however, the kind that lends itself to comic imitations. He is more at home in French than in any other language except Russian, which is only natural since he has lived mostly in France and in French-speaking Switzerland. At the moment he is a French citizen, though he has taken out first papers here. He and his wife, who is a Pole, speak French to one another. He can also speak fluent German and Spanish.

Admitting that his mastery of our language is more realistic than romantic, he says, "I am more familiar with the English vocabulary of timetables, restaurants and hotels than with your literature." His great hobby is supposed to be collecting timetables—the timetables of all countries. It has even been said that it is as great a passion with him as his music. Actually, his devotion to timetables is not a passion or even a hobby. He was so often misdirected in his travels that he decided to be his own travel agent. He has no principal "hobby." He likes to play tennis, and to read French, English, and American crime stories. And he is a great admirer of Tolstoi, having read *War and Peace* eight times.

At one time he owned quite a collection of dogs: three chows, a collie, a Scottie, a Pekingese, and a cocker spaniel called Brandy.

Continued on page 298

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And only in King's Guard shoes do you get the walking-on-clouds comfort of Freeman's exclusive Cradle Heel molded to give your foot a more restful, *naturally* formed foundation. See for yourself—at your Freeman dealer's. For his name write Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wisconsin.

New
CRADLE HEEL
FOR GREATER COMFORT
MOLDED TO FIT WHERE YOU'VE
NEVER FELT FITTED BEFORE

Heir to Chopin

Continued from page 297

Brandy once caused him a bad moment at a recital in Paris shortly before the war. Brailowsky issued from the wings at the beginning of the performance and, instead of the thunderous applause which he is accustomed to receiving, was greeted by a roar of laughter. He was terribly shocked, for even his extraordinary modesty made no allowances for such a reception. Then, with a sigh of relief he perceived that Brandy had preceded him, having galumphed out on the stage and seated himself under the piano. He played the concert with Brandy anchored under the instrument, unperturbed. He claims his dogs understand and love his music, and even goes so far as to say that they are more receptive to the emotion of beautiful music than human beings are."

A dabbler in hobbies rather than a devotee, he also has an interest in old clocks and has a number of very valuable ones, some dating from the seventeenth century.

In any analysis of the pianist's interests, it appears that his major avocation is his vocation. He's lived with music all his life and loved it intensely all the while. The son of an amateur musician who ran a music shop in Kiev, he got his first piano lessons at home.

His father was so delighted with his brilliance that when he was thirteen he sent him to Leschetizky, the eminent teacher of many renowned pianists. The legend is that Leschetizky, upon hearing Brailowsky play, said "There is nothing I can teach you. Go into the world and play." Leschetizky was eighty-one at the time and might be excused for such an absurd remark but actually he said no such thing. Instead, he exclaimed over the brilliance of the youth's playing and promptly accepted him as a pupil. Brailowsky's first recital was at one of Leschetizky's famous "House Concerts." About half a century before, the teacher had introduced, at one of these affairs, the first of his pupils who was destined to become great, Ignace Jan Paderewski. As things turned out, Brailowsky was Leschetizky's last.

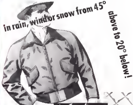
Of Leschetizky, Brailowsky says, "His love for a beautiful tone, and his respect for the individuality of the pupil made him a great teacher. Of course after Paderewski's success he could take his pick of the best pupil material to work with. But he put tone first in his list of pianistic needs. Everything else was secondary to tone. He did not care how the student got a beautiful singing tone so long as it was there."

Brailowsky, of course, occurred too late in the life of Leschetizky for the teacher to witness his triumph as a concert artist. Or the latter's extreme modesty in the face of that triumph. Brailowsky's popularity, and the adulation he receives, particularly in South America, still surprise him a little. It isn't that he doesn't know he's good (he does—but wonders if he's really quite *that* good). His popularity among Americans is tremendous but is actually exceeded among the Latins. In South America he is a familiar figure to people in the street, to customs men, taxi drivers, railroad officials. His wife says they never open his bags at the customs, and when someone else takes his chow dogs for a walk in the streets of Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Aires, people trot along the sidewalk pointing and yelling, "Brailowsky's dogs!" He does not like to discuss box office, but the fact is that his concerts in South America are always standing-room sellouts, and the people who have heard them immediately book for the next cycle, so that only a few new devotees succeed in getting tickets. At a performance in the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires there were 5000 persons seated on the stage and 3500 in the hall. He consistently topped the late Rachmaninoff.

"I don't like the way the defense is winding up the case"

Brailowsky was brought up a loyal subject of the Czar. Despite this he is not a "White Russian." He was thirteen when he left Russia and has lived the remaining thirty-seven years of his life in other countries. So he is neither a White nor any sort of refugee. His admiration for Russia is tremendous and the pride he takes in the achievements, both military and sociological, of the USSR is touching. But he isn't a political man at all. He loves France, too, and Switzerland, which he considers sentimentally his real home. He is impatient now to get to his house, garden and tennis court at Lausanne, Switzerland, where he has not been for years. He plans to stay there for a period of months

Continued on page 300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*T. M. Reg.

K B&B

Look for the Mission when you buy a pipe

Heir to Chopin

Continued from page 299

next year to rest between a monumental tour of Europe and a projected one of the Soviet Union.

An intense student of the background of piano music, Brailowsky believes that a knowledge of history is practically essential to a fine pianist, music being so bound up with history that without erudition in this respect a performer is not in a position properly to interpret any music which is at all linked to actual events. He likens the pianist who is ignorant of history to an actor in an historical drama who has not read up on the character of the role he is playing. He insists, too, that performers should know the personalities and experiences of the composers whose works they play.

During the war Brailowsky played many times for servicemen at posts all over the United States. Every time he played for a G.I. audience his mind went back to an occasion in Paris, during World War I, that was almost as unnerving as the onbilled performance of Brandy, his spaniel. Brailowsky, still young, unknown, and more jittery than he is now, had volunteered to play for several thousand American doughboys who certainly had never heard of him. After the first number, which he thought he had played to the best of his ability, there was a torrential outbreak of whistling. Brailowsky, dismayed almost to the point of tears, threw up his hands and ran off the stage. Nobody had bothered to tell him that whistling in America signified high approval, whereas any kind of whistling in Europe is a call for the manager to get the hook. At that it took about half an hour to convince him sufficiently so that he agreed to play another number. It was not hurt vanity that caused him to flee, but a feeling of dreadful disappointment, a fear that he had not pleased this exiled cross section of the Army that was fighting side by side with his country against the common enemy. This would be completely in character. It is the kind of emotion he puts into his music. The musical writers speak of his "Chopinesque aloofness" and call him romantic. Romantic is not a very clearly defined musical term. If they mean that he feels strongly and is able to put his emotions into his playing without mawkishness or ostentation, then he is a romantic. By this definition, and outside of his musicianship, he is romantic about his country, the Americas, France, and life in general. And, it might be added, proud of it. ##

Continued from page 112

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You'll like a SPEAS SOUR

1 jigger SPEAS APPLE BRANDY

1 jigger lemon juice — 1 teaspoon sugar

Shake well with cracked ice and strain into Delmonico glass. Serve with slice of orange and cherry.

IN YOUR HOME, CLUB OR FAVORITE SPOT

Dream of a Sawdust Christmas

Continued from page 149

again. There behind a cage window he saw piles of money. He entered the cage, watching to see if the attendant would move as he deftly lifted up all the wads of money one hand could enfold. Grabbing up a brief case from the corner he stuffed the money into it and hurried out. Jarvis Jones now possessed thousands of dollars.

At the corner a luxurious, shiny car in a dealer's window flashed for his attention and got it. It was the finest make of car money could buy! Jarvis furtively counted out $2,000 from the brief case and stuffed it into his wallet. He hoped no one would question his carrying so much cash. Cautiously he entered the showroom. His elation drooped as he remembered no one would care. Indeed, money was of no use whatever. It was just what it was—slips of green paper. He threw the brief case away, angry with himself for having wasted so much time, and rushed out of the showroom.

Jarvis stepped into the best-looking car of those parked along the curb. But there was no ignition key. Of course! He scrambled out of the parked car and zigzagged in and out of the static traffic. A shiny blue roadster caught his eye. At the wheel sat a slick-furred, beautiful young woman, her hair a blonde sheen. He looked up and down at the other cars. Then he looked intently at the woman and opened the door next to her. Jarvis touched her hair timidly, caressingly. Impulsively he reached in and by great effort slid the girl over. Then he slipped into the driver's seat, noticed the motor was idling and started driving up the avenue, expertly weaving between motionless traffic. He smiled at the woman next to him.

"What's your name?" he asked.

No response. Jarvis reached into her purse with one hand and pulled out a checkbook. He read the name, "Mrs. Marie L. McPherson."

"Do you mind if I pretend you are single—Miss McPherson?"

A men's haberdashery caught his eye and he was suddenly ashamed of his clothes. He swung the car over to the curb and hastened into the shop. Thousands of suits! Fine textures! Soft, wonderful colors! Jarvis began trying on shirts and pants and coats. No combination seemed to please him. Desperately he decided on an attire.

The sun was behind the buildings now. Jarvis felt the agonizing fear of Time. It was insurmountable, this sharp impatience to do something. But what? He drove through the park. Con-

Continued on page 302

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Dream of a Sawdust Christmas

Continued from page 301

versation with Marie was one-sided. She sat stiff as a dummy. Suddenly he slammed on the brakes, reached over, clutched Marie to him and kissed her lustfully. She was as sawdust.

"Marie, Marie, Marie! *Say* something, do something!"

No response.

A strange twinge startled him. The sun would be down in another hour. What was there left after money, clothes, a beautiful woman? Jarvis slammed on the brakes again. It was a nuisance to drive with traffic at a standstill. He stumbled out of the car, leaving the motor running.

Jarvis walked along the crowded sidewalk with no idea where he was going. He felt he had to go somewhere to take advantage of this wonderful opportunity. A long swank bar beckoned. Jarvis peered in on the well-dressed men and women in various poses. Expensive brands of liquor enticed him. He walked in and around behind the bar. Choosing a rare Scotch he poured out half a tumbler and lifted his glass to the motionless bartender and drank.

A dark girl in a black velvet dress perched snugly on a bar stool in front of him. Jarvis gazed at her, finished his drink, poured himself another.

"Merry Christmas, everybody," he said, lifting his glass.

Three musicians were playing no music with vigor on a raised platform beyond the bar. Jarvis sauntered over.

"How about jingle bells? No bells, eh?" He reached out, plucked a string of the violin. The sound frightened him.

"Why doesn't somebody say something? Hey, you—you in the black dress. Think you're okay, don't you?" Jarvis had a sudden hatred for the attractive girl. "Think you're the stuff!" He shattered his glass against the bar mirror with a movie flourish. "Stuff!" he muttered and strode out the door.

Down the street a large inscription in stone on a massive building read "City Hall." Jarvis stopped. City Hall. He would see the mayor and complain about the sorrowful state of the world, about his unhappiness. Hell, he would be the mayor.

The mayor's office was commodious. Jarvis nodded at the receptionist with dignity and, finding the mayor absent, settled back in the comfortable swivel chair before the mayor's largest desk. He gazed out of the wide window. The people. *His* people were caught in the actions of pre-Christmas bustle. Buying, selling, giving, taking, arguing, laughing, cheating, begging. The people. But not really people. Only stillness. And Jarvis. A tear rolled down his cheek. Loneliness squeezed him like a vise. His spirit picked up as he remembered his office and his job. At least there he would find familiar things and faces. He rose and hurried out of the mayor's office.

"What does he do the rest of the year?"

Marie was still rigid, still in the same position. Jarvis realized she was no longer attractive to him. He shifted gears, roared off up the street and careened to a stop in front of the Federal Building. He was breathing heavily from exertion and excitement as he reached the fifth floor. He entered the big office and walked swiftly past desks and around filing cabinets, looking for someone—anyone. Rounding a corner, he almost collided with Mr. Barker. For a brief second his rancor flared. But "the boss" did not appear mean or harmful now. He looked ordinary, flabby, and a little foolish. He had been stopped in the act of scratching his nose. Fat neck, sloping shoulders, thinning hair, eyes a misty blue—Barker was just another statue.

Jarvis sighed. He was very tired now and a little sick. He turned and walked back towards his own desk. Joe was bent over some papers, pencil in hand. Betts was staring out the window dreamily. They both seemed pitiably motionless. Jarvis wished they would move. If only he could talk with them! About anything. Just talk. Friendly talk. Miss Pollack, Janice, everyone in the office, the way they were, increased Jarvis' loneliness. He looked from one to the other.

"Joe . . . Betts . . . Miss Pollack!" he shouted. But no one moved. He looked about wearily, his eyes blurring. What if it were this way always? The sun was low in the west and he was still the only one moving. Never to know anyone but himself! Never to live with his family again. His family! He rushed out to the car.

Jarvis parked a block from his

Continued on page 304

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Dream of a Sawdust Christmas

Continued from page 303

apartment house so Margaret and the kids would not see Marie. Twilight was fading and everything was growing dim. Stumbling, half-falling into the front room, Jarvis saw Margaret standing by the sofa near the window. He went to her.

"Margaret. Margaret. Help me." His wife stood rigid, unmoving—a stranger. Jarvis trembled and began to cry. He sank down on the sofa and stared at his wife in unutterable exhaustion of body and mind. It was dark now. The whole world was dark and dead. Perhaps he too was dying. Was that it? If so, he was very glad. . . .

There came to Jarvis, very faintly at first, the sound of a woman's voice. Slowly through the darkness a haze of light formed around the head of Margaret. Then wondrously she moved. She faced him smiling, and Jarvis knew he was not alone.

"Margaret. Margaret, hold me close. Very close."

"Shh, dear. Don't fret so. Lie still. The doctor says you must."

"And so does the nurse." The perky head of another woman wearing a white cap popped into Jarvis' vision. He blinked and blinked again. His head felt as though it were packed in a football helmet. Wads of gauze limited his view, but he saw three white walls and a lighted ceiling fixture. A moan of intense relief escaped him.

"What is it, Jarvis?" His wife's voice was anxious.

"Nothing. Nothing. Where are Joan and Davy?"

"They're here. Downstairs eating supper. How do you feel, dear?" She tenderly touched his bandaged forehead. "You should be more careful. What would we do without you?"

Jarvis did not answer. He smiled at his wife as lovingly as the bandage permitted.

"You'll be all right," said Margaret consolingly. "It was the driver's fault. He didn't stop for the light."

Jarvis slowly, painfully turned his head toward the window. It was open a little. From somewhere below in the streets came Christmas music. He closed his eyes. The city at Christmas. Bustling people. Men, women, boys, girls, policemen, newsmen, mothers, fathers. The moving many. Jarvis looked at his wife.

"I don't care. It's good enough just to be alive among live people. You know, Margaret, people—people are wonderful. And I hope they all have a real Merry Christmas," he wished simply. ◆

Continued from page 143

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The Father and Mother of Nimrod

Continued from page 161

noise as an eel. I waded with infinite caution up that creek. I walked into potholes that got me into water up to my chin, my lips turned blue, my teeth had long since stopped chattering and were now spasmodically clashing together while my whole body trembled so that the surface of the water around it looked as though a small storm were passing over it. But I made no sound.

My plan was to get abreast of them, climb swiftly up the bank and shoot as many of them dead as I could before they could get over their amazement at my sudden and mysterious appearance.

All was going beautifully. I was gaining on them fast, there was a place ahead where it would be easy to climb silently up to ground level.

Then I heard a sound very close by and I looked up. Against the blue sky there was a turkey's head. His neck was stretched out fully three feet from the bank and he was peering straight down at me with a look of scornful amusement which I could easily see since he wasn't two feet away.

Then he calmly withdrew his head from my vision and I heard him running back down the creek. I turned, listening to his progress, and heard the beating of wings. The gobbler appeared again, flying now, his wings sweeping but his feet still running fast as he took off at the edge of the creek bank and started to fly across it.

I remembered none of the infinite and detailed instructions my father had given me regarding the shooting of firearms. I was full of red blinding pounding rage. I wasn't even aware of raising the gun nor of firing it. I was just pouring hatred down on that huge winged thing going across the creek.

It staggered in mid-flight and fell, still running with its feet and hammering with its wings. It made a tremendous splash in the middle of the creek and then instantly began to fight its way out.

I have no recollection of wading, swimming, or walking on the water down to the turkey but I got there just as he was clawing his way up the last inches of the bank. I grabbed him by the tail and before I fell back with a handful of tail feathers I dislodged him and he also fell, on top of me, both of us in the water of the creek.

From my submerged position I could see nothing so grabbed wildly with both arms. Instantly I was being beaten, kicked, scratched, clawed, gouged and mauled and I had to let him go.

When I got my head above water again the turkey was on his

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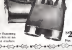

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HEWES and POTTER INC., Boston, Mass.

Again from France comes long-absent, long-appreciated APRY—famed liqueur by Marie Brizard. As French as gracious Paris itself, APRY, "the soul of the apricot", returns to America as the aristocrat of liqueurs.

Enjoy APRY also as a Cocktail—½ Apry; ½ Dry Gin; Teaspoon Lime Juice. Shake well with Ice. Strain and Serve.

APRY
FAMOUS FRENCH LIQUEUR SINCE 1755

MARIE BRIZARD
Schenley

Apricot Liqueur 80 Proof. Schenley Import Corporation, New York, N. Y.

The Father and Mother of Nimrod

Continued from page 309

way back up the bank. I flung myself straight up into the air and latched onto him around the body with both arms and we fell again, backwards back into the creek.

He scooped water into my face with his wings, he beat me blind with them, his spurs slashed me and, I think, he pulled out chunks of my hair with his claws and tried to peck out my eyes with his beak but this time I would not let go and carried him with me to the bottom of the water.

There in the subterranean gloom we fought it out, rolling around in the mud and water, blind and primitive, and an instant before my lungs burst, the turkey went limp.

Dragging the bird on the surface of the water, I staggered back up the creek feeling with my feet for the submerged shotgun. Finding it at last I climbed up the bank, hauling the turkey, and started home.

It was late at night when I got there. I was bleeding, my clothes were torn, I was exhausted from carrying the mammoth bird and when I could no longer carry it I had dragged it on the ground.

I hauled it down the front hall and into my father's study. He was reading a book and when I said, "There!" and let go the turkey's feet, he only glanced up for a moment. Then he looked up again. "Who won?" he asked.

I pointed down at the turkey and my father leaped up.

"Ah, triumph!"

My father hefted the bird, inspected its beard, examined its spurs and, while I held my breath, he finally nodded. Then he turned to me. "This turkey wasn't shot," he said. "He's been drowned."

The desolate bitterness of it. I walked over slowly and looked at the turkey. My mother came in, the cook came with scales and, including water, feathers, twigs and dirt, the gobbler weighed twenty-five pounds.

He hadn't been shot. Triumph was hollow, victory empty.

And then my mother, who has remarkable intuition and is all in all a wonderful woman, began her own inspection without any comment regarding the pond of water on the rug, the littered trail where I had dragged him through the house. And my mother, a jewel among women, found the broken wing, the small, white, clean-washed broken bones.

"Certainly he was shot," she said. "And it was a beautiful shot because it didn't tear up the meat the way you do," she said accusingly to my father.

I was restored. I was a hunter and that nobody can deny. #

Continued from page 161

A NEW STAR
WALES
HOLLYWOOD
PINCH PURSE

The spotlight's on the new glamourous WALES Hollywood Pinch Purse—A Star for beauty and practicability. Eye appealing in colorful leathers—just pinch it—and the sturdy metal frame pops open revealing a full size billfold, Kan't-Spill plastic coin holder, a key case, a photo frame, and a button-down purse. In English Pigskin, Chameleon Goat, Imported Morocco, Snake and Alligator. $5 plus tax

WHEREVER BETTER LEATHER GOODS ARE SOLD

ANOTHER NEW STAR
Matching WALES Cigarette Case. Opens with a pinch.
$3.00

ELEANOR PARKER now starring in "Of Human Bondage," a Warner Brothers' Picture

Columbia Walescraft Ltd.
WEST 32nd STREET • NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Plight Before Christmas

Continued from page 1[illegible]2

a goodly amount of territory with definite targets in mind. The patience of the fisherman and the leg work and keen eye of the hunter are sporting qualities the woman brings into Christmas shopping.

The man has an inclination to think all Christmas shopping must be fun because so much of it calls for women spending men's earnings. If and when the man does venture into an early try at it and finds it has a close resemblance to toil, he doesn't make another effort until Santa Claus has started to hitch up Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donder and Blitzen. His Christmas shopping involves a drastic departure from habit which he is reluctant to make. The man is a creature of habit in his patronage of conventional stores. It takes high and steady pressure to bust him loose from stores or brands once his buying habits are established. But a woman will roam from hell to the Hebrides looking for exactly what she wants.

You can discern the difference in the shopping practices of the sexes by noting their shopping tours through this magazine.

Women will study these ads as part of their Christmas shopping work. You will see an ad of something that looks good to you and you'll say to yourself that's what you'll buy as a Christmas present for your brother Hakluyt, or your Old Man or your mother or a customer or pal or that red-headed doll who is so soft to look at and so hard to make, or your sister Murgatroyd, or an aunt or uncle who is nearing the end of the line and is under suspicion of having a will drawn in favor of a pet charity that is not you.

About 998 guys out of 1000 are just that way.

But women are not so quick to fall in love at first sight with what's in an ad. Their habit is to consider that something they might see in one of these ads would be nice to give to you but they'll keep on looking to see if there isn't something that would please you more or something that they know you could use quite readily, or something that is good quality for less money.

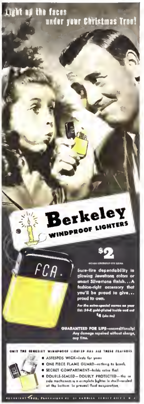
And they know, most of the time, much better than you do what you need and if you're running short of shirts, underwear, socks, handkerchiefs, pajamas or other staples or if you've lost some of your dress-shirt studs or have a collection of pipes all of which are very noticeably on the high side in operation.

Where women do go wrong in Christmas buying for you is in

Continued on page 312

America's specialized value!

Middishade
BLUE* SUITS
*Also available in blue and gray
THE MIDDISHADE CO., INC., PHILADELPHIA 2, PA



Berkeley
WINDPROOF LIGHTERS

$2

Sure-fire dependability in glowing Jeweltone colors or smart Silvertone finish...A fashion-right accessory that you'll be proud to give... proud to own.

For the extra-special names on your list: 24-K gold-plated inside and out $4 (plus tax)

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE—unconditionally! Any damage repaired without charge, any time.

ONLY THE BERKELEY WINDPROOF LIGHTER HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

- ASBESTOS WICK—lasts for years
- ONE PIECE FLAME GUARD—nothing to break.
- SECRET COMPARTMENT—holds extra flint
- DOUBLE-SEALED—DOUBLY PROTECTED—the inside mechanism is a complete lighter in itself—sealed at the bottom to prevent fluid evaporation.

COPYRIGHT 1946, FLASHLIGHT CO. OF AMERICA, JERSEY CITY 1, N. J.

the finest sportswear you ever saw...and it's washable, too!

Get your hands on shirts or slacks of Kohinoor!
Feel the luxurious texture...the deep down goodness
Notice the range of tempting colors. And then
consider the fact that Kohinoor sportswear is
washable in soap and water...actually
improves with each laundering. No wonder
Kohinoor is America's sportswear sensation!
At good stores, or write

YOU'RE REALLY DRESSED-UP IN SHIRT SLEEVES
WITH SHIRTS AND SLACKS OF

KOHINOOR
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

AMERICA'S FIRST VAT DYED, SANFORIZED* WASHABLE RAYON WOOL BLEND**

LESEM BACH & CO., INC., 257 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

*Shrinkage not more than 1%. ** 80% spun rayon, 20% virgin wool

The Plight Before Christmas

Continued from page 311

meeting your taste specifications. That may be caused by their smug belief that you have no taste or by their failure to appreciate that there have been quite clearly defined and authoritative standards of men's desires and fashions in apparel since this magazine among its other services began performing a unique function as arbiter of the masculine modes. However it has become general knowledge among the smart women shoppers that what Esquire says about what the correctly groomed guy should wear is the law. This has saved many a deserving American male from receiving neckties of painful patterns and lurid handkerchiefs you might hoist as distress signals in a duck-front stag game and other gaudy items of apparel.

On the other hand, what man ever thinks of looking at a women's magazine for Christmas shopping guidance? Maybe some do but I've never met them.

The women authorities at the stores say that despite men's ignorance in shopping for women, men seldom err flagrantly in matters of taste. That may be because women dress to please men, even though you may doubt it as you look at some of the gruesome hats they wear. So, what you think would look good on your beloved probably will come fairly close to what she wants. You will get in your Christmas shopping the protection of having a reasonably competent saleswoman looking you over, deciding what kind of a female would be disposed to think you are quite a fellow, then handing you something to blend with the personality of such a lady.

Personal gifts, nightgowns, pajamas, slips, housecoats and bed jackets are among Christmas presents that women like to get from men because men spend one hell of a lot more for them than women usually do. Men also buy gaudier items in this classification than women buy for themselves unless the female buyers can make astute commercial use of the window trimming of expensive lingerie. But I have been assured by the shop authorities you make no serious mistake in buying as a Christmas present for a discreet and respectable young woman the same provocative lingerie a demimondaine would wear.

What you may not know—and with all my mileage I didn't—is that bust measurement is an essential specification of these lingerie items. Bust measurement is the circumference at mid-lung level and has nothing to do with chest contours.

Just how a gentleman goes about delicately securing bust measurement information for his Christmas shopping I was unable to learn from the experts at the stores but I suppose it is by the usual trial and error method.

What I did learn to my utter amazement and possibly to yours is that some gentlemen buy brassières to give away as Christmas presents and this familiarity does not seem to be resented as the gifts do not come back to the exchange counters. Some of these things cost around $25 although the customary gift numbers are not more than a sawbuck.

Mules which are house slippers gone fancy, are something else that the dolls like for Christmas. In price they go all the way from $5 to $60. If you are going to give these find out not only the size but if the lady wants high, medium or low heels or no heels at all. The no-heel mules seem to me to be sort of sloppy but I haven't been around much so you are on your own here.

Color is a very important factor in shopping for women. In the case of mules, the receivers want them to be some color that matches what they call hostess gowns or other house dresses. On negligee wear the main thing is to get a color that goes with the hair of the woman who is to get the gift.

On blondes I was told black, green or a raspberry shade looks good. You may wind up getting the raspberry and an A for effort. For the brunettes black and red are preferred. The red heads go strong for green according to the information I was handed. By the time you get around to shopping the most desirable colors probably will be sold, but anyway you will get what few others gave as presents because nobody else would buy them.

Earrings and costume jewelry are pretty fair bets. Some like heavy stuff and some like dainty. Some like earrings like chandeliers and costume jewelry that looks like an electric sign.

Pocketbooks and purses, I was informed, make very acceptable

"These are not rolls, lady, they're loaves of bread!"

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COMPLIMENT YOUR GUESTS WITH *Duratone Cards*

There's a note of graciousness in Duratone Cards ... so distinguished they actually seem to compliment your guests. And, unlike ordinary cards Duratones are plastic coated. They deal better ... shuffle better ... keep their crisp texture and bright colors for months. Ask for them today.

ARRCO PLAYING CARD COMPANY
CHICAGO

PLASTIC COATED
Duratone
PLAYING CARDS

IN THE BEST CIRCLES...

IT'S BANDS BY *Enel*

Outer beauty plus inner efficiency combine to make your band by ENEL the band that distinguishes your watch. Unconditionally guaranteed, your band by ENEL is definite watch insurance.

For Him—*The King by Enel* • For Her—*Princess Enel*

Wherever fine jewelry is sold you'll find ENEL, Aristocrats in watch attachments. All stainless steel or 1/20 12 kt. gold filled with stainless steel back

ENEL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC. • 178 80 WEST 102nd STREET, NEW YORK 25, N.Y.

A meal worth eating...

Shoes worth wearing

A tender, golden brown turkey, mountains of vegetables, steaming plum pudding ... Christmas dinner is a high point in eating pleasure. And for the year 'round pleasures of outstanding comfort and style in shoes, try Foot Pals. You'll appreciate their fine wearing qualities and the way they hold their shape. After your first pair you'll agree ... you can't match Foot Pals in their price class! The Wall Streeter Shoe Company, North Adams, Massachusetts

WALL-STREETER
FOOT PALS

KING FINE LEATHERS

A royal gift for a man. Coat Pocket Wallet with secret safety pocket, handsome billfold to match. The complete set, in fine Morocco with 14K gold corners ... $25, plus tax.

KING LEATHERS INC. INDIANA, PA

The Plight Before Christmas

Continued from page 313

gifts for women because most of them cost so damned much without hesitating to buy them. Some are for carrying in the hand, others by short straps and others are lugged by shoulder straps. Some women like the pocketbooks and purses small and others want them big enough to carry the pet Pekingese. Pay your money and take your choice, gents.

Compacts, which in case you don't know, are containers for powder, also go well as Christmas presents. Women lose a lot of them. Again you have to decide whether the lady likes a big one or a small one. Chances are, knowing the sort of a shopper you are, she'll feel lucky to get any at all.

You should know her glove size and not only the size but the length of her stockings. However, if you have the stocking or shoe size and can point out how high the gift receiver stands, the clerk will give you the right length.

On handkerchiefs you can avoid the mistake women often make when they give you handkerchiefs, if you'll stick to white. From what I was able to learn, you'd be smart to shop with care around the fancy handkerchiefs although some women prefer them, especially with the lace edges. The plain but expensive, monogrammed handkerchiefs get the most calls. Linen if you can get them.

Perfumes are reasonably reliable choices as men's Christmas gifts to women but in buying them you have a possibly perilous latitude of tastes. Some women prefer heavy perfumes, others like delicate scents. Sniff the bottles the saleswoman pokes under your schnoz and decide on the one that smells most like your girl, or how you'd enjoy having her smell. The G.I.s who sent home perfume from Paris furthered the perfume habit among American women, although some of the stuff that was unloaded on the G.I.s after the jerries had had first picks was strictly Eau de Camembert No. 69 and was no evidence of expert shopping by lonely soldier boys.

Now you have been briefed on the why and how of Christmas shopping by men for women, not in any complicated degree but just enough so you really can make up your mind like a real man and go to it with a fighting chance to produce squeals of delight and amazement when your packages are opened. But, huh, better start at the task before you take unto your tripe your own Christmas package of invigorating beverages and sally forth in mock courage and less judgment to do what you should have done weeks prior. #

Continued from page 152

Extra-heavy-Quality All-Silk Jacquard Crepe Ties

This label will assure you a fine quality silk tie, as nationally advertised

$5 each

Original Ben Pulitzer Creations in color, design, and quality that matches the best imported foreign product of previous years. At fine stores from coast to coast, or write for name of your nearest dealer

BEN PULITZER Creations, Inc., 1270 B'way, New York 1, N. Y.

Nocturne in Lace

Continued from page 108

being one of those vast, perfectly appointed homes the government saw were supplied returned servicemen with the same lavishness the government displayed in building war factories.

But skip what the G.I. got without the filmy stage dressing, and consider Exhibit A, which is an Empire number. Not expecting the students to know what an Empire number is, I will describe it sketchily as being somewhat along the lines of the garment great-grandmother used to wear in the days when feather bedding meant something other than clauses in a contract between labor and management and a hot water bottle was something reliable to cuddle to.

This alluring exhibit is tied around the neck and midships with "dainty drawstrings piped in blue." The nobby wench who modeled this number for the ad followed directions on the label by drawing the strings to get "the loose blousy effect." In so doing the enchanting creature stands a hell of a good chance of waking up in the morning in three sections.

Now the designer and fabricator of the Empire-pattern device did not have in mind the possibility that the "dainty drawstrings piped in blue" might subject the purchaser to partitioning like a European country. They were as unmindful of that as the manufacturer of a little boy's set of carpenter tools is of the chances of the user employing the tools on the family Chippendale. It never seems to occur to them that the items may be used in a mischievous manner rather than for utility. Or does it? Can it be that the designer and fabricator is set on provoking parties to mischief? I have thought it over and have come to the conclusion it can be.

Another thing about the conspiracy to sweep away reason in nightie-nattiness is the facial expressions of the models who are shown attired in various versions of "a symphony of chiffon mists gathered in a willow-slim waistline, revealing yet provocatively concealing." They all have the Big-Boy-aintcha-gonna-ease-muh-lonesomeness look.

The expression is so uniform that millions of the consuming sex are certain to acquire it with disastrous results to unsuspecting young men. This demure mien is merely gravy, for when the target for tonight gets a glimpse of "sheer and shimmering snowbanks of satin cascading from the bosom to the floor," he gets a heavy film over his eyes and even Gravel Gertie could do things to him that would make him ashamed to look

Continued on page 316

L'Offrande "the offering" perfume masterpiece by "4711." Provocative in its implications, yet marked by the restraint that proclaims refinement

No. 4711
Famous Ice Clocch
Eau de Cologne

Photogenic from any angle — WINGS white on white rayon Jacquard with the two way convertible collar. Of a Green Light Crown Tested fabric that washes without special care, shrugs off shrinkage and fading

AT YOUR FAVORITE DEALER

WINGS SHIRT CO., EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK

BRUGAL RUM

"The Rum with the Richer Flavor"

BACK of every drop of Brugal Rum is a proud family tradition, born over half a century ago. As a result, quality has always been foremost. That is why connoisseurs have paid it honor after honor. You, too, will acclaim the richer flavor that it imparts to any drink.

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

Nocturne in Lace

Continued from page 315

his own mother in the face again.

Once in a while the ads blast away with both barrels at once. Such is the case when the perfume people tie up with the nightie-nutty. This brings the target into the sights so plainly he is as easy as finding New York City by radar. One perfume ad shows a rippling nymph standing in a 100-degree centigrade black nightie with a bottle of the product being held in one hand and the other hand applying a dab of the heady ambergris to her left ear. The copy of the advertisement states, simply: "Her perfume . . . for a reason."

What reason?

Aren't we supposed to ask? How can an inquisitive young man learn otherwise? I think I know, but I do not want to spoil your fun or discourage the exercise of good healthy curiosity.

Who writes these ads? Are they the output of leering misanthropes who collaborate with scheming women determined to make all males but playthings for their sex diaphanously draped? The foul hand of Mammon is somewhere painting the picture of caprice in crepe as the shadows dance, regardless of the identity of the anonymous characters who knock out the nocturnes about the nighties. Nobody writes these ads for the fun of it. The fun comes later. That ends too. He who frolics must ultimately pay the copy writer, also the butcher, landlord, department stores, insurance companies, et al., forever and ever.

You slip because someone has written—although you never saw it—"He's back again with you and you soft and possessible in a ravishing sheerest rayon . . . at Saks Fifth Avenue, Julius Garfinckel, Carson Pirie Scott, Bullocks-Wilshire", or has rhapsodized: "Soft as his breath on your shoulder, sweet as a rain-washed field, for your dreams tonight . . . at Bonwit Teller, Bergdorf Goodman, Marshall Field, Jordan Marsh, Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin."

The net of crepuscular chiffon is spread for you, my friend, and you'll flutter around until you're locked in its frills. But cautioning you will have no effect. You'll croon, "Honey, I was thinking about this when I was far, far away in . . ." and then you'll mention St. Lo or Saipan, Bizerte or Bougainville, Okinawa or Nürnburg.

So was she, and so was whoever wrote the ad that sold the nightie.

Come peace, come war, come the serpent in Eden, come the atomic bomb, the mighty nightie retains its magic. ##

Continued from page 188

This Christmas

GIVE SMART UNUSUAL

PERSONALIZED SOAP

For HIM . . HER . . JUNIOR!

Name and Design Will Not Wash Off!

A gift inspiration! Luxurious French milled soap lastingly personalized with a choice of handsome designs, in full color including (A) Roses, (B) Horse, (C) Name only or 3-letter monogram, (D) Yacht, (E) Terrier Dog. Soap color choice too—White, Pink, Peach or Green.

When ordering print names clearly.

6 CAKES \$2.50
8 CAKES \$3.00
12 CAKES \$4.25

Packed in Gift Box

Include 25c extra per box for postage and packing.

☆ FOR MEN ONLY ☆

A special design in full color, designed to make men whistle in the bath tub. Two gorgeous gals in full color are right on the soap. (Same prices as above.)

ORDER NOW FOR CHRISTMAS DELIVERY
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Personal Soap Co.

312 5th Ave., Dept. E, N. Y. 1, N. Y.

OUT OF THE ROYAL TREASURE CHEST

Royal Gold Crest Robes

The man who receives a Royal Gold Crest Robe will think fondly of you . . . because you thought so highly of him. For this is quality, post-war quality at *last*. And this becomes the Christmas when you can once more give the finest . . . gifts like Royal Gold Crest Robes that live longest in memory, because they linger longest in service.

\$35

Royal Gold Crest Robes are available in these colors in addition to those shown in illustration.

At leading department stores and men's stores everywhere.

ROYAL ROBES, INC. • 16 EAST 34th STREET, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

NOW! Christmas Cards that speak a Man's Language!

12 Richly Colored Game Bird Designs... Exclusive New Hallmark Cards for Men

This year send Hallmark Christmas Cards for Men... cards that speak a man's language ... masculine as a briar pipe ... friendly as a setter pup ... colorful as all outdoors.

Now, for the first time, you can send beautiful reproductions of Lynn Bogue Hunt's famous paintings "Game Birds of America" on Christmas cards ... on the exclusive new Hallmark Christmas Cards for men.

The game bird paintings, created for Field & Stream Magazine, have won high praise from leading sports authorities like Ernest Hemingway, who calls Lynn Bogue Hunt "the greatest painter of game birds in America."

These cards portray ring-necked pheasants, pintails, quail, and many other favorite game birds in all their natural setting and full rich color.

Hallmark Christmas Cards for Men say "Merry Christmas" in a truly man-to-man style ... these are Christmas cards to send to any man and for every man to send.

Copyright 1946, Hall Brothers, Inc., New York   Kansas City, Mo.

6 Different Cards in each Portfolio

$1 per Portfolio

Hallmark "Game Birds of America" Christmas Cards come in two attractive portfolios. One portfolio contains six different illustrations of Upland Game Birds; the other, six different Water Bird Designs. All are Lynn Bogue Hunt masterpieces. Handsomely designed, the large, double-fold cards are of exceptional quality. Ask for Hallmark Cards for Him in America's finest shops and stores.

HALLMARK Christmas Cards for Men

TUNE IN THE HALLMARK PROGRAM—EVERY THURSDAY OVER CBS, 10:00 P. M., E. S. T.

---

the Earl should have waited for Christmas '46

The Earl of Essex, who dressed to please a queen, wore some of the most luxurious fabrics ever loomed. But picture his excitement this Christmas if he could enjoy the richness and soft luxurious feel of this new *Nelson Paige* shirt. A shirt distinguished not only for its needlework, but because the fabric is Sakana rayon broadcloth. It washes with ease, holds its crispness, tailors superbly. It's a Nelson Paige gift *for him*, at the really good stores that feature Nelson Paige. Superbly tailored in Philadelphia by Mylish, Mann & Drucker.

Nelson-Paige
CREATIVE SHIRTMAKER

IT'S SMART TO SAY "Make Mine Monnet"
MONNET
J.G. MONNET & Co
COGNAC

This FINEST *of French brandies* — *luxurious* MONNET COGNAC — *again is resuming its favored place in the fine homes and restaurants of America. The matchless taste and bouquet of this distinguished cognac make it the choice of those who enjoy the superior. You will find it rewarding and smart to say, "Make mine Monnet."*

MONNET Cognac

"One of France's Most Prized and Precious Brandies"

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y. MONNET COGNAC 84 PROOF

How Sportsmanship Came to Carver

Continued from page 111

Dixon persuaded. "the lowerclassmen have an uphill fight. They have to climb the tree to get the flag and you can put as many men around the tree as you want to guard the tree and as many men up in the tree as you think is necessary to keep the freshmen down! They have the odds against them!"

"Looks all right to me," Paul Sykes said, his face reddening.

"What do you think about it?" Professor Dixon asked, looking toward the big lowerclassmen.

"What do you say, Bullie?" a tall freckled-faced boy said.

"I say we can take that flag," Bullie said.

"Maybe," someone on our side said.

"Where is the tree?" I asked, wondering if we had a tree big enough on the campus.

"We've got the tree selected and the flag in it," Dixon said.

"Then what are we waiting on?" Big Dick said.

"We're ready," Bullie said.

When we left the auditorium, our side went out together. We followed Big Dick. The freshmen followed Bullie. Not one of our men got mixed up with their crowd and not one of their men got mixed up with us.

"Now you can call your men off to themselves and plan your strategy," Professor Dixon told Big Dick.

"That's just what I aim to do," Big Dick said. "We know that gang we're up against."

"As soon as you're through talking it over," Professor Dixon said, "let me know and I'll take you to the tree."

We knew that Big Dick, who was the most powerful among us, would go to the very top of the tree to protect our flag. And below him, we would put our best tree climbers, tall men who could swing on limbs and could kick with their long legs.

"Step on their hands when they start climbing up," Big Dick told us. "Kick 'em down any way you can even if you have to ram the toe of your shoes in their mouths. That's the toughest crop that's ever come to Carver. We'll have a time with 'em. Let's go keep our flag flying at any cost."

"Ready, Professor," Big Dick shouted.

Big Dick arranged for himself and eleven more of his most active men to go up into the tree. He selected twelve more men, the heavy powerful men, to guard the trunk of the tree and the remaining twenty-one to meet Bullie and his gang as they came uphill toward the tree. Big Dick called us his "assault troops" and he put

Continued on page 322

***INNER SANCTUM WALLET**
by Aristocrat
Fifth Avenue

Safety first *your larger bills disappear like magic in the Inner Sanctum* A wallet you'll bless for its roominess, its convenient compartments, its quality leathers. Smart styles for men and women.*

At leading stores everywhere. Write for the name of your nearest dealer.
Aristocrat Fifth Avenue 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"You're asking for a Good Sock"

If YOU want Christmas kisses like this...

Be Sure To Look For This . . .

"We feature Earl . . . the finest in men's Shirts, Shorts, Sportswear, Beachwear and Knitwear."

Yuletide hugs and Christmas kisses are yours when "He" sees his gift is an "EARL." EARL shirts, shorts, sportswear, beachwear and knitwear bring those "Oh, Boy!" grins to any man. At better men's shops.

Earl SHIRT CORPORATION

NEW YORK 1140 Broadway

PORTLAND ORE. CHICAGO ILL. MILWAUKEE, WIS. ATLANTA, GA.

How Sportsmanship Came to Carver

Continued from page 321

me with this group. When he selected me I shook like a leaf for I knew what was coming. I'd seen too many fights between the lower and upperclassmen already. I'd seen Big Dick hit Stanley Graff, knock him clean through a window, taking out sashes and window panes, when we were working in the shoe shop.

But this freshman came around the house and back in at the door for some more. He was tough. They were all tough. Big Dick, two-hundred and twenty-five pounder, was a man. He could run the hundred in nine and four-fifths seconds. He'd taken as many as seven first places in track meets; he was fullback on our football team, a guard on our basketball team and an outfielder in baseball. And he was handy with his dukes. He did a lot of boxing but he couldn't hurt Graff.

Professor Dixon led the way and Big Dick followed him and we followed Big Dick. The men to follow Big Dick up the tree, mostly our basketball squad, were up near Dick. And the tree guards, which were mostly the linemen on our Bull Dogs, followed the tree climbers. And we "assault troops" followed the tree guards.

I don't know what Bullie said to his men or how he arranged them. They followed us, hollering like a pack of wolves. When Professor Dixon showed us the tree we looked to the top and saw our flag, a big white cloth, flying from the topmost twig above the copper-colored leaves.

It was a big elm tree, the biggest and prettiest tree on the campus where many of us had sat with our sweethearts on Sunday afternoons. Many of us who had been more interested in the course of 'love' than any other subject in our happy years at Carver had an affection for this tree. But now it was just another tree.

Big Dick put his powerful arms around its trunk and went up its stalwart body like a cat until he reached the first limbs. Then the climbing was easier. Behind Big Dick were Big Nick Darter, Amos Sinclcher, Tim Evans, Johnnie Dowling, Ernie Pratt, Charlie Fugate like ants following each other up the tree. While down below us at the foot of the hill was Bullie Snead in front of his men, waiting until the signal was given to battle us. Our tree guards gathered around the tree trunk and waited while we the assault men grouped together, each one trembling like a leaf in the wind, and waited for the signal to meet Bullie and his fifty men. There were twenty-one of us. We knew we wouldn't be able to stop Bullie and all his men but we could slow them.

"Ready everybody," Big Dick shouted to his men from the top.

"Have been ready and waiting for some time," Bullie Snead yelled.

"All right, let's go," Professor Dixon commanded.

"Let's meet 'em with full force, fellows," Ickie Porter shouted, running downhill to meet Bullie.

When we met Bullie and his men we hit body to body, head-on and every way that men could hit. I was never hit harder in line practice in football.

Men were knocked down and they groaned when others fell upon them or over them. Fists flew and men kicked. We knew it was a fight to a finish. As I went around and around with some freshman, I looked below me and saw some big man had Ickie down, sitting on him, resting as he fanned his hot face. And then as we whirled around in a tussle I saw Bullie, with a pack of big men, shoving our men aside and making it toward our guards.

"Take 'em men," Bullie screamed as they fought their way to the tree. "Knock 'em out! Knock their teeth down their throats!"

And I saw our men up-end Bullie's men as they approached but not for long. Bullie and his men would reach up and get one of our guards by the hand or pants leg or sleeve and jerk him down the hill over the slick grass, stripping his clothes as they went.

"Fight 'em men," Big Dick yelled as he observed the fight from the treetop. "Stand your ground! They're closin' in!"

"Stand hell," someone shouted.

We were a battered lot. Many of us hardly had on enough clothes to hide our nakedness. Noses were bleeding, teeth were knocked loose, heads were hurt and men were lying senseless upon the grass but the fight went on. Bullie was trying to go up the butt of the tree while his men, who had overpowered our guards by numbers and not strength, guarded him. Bullie got up to the first limbs when Tim Evans dropped down low enough to kick Bullie

Continued on page 324

"Take over awhile . . . I'm bushed"

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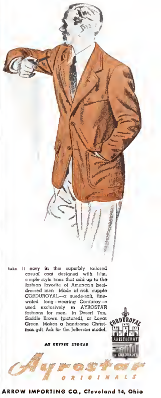

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How Sportsmanship Came to Career

Continued from page 323

until he had to let loose and drop to the ground. All our men in the tree laughed to see Bullie knocked from the tree. But it didn't hurt Bullie. He got up and started up the tree again while his men pounded our tree guards and assault men until we were all nearly knocked out lying helpless upon the grass. Often three of his men would polish off one of ours. Not until now did we know Bullie's tactics. When he got us out of the way on the ground he could concentrate on the tree.

Finally I got my man down and he was willing to lie down for awhile. He had had enough. I went to rescue Iekie for three of Bullie's men were sitting on him, resting while he groaned beneath the load. When I approached one of the men jumped up, grabbed me at the neck, stripped my shirt clean and slung me twenty feet or more down the hill where I whirled and spun before I finally hit headfirst on the grass.

"Hold that tree, men!" Big Dick shouted as he directed the fight from his safe perch.

Now Bullie and several of his men had places up in the elm. And our men had dropped down to kick them but they caught their feet and legs and were trying to pull them from the tree. One of their men was holding to Big Nick Darter's legs and swinging like he was on a grapevine swing while Big Nick held to the limb above with all his strength.

Girls could no longer be held in their dormitories. They broke out and came to see the fight. The upperclass girls were on our side yelling for us while the others were yelling for the lowerclassmen. Faculty members came too and though they had preached sportsmanship to us they started yelling for one side or the other. Someone called the town marshal and his deputies and the county sheriff and his deputies. It was one of the women teachers or maybe the president who had got scared again. And they came but they couldn't do anything with the ninety-five men who were determined to fight to the finish.

Three of Bullie's men let Iekie up and grabbed me. They threw me down and sat on me while they rested. And then load was something to bear up. From where they sat on me I could look up and see the fight in the tree and I could hear the screams from the men in the tree above the roar of the crowds.

"Get that man in the top," Stanley Graff yelled. "Then we'll haul down their dirty rag."

The lowerclassmen didn't pull Big Nick Darter down but when another one swung on his legs to pull him loose, they broke the limb from the tree and Big Nick came down holding it in his hands with two men holding his legs. They hit the ground with a thump. No one bothered about them in the thickest of the fight. I saw Bullie and his men getting higher and higher in the tree. I saw limbs coming down with men holding them and two or three men holding to their legs.

"You're just a sentimental old fool"

In twenty minutes there wasn't a lower limb left. A few limbs remained in the top where Big Dick was still safe for he was guarded by three men below him. But Bullie must have had twelve men left. We wondered how long it would be before they got Big Dick and our flag. Bullie was the highest of all his men but one of our men stepped down and put a foot on each of Bullie's shoulders and jumped up and down. Though Bullie hugged the tree like a bear he couldn't take this. He dropped down without a limb to catch him but he fell on a soft pile of men.

"Stop the fight, Sheriff!" some faculty member yelled.

"Here goes my football team!" Coach Powers yelled. "Who planned a thing like this anyway?"

"My basketball team," Coach Charlie Andrews yelled. "Sheriff, can't you do something?"

But the sheriff couldn't climb that tree where the fight was raging. There wasn't any more fighting on the ground for no one there was able to fight. There wasn't anything that a sheriff could do. When Amos Snelcher came down he brought a freshman with him and Tim Evans and Johnnie Dowling brought two each. But six men were up in the tree.

The fight was up among the last limbs where the elm top rocked in the wind. Every time a man started up Big Dick kicked him down. He kicked Bullie's men until they fell out or had to come down. Just one man stayed. He wouldn't leave. That was Stanley Graff. He would reach up to get Big Dick by the leg. But Big Dick would kick at

Continued on page 326

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How Sportsmanship Came to Carver

Continued from page 326

his hand and he'd jerk it back while everybody yelled like at a basketball overtime period when the score was tied.

Big Dick got mad at Stanley's tactics. He dropped down a step to put his feet on Stanley's shoulders to shove him from the tree. But Stanley got him by the legs and started swinging and since Big Dick was so heavy and the top limb was so small with Stanley's extra weight the limb shivered and down they came, bringing all the treetop but the one twig that held our flag.

"There goes my track team," Coach Speed Mullins yelled as Big Dick dropped through the air still clinging to the elm limb and with Stanley Graff holding to his legs.

Then the crowds rushed in to help care for their wounded. Someone pulled the three lowerclassmen from me. I wasn't hurt like many of the others but I had escaped only in my undershirt, shorts, socks and shoes. Since Carver College didn't have an ambulance they rushed the college truck to the scene. I saw them carry Big Nick Durter, our best baseball player, and the two lowerclassmen that had swung on his legs to the truck. They were knocked cuckoo.

Then they picked up Billie Sneed and carried him to the truck. He yelled, cussed, kicked with one leg and screamed and his words sounded funny for he had lost his front teeth and one leg was broken. Next they carried Big Dick and Stanley, who were knocked cold as turtles, and laid them side by side in the truck bed. The driver gunned the truck and was away, rushing them to Natesboro General Hospital, across the mountain. The rest of us could nurse our own bruises.

"Come on, pal," Ickie Porter, my roommate said to me. "You've got no more clothes than I have."

Ickie only had on his shorts. He held my arm for I was wobbly, and we walked past where the coaches had surrounded Professor Dixon and a great argument was going on. But we'd had all we wanted and we didn't stop to listen. We didn't want to listen any longer to the moans coming from men stretched out on the grass where their sweethearts, friends and faculty members administered sympathy.

"Look," Ickie said, stopping to point back at our flag. "It's safe now! Not anybody on this campus that can climb that tree now."

Ickie was right for there wasn't a limb left except the topmost twig where our flag waved. And there wasn't a piece of bark left on it big as a matchbox. #

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RADIOS · TELEVISION SETS · RECORDS · PHONOGRAPHS · RECORDERS

What Makes a Bug Man Tick?

Continued from page 187

traps we make sure to use knife, fork and gloves. They are so clever they even sniffle out the slightest human perspiration."

Pomerantz tries to outwit them by studying their habits and their diet. He baits his traps with food they prefer: ground meat, bait, cheese, oatmeal and cornmeal. He spices each morsel with a little strychnine.

But his sure-fire prescription for victory against rats anywhere is a complete "Rat-proofing."

"That's an art by itself," he says. "It is done with an intelligent combination of wire lath and a good mixture of cement. Without wire it's no good because rats will gnaw through cement. Rat-proofing keeps them out. The problem is they can't get in."

Rat jobs are always interesting. The termites might be dull but they are protracted and profitable. Pest control operators love them because they have to trace the termites right down to their source. Then they contaminate the soil under the foundation to kill the pests. One job may take weeks, and the fee may run as high as $1,000. Pomerantz did such a job in the vaults of a bank. The termites skipped the steel and, sticking to habit, gouged on the wood until they threatened the whole foundation of the bank.

"And in another respectable bank," Pomerantz recalls, "I found, of all things, bedbugs."

Sometimes with the lush fee comes an unexpected plum. So impressed were the officials of a New Jersey High School with Pomerantz and the Pomerantz methods on termites they invited him to address the entire student body on the subject.

"Remarkable, the sense of perception those boys and girls had," he says reflectively.

And his termites demonstrate the versatility of a pest control operator like Pomerantz.

"When this insect has eaten away the wood foundation of a building," he explains, "there is immediately the problem of reconstruction. So I learned all about construction. When necessary I can now prepare the blueprints. No extra charge."

Lesser allies of the towering termites that he contends with are powder-post beetles and carpenter ants which do considerable damage by simply adhering to their undeviating diet of various kinds of wood.

For the roach Pomerantz has a passing fondness. He refers to it reverently as the aristocrat of all insects, for no other reason than that it antedates man by at least 100 million years. Such a fact al-

Continued on page 328

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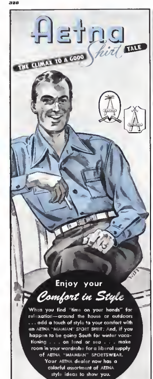

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What Makes a Bug Man Tick?

Continued from page 327

ways overpowers Pomerantz.

"With roaches," he says, "it is not a problem of damaging. It is a problem of sanitation and health. They contaminate millions of dollars worth of food, and they are, of course, disgusting to people."

Though bugs are a perpetual business, they do have their seasons. Pomerantz and all pest control operators are busy the year 'round with the larger nuisances—rats, mice, roaches, termites. From June to November they have their ticks. All summer they have their moths and carpet beetles which express quite a stubborn preference for woolens.

"It's probably the natural consistency of the material which is best suited for their existence," Pomerantz explains.

"Then," he adds, "we have the bedbug to control, a possible carrier of disease, mind you, and, of course, unacceptable to man."

Pomerantz is a walking file of testimonials. The merest reference to his bugs and he promptly yanks out of his pocket a letter from a scientist, one of his own speeches, a poem, or a bottle of insecticide to clinch a five minutes' dissertation on the subject. He goes to ten minutes whenever it's ticks.

Pomerantz looks forward eagerly to the day when he can retire. He is certain it will not be too long.

"On that sublime day," he glows, "I will devote all my time to science and to chemistry, so I will know more about ticks."

He still has three or four decades before he joins all the bugs he has diminished. When he passes, it would be a graceful gesture if one of his many admiring and envious colleagues would lift one sentence from a letter which Pomerantz wrote to a friend, and use it as his dazzling epitaph:

"I took a new and cunning problem facing the pest control industry and created an institution of the lowly tick." ##

Continued from page 187

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Food with the Spanish Accent

Continued from page 181

gled himself into the country aboard a banana boat, but a 1926 law immunized him from prosecution. His wife and two children were not so fortunate, however, for they had arrived after the blanket amnesty was granted and immigration inspectors ordered them to return to Cuba. The Hernandez highballed it to Washington, buttonholed a few Congressmen. That's why today, if you take the time to search, you'll find under Private Law No. 225, 76th Congress (Charter 648, First Session) a Congressional fiat entitled *An Act For The Relief of Mrs. Porfirio Pignan.*

Although the Columbia's vast business was built on Father Hernandez' premise that food must be good, other wiles are utilized to lure the customers into the building that has grown to be a half-block long and three stories high. Not the least of these is the extravagant shower of gifts that befall the more munificent friends of the establishment. It is rumored among the waiters that a fabulous little cupboard in the innermost recesses of the office stores such extravagant items as French perfume, solid gold pen and pencil combinations, diamond rings and jeweled wrist watches. As Joe Fernandez, the unctuous headwaiter, delicately puts it,

"There are many of our customers who come so often they are more than customers . . . they're our friends. They are very dear to us. Oftentimes, for special occasions, we show our affection by bestowing slight gifts."

Another tourist-catcher is the language of the waiters. The Hernandez boys, who at first encouraged their *dependiente* to learn English, abruptly switched their tactics when they realized Spanish was what the customers wanted to hear, even if they couldn't understand it. So the waiters banter back and forth in Spanish, and trouble themselves to learn only enough English to find out what the customer wants.

In the coffee shop, frequented mainly by Latin drinkers, the walls are decorated with tile plaques portraying uproarious moments in the life of Don Quixote. Leaded glass windows above the doorways, bought on trips to Mexico, Cuba and Africa, depict famous Spanish paintings. In the adjoining La Fonda, which is the main dining room for the businessmen's trade, 200 squares of tile bear the written and illustrated story of Don Quixote in duplicating plates of Spanish and English.

In the real Don Quixote room—where the orchestra plays to the conga beat of clattering maracas

Continued on page 330

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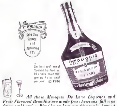

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BELTS and BILLFOLDS

Food with the Spanish Accent

Continued from page 329

has the key to the restaurant's decorative scheme. Here are huge majolica arches with hard-baked pictures of the famous Don. It all started one day soon after the dining room was built, when an envoy of the Spanish government stopped at the Columbia to dine. He admired the appointments of the room, eyed the bare naves, and remarked, "I have two plaques that will go well in this room. They were in the Spanish exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago." One was a picture of Don Quixote, so today the whole establishment exudes the fantasy of Cervantes' hero.

Particularly attractive to the restaurant's patrons are the sterling silver Planter's Punch tumblers which cost three dollars per clip. Once six of these gleaming containers disappeared from a table and the waiter followed the departing group to the automobile. "I don't know what happened to the glasses," he said tactfully, "but they were at your table, so I must charge you for them." A man in the party hastily drew the waiter to one side, a $20 bill changed hands, the restaurant cash register was rung up for $18 dollars and the waiter put two bucks on Bolita the next day.

Rich as their décor is, the Hernandez brothers are proud of the fact that the rich marble wainscoting of the patio was bought from a junk heap of rubble torn from a defunct bank for $100. A stonecutter told the brothers the lot was worth $15,000.

Although the Hernandez policy follows the tradition that the customer is usually right, even when he gets mixed up with the Spanish menu, no untoward incidents go unchallenged. During an argument with his wife in the coffee shop, a Tampa man dashed his dinner plates on the floor. Lawrence rushed out to determine the cause of the commotion. "What is going on here?" he demanded.

"I got mad at my wife and broke the dishes," the customer answered, "but I paid for them."

"You may have paid for the dishes, but that's not enough. I don't appreciate so much noise in my restaurant."

The patron looked surprised. "What else am I supposed to do?"

Hernandez didn't hesitate. "You've got to clean up this mess." It took the customer about fifteen minutes.

In a spirit of enlightened self-interest, the Columbia waiters cater to the customers' whims however weird they may be. One always sweetens his coffee with ice cream. Another dotes on grapefruit sprinkled liberally with Worcestershire sauce. And the waiters prepare for a siege when one particular customer comes in, for he invariably orders a plate of raw shrimp covered with a half pound—no less—of garlic.

One eccentric once ordered purée of bean soup à la carte instead of the Spanish bean soup on the regular dinner menu. After completing his meal he then called for the bean soup he would have received with the regular meal. The waiter brought it. Instead of eating the second bowl, however, the patron deliberately emptied the contents of the salt and pepper shakers into the broth, ruining it for further human consumption. The waiter, at first incredulous, burst into an uncontrollable rage. "With food so hard to get now, you have to waste it like that?" he shouted. Then, picking up the bowl, the waiter emptied the whole salty peppery business over the customer's head. The customer charged he not only was humiliated, he was burned, and demanded satisfaction through an attorney. The lawyer was given a list of customers who had witnessed the incident and although all said they realized the salter was within his rights to do anything he wanted with his soup, they sympathized with the viewpoint of the distraught waiter. The lawyer dropped the suit.

All the temperament troubles are not in the dining rooms. Back in the kitchen Pijuan is weighed down by the responsibility of knowing he's the keystone of an institution, and his grief is almost uncontrollable when something doesn't turn out right.

If you should go back into the kitchen, you could see how it would be difficult to work out a recipe. Pijuan's orders to his assistants, flung from the corner of his mouth in rippling Spanish, produce ingredients from a myriad of refrigerators, shelves, pots and pans. Today he may be fixing up batches of chicken and rice, his rotund underpinnings spread wide apart, his white cap drooping to one side like a rooster's comb.

"*Los chickens*," he barks, and a cook speeds up with a pan of a dozen fryers, basted and brown from pre-cooking in a yard-wide aluminum pan.

"*El tomate para arroz con pollo*," he says, and another cook ambles over with two cans of tomatoes for the chicken and rice.

"Onions," he says, and four onions appear. One after another, as he stands raging in Spanish at the slowness of modern-day kitchen help, he gets a small head of garlic, a pint of olive oil and a bottle of sherry. He reaches to the shelf, grabs a can of salt, flicks a half palmful into the stew. Then comes a panful of red peppers.

This substance goes on one of

Continued on page 332

Solbro
Sportswear
WITH
Solpad
REMOVABLE BUILT UP SHOULDER PAD
Inner view of shoulder with SOLPAD buttoned in

A FORGE FABRIC

The perfect Christmas gift—Solbro Sportswear with the "Solpad" feature a removable built-up shoulder pad for that smooth broad shoulder look. Faultlessly tailored of Forge Fabrics. At better stores everywhere or write

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Pounds drop off while you enjoy delicious meals! Just get the Ry-Krisp Plan for those in normal health but overweight ... then choose meals from long lists of low-calorie foods (in portions given) ... and have Ry-Krisp as bread. So easy, when delicious Ry-Krisp adds a flavor thrill! This wafer-thin whole-grain bread has minerals and vitamin B_1 for "tone" and sparkle. Only 23 calories per double-square wafer!

TRIMS and SATISFIES
Swiss steak, paprika noodles, Brussel sprouts, beet-and-onion salad, Ry-Krisp, butter, [illegible] orange shell, skim milk
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A DEVELOPMENT OF I. C. R. INDUSTRIES

An ideal gift for men or women

ENCORE* Hands You Your Cigarette

FROM FIVE DOLLARS, at better stores

Manufactured & Distributed by THE GOERT HIGHT COMPANY Pasadena, California

Food with the Spanish Accent

Continued from page 331

the big gas ranges and Pijuan waits around for ten minutes, checking on his supplies Then he drops the fryers into the brew, and waits another ten minutes

Meanwhile on another range a gallon of beef broth is bubbling with a half gallon of rice, tinted yellow by saffron. "I always use broth for cooking," he says. "The gravy is pure broth cooked down—I never use any flour in my gravy." Putting the rice and chicken together he places the great bowl in an oven where it bakes for twenty minutes. If you can reduce this scene to teaspoons and ounces you'll know how to make chicken and rice Spanish style, even if it doesn't turn out the way it does at the Columbia.

Pijuan's greatest pride and joy is his steak Capuchina—baked in paper He makes a dressing of four chicken livers, a dash of salt, half an onion four mushrooms chopped fine three almonds a little butter, a squirt of sherry While he lets this simmer for ten minutes, a filet of tenderloin steak is browning on a broiler just long enough for it to seal in the juices Then Pijuan takes a piece of white paper, lays the steak on it, pours the dressing over the steak, then folds the paper into an over-all covering That goes into a greased pan in the oven When the paper is light brown the steak is still rare When it's a dark tan, the steak is medium and when the edges of the envelope begin to char, the steak's well done. That takes about five minutes

Thus—life in a Spanish restaurant and you'll hear similar stories recounted in all of Tampa's Latin hostelries. And finally the point should be made that whatever the cunning of Tampa's Latin restaurateurs, the resourcefulness of the hard-to-please customer can still cut even a Hernandez dead in his tracks. There was for instance the bon vivant who pushed open the heavily beamed antique door (it once barred the entrance to a Cuban convent) and seating himself grandly, began perusing the menu After much scanning of *pompano en papillote, arroz con pollo* and bean soup entrees, he demanded "Where's the tamales? Where's the tortillas? I want some Spanish food"

The waiter explained that Mexican-style cooking is much different from Spanish-style that Spanish foods don't have as much pepper as Mexican or as much garlic as the Italian The patron was unconvinced.

"No tacos," he muttered, "no tamales What kind of a Spanish restaurant is this?" And he walked out ##

Continued from page 181

The CORSICAN

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CHICAGO 54, ILL., U.S.A.

A Dame with Sympathy

Continued from page 168

pushing me around and he okays it

"Cora knows more about wrestling than you do about ice cream" he says "My old man wrestled years ago and she grows up learning holds instead of hopscotch. She's got it down to a science"

From that minute on Cora to me is no longer a dame just a machine which keeps after me to wrestle better I never hear a word out of her unless it's got to do with teaching me wrestling and this makes me see how lucky I am to have a gal like Beth

For a month it goes like that, I am on the mat every day learning defense and offense with Cora keeping after me as much as Sparky My muscles get hard, my wrestling savvy gets good, but my cash on hand gets low

All this time Beth gets more and more nervous as the weather gets colder and I am not making any dough. This is very smart on her part as it makes me try harder in the gym

Then Sparky tells me I am ready for the ring and I will start off with a ten-day road trip upstate "The only thing is you need some coaching on your first trip and I can't get away" he says, "so Cora will go along"

I don't like the idea of going on a road trip with a dame and I like less the idea of her coaching me but I think of Beth and the truck and let it go My first match is in Albany and the night before I leave I take Beth out to supper "I wish I could go with you" she says "You will take care of yourself, Clarence"

"Sure honey sure" I tell her I am glad she can't go Better she don't see my knees shake in the ring which I am sure they will and also not find out I got a dame for a coach which she will maybe like even less than I do.

On the train I listen to Cora rattle off how easy I will handle the guy I am to meet a Whizzer Grogan from Boston She tells me I will win hands down that he's a pushover and a potbellied has-been It's a good thing she gives me that spiel or I think I will jump off and go back home

When I get to the Sports Palace my throat is dry and my hands are hot And when I climb through the ropes and stand there in the ring I can hardly breathe

I look around for Cora but before I find her Whizzer comes through the ropes. He is no potbellied has-been. He looks like seven feet tall with wild eyes, a black beard and curly hair on his chest and shoulders. He gives me a tough look and I swallow hard and think of how nice and

Continued on page 334

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TAKE '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' OUT OF HIS LIFE WITH

GEM RAZORS and BLADES

A Dame with Sympathy

Continued from page 333

safe it is selling ice cream to kids

The loud-speaker calls out Whizzer Grogan versus The Beast I don't feel like The Beast more like telling the referee it's all a mistake I am only Clarence Whipley a Gay Humor man who don't belong here

But when the bell rings I am a changed man That same something inside me that I hear when I bust out of Sparky's Octopus hold keeps saying Go get him get him fast tear him apart It's a real force that drives me right at this Whizzer I know it's from fright I leap at him knock him down and at once try a cart wheel Whizzer struggles and suffers but I keep spinning him with no pity

He breaks loose and kicks me in the chest with both his big feet This bounces me against the ropes When he goes to follow up with a flying tackle I roll over and he goes through the ropes into the first row and on somebody's lap He climbs right back and this time he tries to get at my leg

So I kick my leg out hard and get free of Whizzer's clinch He throws himself on top of me grabs my hand and bites yeah—bites my thumb I twist him over on his back and stretch his neck by pushing up his nose He lets go of the thumb and I pick him up by his beard and flip him over. He lands hard and stays put and I get a lot of beard in my hands.

Then a terrible feeling comes over me As the crowd cheers I look at Whizzer lying on the floor, so quiet and I look at pieces of his beard in my hands My thumb feels like it will fall off This is no racket for me My nature cannot stand it I feel awful

After a shower I feel better especially when I think that in less than a half hour I make a hundred bucks. But I can't wait to write Beth how I am paying a stiff price for the truck I bump into Cora who waits outside the dressing room all smiles

Nice going Beast she says warm and slaps me on the back Only you got to watch your timing You almost let Whizzer work a leg lock on you Let's go get a cup of coffee and talk over the match"

For the next hour we sit in a diner drinking coffee and I have to listen to her go over every move I make in the ring and tell me how I will be better next time. But I got to hand it to her she knows her stuff. It's too bad a dame who is put together like she is to be so filled up with wrestling

Three nights later it's the same thing all over again, only this time I wrestle in Syracuse against One-Fall Finkel. I knock this guy off in sixteen minutes and again it's that Force which makes me go after him like I hate him which I don't as I never see him before. And after the match I feel very bad that I have to be such a rough guy to earn dough. And Cora picks the match apart, not finding so many faults this time.

The only good part about all this is a letter from Beth who writes that she is so anxious for me that when her cousin Maurice, who she never tells me about before comes to take her dancing she ain't in the mood to go and she stays home with him. I know how she is crazy for dancing and find this very loyal

And that's the way it is for ten days. In Rochester I lose two teeth but put away Joe Gardinia In Buffalo I do a job on LeRoy LaRue but my nose gets beat a little And when I send Merton B Treadway to the hospital in Erie he takes with him a sample of my left ear which Finkel loosens in Syracuse. In all I knock off five straight guys which nets me five hundred bucks and starts Cora jawing to me about being champ material And I am only afraid I will have a nervous breakdown from this kind of work slugging innocent guys and slowly being torn to pieces myself

Also I get crying letters from Beth that she is lonesome and maybe I better quit and figure out another way to make the dough It takes all my will power to answer her I will stick and don't worry I won't get hurt Of course I don't write her that my left ear is not the same as my right ear any more and my nose has sort of moved to the right

But after the Erie match I go back to New York City where I am to grapple a Moose MacDougall When I go to Beth's house she takes one look at me and her mouth makes a big O and her eyes are full of tears

"Oh, look at you," she says "your nose your ear"

"Now honey," I say 'take it easy When I am finished with this wrestling game I will go to a plastic surgeon and get fixed up

She puts her arms around me "Gee then I been worrying for nothing"

"Well, no' I tell her "Don't forget I don't get hurt only on the outside Doing this kind of work hurts here." I point to my heart.

"Of course," she says and snuggles next to me on the sofa "I forget for a minute Well now that you are back in New York I will go to your next match and cheer you so you won't suffer alone. You will know I am right with you while you are wrestling"

"Honey" I say soft "you got a wonderful sympathy I will get you a ringside seat so you will be very close to me."

But when I come into the ring the next night I think maybe I shouldn't of let her come she can get nightmares from it. So she won't be too scared I decide I will finish off the Moose quick especially when I see what he looks like when he comes through the ropes. He's got everything but horns He is mean-looking

Continued on page 336

Man of Manhattan

There's an hour in Manhattan which is tingly with anticipation like the moment at Belmont before the horse-players shout, "They're OFF!" It's that magic sixty minutes when the ladies and gents are putting on their trappings, scraping off their whiskers, girdling up their loins for that "Big Evening on the town."

That's when this frowsy old Bagdad of a city starts to thrum like Fritz Kreisler on the tremolo passages of "Hora Staccato". White-coated bartenders slice lemon peel with surgeon's hands. Messenger boys ring Milady's bell and slip her a twelve dollar orchid in a transparent box. Taxi drivers drain the last mug of jamoke and settle down in their hacks for an evening of fender scraping.

To make HIM say — —
"Ah-h-h I look so nice!"
Man of Manhattan
Aftershave Lotion — →

The Miss of Manhattan, of course, spends the hour face to face with her face, sticking together a thing of beauty out of "skatey-eight" jars, pots and tubes. And the Man of Manhattan, if he's a real toff, is doing right by himself too. A dash of Man of Manhattan's Aftershave Lotion to make the face sing — a *soupcon* of Man of Manhattan's Cologne to make him extra fascinatin' in those "close-in moments". It's just such little touches which cause a fellow a promising twinkle in that all-important second when he says, "Good evening, Duchess. Shall we be up and away?"

To make HER say — →
"Oo-o-h! How nice!"
Man of Manhattan
Men's Cologne — —

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A Dame with Sympathy

Continued from page 335

with slits for eyes and a scar down his cheek, a pointed chin and a black mustache which makes him look like the Devil himself.

The bell rings, we come out for action and I lead with a back-hander smack, right to his mustache. Moose don't hide his feelings. He yells "Oww" and puts his hands up to his mouth. I yank his hands down and jump on his neck. He grunts and groans. The noise is terrible, the faces he makes are fierce. I am really very rough. I learn many tricks since I wrestle Whizzer Grogan.

For about ten minutes I do everything but throw MacDougall up to the balcony. But he is no bum. He finds an opening and piles into me with a straight press, shifts to a double headlock and slides down for a reverse leg lock. Boy, it's agony. He twists my leg like a pretzel. But I get out of this grip by tickling him on his back so he starts to ho-ho all over the place, and I work a bear hug on him.

I squeeze and he grunts. I hug him very tight and his face gets red like fire. If he gets loose I know he will at least break my leg this time. That Force in me says, "More, more." I do until he's got no more grunts left in him. I let go, he droops, and just to make sure I give him a body lift and slam and Mr. MacDougall is out for the evening.

His trainer and the referee carry him out, limp and sagging like a rag doll. I watch, feeling like a butcher, and then I go back to the dressing room and get dressed slow, working up a new worry that maybe Beth will be ashamed of me for bashing a guy so rough.

There's a knock at the door, I say come in, and it's Beth. Her eyes light up with five hundred volts apiece. "You are wonderful. Wrestling is wonderful. The way you squeezed all the good out of him, the way you banged him on the floor," she waves her arms around like a windmill. "Why, Clarence," she says, "it's marvelous."

I look at her like she is a stranger. Beth with her sympathy. Beth who I pick to be the mother of my children—this can't be gentle Beth. I sit up on the rubbing table before I fall down.

She keeps talking. "The Beast," she says it soft, like it's an honor, like His Royal Highness. "What a name, what a style. I can see you a year from now, the champ."

"But Beth," I say, and that pain in my chest ain't indigestion, "the Gay Humor truck, my career."

"Gay Humor truck, phooey," she says. "A guy with your talent can't hide his head in an ice-cream cone. Wrestling is your career."

No wrestling hold can spill me the way this does. I got nothing to say. I take her home while she raves more about my wrestling talent and how she can't wait to go to my next match and watch me win.

All night long I toss in bed and in the morning I go to Sparky's gym as I got no place else to go. Cora is banging on the typewriter, Sparky ain't around. I sit on the edge of her desk.

"Hi, Beast," she says. "That's quite a job you do on the Moose last night. You're heading for—say, what's the matter? You look like you lost your best friend."

"Maybe I have," I say, sour. I am so glum that another crack like that and I will even tell Cora my troubles.

She takes my hand. I let her. "Tell me about it," she says, gentle. "Maybe I can fix it."

I know she can't but I tell her anyway, not everything, just that I want to buy a Gay Humor truck and I wrestle only to make the dough to buy it and now my girl wants me to stick to wrestling and phooey on the truck.

Cora drops my hand like it's a hot potato. "I didn't know you have a girl," she says. Her mouth turns down a little and she gets up from her chair. "I didn't know you don't plan to stick to wrestling. But don't worry, Clarence, if she loves you she will do what you want." And she got her hat and coat on and walks out and slams the door.

I look at the door and feel like a heel. I shouldn't of told her I don't plan to stay a wrestler when she worked so hard to make me a good one. She's good at pepping me up, though. What she says about Beth doing what I want makes sense. But I would like to make sure. I decide I can think better in a grog shop.

After six beers I got a plan. All I got to do when I wrestle Hurricane Harvey tomorrow night at the Arena is not beat him. In fact I will let him give me a very bad bashing. Beth sees how banged up I am, she feels so bad she will beg me to quit.

But again I toss all night in bed. It ain't a good feeling to know you are going to let a guy bash you to pieces. Then in the morning Beth phones to say she will be at ringside and will be cheering for me to knock Harvey's block off.

All day long I drink beer to quiet my nerves but it don't do no good. By the time I go to the Arena there's a buzz in my head.

When I come into the ring Hurricane Harvey is already in his corner loosening up by bending his knees. He is a very handsome guy with blonde, wavy hair, not the kind of a guy you expect to be an expert eye gouger and kidney puncher which he is.

I look around ringside for Beth. I find her right beside Harvey's corner. I catch her eye and wave. Harvey turns to see what I am waving at and kind of nods to her. She looks from me to him and smiles. Harvey smiles back. Sometimes Beth makes friends too easy.

The referee gives us instructions. The bell rings and I take

Continued on page 338

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A Dame with Sympathy

Continued from page 337

a deep breath and wait for the first blow. It comes, Hurricane shoots me his famous kidney punch. I see it coming. I know how to duck it, just twist to one side and his sock will only catch me on the hip. But I don't. I stand my ground, get hit, grunt and go down.

Next, Harvey rolls his foot around all my face as I lie there on the floor. Already my left eye is closed and my right one is fast getting the same way. He must figure he can't win with these kind of tricks so he starts to wrestle. He wraps me up in a scissors hold and I am a mess.

Then I think I got to try a little to give the fans their money's worth so I work this boy into a wrist twist and he don't like it at all, moaning and yowling so I can see he is really duck soup for me, but I better be careful before I put him away and spoil my plan.

So I let up and Harvey gets up from the floor, waving his wrist around and making passes at me. I kind of weave at him and feint to the left, slow, to make sure he can nab me. He does and digs his elbow into my stomach, brings his knee up to my jaw. I'm down and that's all I remember.

The next thing I know I am stretched out on a rubbing table in the dressing room and Sparky is awful busy doing something to me and the smell of ammonia I don't like.

"How do you feel, kid?" Sparky asks me.

Before I can answer there's a knock on the door. Beth comes in—with Hurricane Harvey and she's hanging on to his arm like she's nailed to it.

I get up on my elbows and open my eyes as wide as I can. "What goes on here?" I say.

Beth smiles, all teeth. "Clarence," she says and her voice sounds like it's got syrup poured on it. "I know you are in no condition to take me home and Hurricane is good enough to say he will do it."

The only thing I can grab is a sponge out of Sparky's hand. I let it fly. It's wet, I don't miss. Beth is all wet.

"You beast," she yells. And Harvey pulls her out the door.

"How do you like that?" I say to Sparky who goes to pick up the sponge.

"I like it fine," I hear a voice say in back of me. I turn. It's Cora who holds the ammonia bottle. "You know, Clarence," she says warm, "I think you will do swell in the ice-cream business. I don't like to see you get banged up like this. Wrestling's not for you."

Now there's a gal with sympathy. I only have to stretch my neck a little, she does the rest. Boy, are my lips sore. But it's worth it. ##

Continued from page 163

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Sunset Caffe Sport Cocktail
½ Sunset Caffe Sport liqueur, ½ light rum. Shake with crushed ice and serve in cocktail glass.
SUNSET
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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

comma chaser

This Douglas Clark bloke—he's obscure, and I don't mean subtle. I was a steady reader until abruptly slowed down by a sentence of his in your October issue. Comrade Clark blooms forth on page 100 with the following literary gem:

Though for some unaccountable reason both the pea-souper and the roo... somehow carry with them the sharp tang of five-star beer, we have to add that London cabby—who, unsightly, is normally clean-shaven and in build, appearance and posture, closely resembles a cinema organist—is less complacent about the whole thing than he ought to be.

Even Stein is to be preferred. When we read that a rose is a rose is a rose, we can at least say that it's true that it's true that it's true. But what the hell can we say when Mr. Clark, who apparently distributes his commas with a spray-gun, tells us that the London cabby is unusually clean-shaven and blonde?

CLIFF ROCKHOLD

Jennings, Louisiana

Hornaday's hidrotic

Let your math and readers try this: A man had a square ranch around which he built a board fence. The boards were eleven feet by one foot, and the completed solid fence was three feet high. The number of boards used was exactly the same as the number of acres in the ranch. What was that number?

JACK HORNADAY

Durham, N. C.

horseplay

Enjoyed immensely the story *The Horse on the Escalator* by Martin Gardner in the October issue. As a professional magician I'd like to know the story about the horse who liked to sit on grapefruit. Do you suppose Mr. Gardner would oblige?

WILLIAM BLACKSTONE

Chicago, Illinois

EDITOR'S NOTE: *By a happy coincidence the anecdote about the grapefruit-loving horse was included in an article by J. C. Furnas called* DON'T LAUGH NOW *which ran some nine years ago in this magazine.*

This is a matter of a man's going to a county fair to look for a good horse, finding one at a ridiculously low price and asking suspiciously what's wrong with him. "Well, we never could break him of one bad habit," says the dealer. "He sits on grapefruit. Whenever he sees a grapefruit he sits on it and won't get up." The man figures that isn't much of a drawback, so he pays the price and rides the horse home by a road which crosses a ford. Right in the middle of the ford the horse sits down and refuses to budge. The man gets off, looks around carefully for grapefruit, finds none, wades ashore and goes back to protest to the dealer. "Hey," he says, "that horse you sold me sat down in the middle of the river and he's still there and there weren't any grapefruit around either." "Oh, hell," says the dealer, "I guess I forgot to tell you. He sits on fish too."

color correction

Someone gave Mr. Byron De Prorok a bum steer when the word "Ashdar" (The Red Sultana in October issue) was translated from the Arabic to mean "Red." Any Arabic speaking individual (and I am one of them) will tell Mr. Prorok that "Ashdar" means "Green," probably referring to the young woman's eyes and not her hair. "Red" in the English attempt at the spelling of the Arabic word might be found as "Ahmar."

So it could have been "Shar Ahmar" denoting "Red Hair" that our misinformed author had intended to use.

Tough to point out such a minor error in an otherwise excellent issue.

ANISE F. CASSAR

Jamaica, N. Y.

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Christmas Eve at McConnell's Bar

Continued from page 148

widows and Clarisse her actions notwithstanding, had found favor in his sight.

His smile broadening Mr Machree realized intuitively the pardonable confusion which must have activated the antisocial behavior of the demonstrative widow. Obviously she did not know that he (Mr Machree) was being addressed as "Mother" and had instinctively resented the imputations of Ernest and of Cassidy. Mr. Machree glanced at the clock over the bar The hell with his deliveries—let 'em wait' He figured that it should not take long once Clarisse's hysterics had subsided and when Cassidy's eyes had ceased to smart before explanations would straighten out the matter. Meanwhile he would stay here and look after this kid There was no obligation to do so but hell—it was Christmas Eve After they got back from the station they'd all have a good laugh and maybe a drink or two and surely Cassidy would tear up the ticket Then maybe he'd drive Clarisse home.

Ralphie was heavy and Mr Machree tired of holding the warm little bundle in his arms set the child down on the floor.

Ralphie burped and nibbled happily on a string of tinsel. Mr. Machree, strangely relieved, did not deem it within his province to interfere

Suddenly and for no particular reason Mr Machree decided that he would be a damned fool to wait for the return of the child's mother the bartender and the cop Christmas Eve or no Christmas Eve, he wanted no part of this violent-tempered young woman, nor of her gastrically disturbed child nor, in fact of the whole shebang

Christmas bells were pealing and snow was falling gently as Mr Machree left the bar climbed into his truck swore at some kids and drove rapidly away. He stopped at a saloon in the Bronx for his beer and got it immediately with no complications whatsoever

The company which employed Mr Machree paid the parking fine, which made him very happy

At eleven-forty that night the department store delivered a carton to Clarisse It contained six more cans of baking powder and she was fit to be tied having had a very trying day what with Ralphie eating nearly a yard and a half of tinsel

Ernest, his forehead neatly taped, told and retold the remarkable story to all the customers at McConnell's until closing time It was a very happy Christmas for Ernest ##

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. [illegible]

Mink by Mink

Continued from page 1[illegible]

made sure of that the second kiss

"I have a little surprise for you," he said.

Then it was true!

"What—where—" I stuttered.

"Oh it'll be delivered later in the week," he said. "How about mixing us a highball?"

I would have walked on my knees to the corner of State and Madison if he'd wanted it. A highball was such a little thing to ask.

The Railway Express truck stopped in front on Friday morning. I watched the progress of the wooden crate up the steps and through the front door. Sure enough—it was our buzzer! I made a solemn little promise to be more patient about scrambled eggs at midnight and hour-and-a-half baths.

The knock on the door was the most breath-takingly beautiful sound I'd heard in a long time. I floated on a small pink cloud to answer it.

"Careful, lady, that box is jumpin'," the man said. "Sign here please."

"But there must be some mistake," I protested.

"You Mrs. Adams?" he asked. I nodded my disillusioned head.

"No mistake. They're for you. Say lady, what cha going to do with them minks?"

I couldn't answer. I just closed the door with quiet dignity and let my face dissolve in privacy. It was sometime later that I discovered the "personal message enclosed" notice. "Love and kisses," it read.

Love and kisses indeed! Just trust to the laws of nature and you'll have your mink coat. They're in love too!

Know anybody who wants a couple of minks? I found the nicest little man who's positively a genius at reweaving moth holes in Harris tweed, and besides there's something a little incongruous about feeding chickens in mink. ##

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You, Too, Can Ski—Maybe

Continued from page 102

ment have been clocked at upwards of seventy.) Otherwise, the same co-ordination and sense of balance are required as in dancing, as well as very much the same kind of rhythmic feeling, and it's notable that I've never yet met a very good skier who wasn't also a naturally good dancer and—given the training—vice versa.

I love skiing, finally, because in a peculiar way it's a remarkably foolproof sport. By this I don't mean that it lacks danger but that its pleasures are direct and self-contained, and so depend less than most others on outside circumstances. You don't have to have partners to go skiing, as you do for tennis or bridge.

You can ski alone, in fact; that's what you always do, once you start down a slope, no matter how much company you may have at either top or bottom. You can ski anywhere: in your own back yard if you have any snow and a slight slope there, or cross-country or on a mountain. And as its pleasures are self-contained, so are its accomplishments. When you make your first good Christie or tempo turn, or when, later, you come down a difficult trail just exactly as you want to come down it—checking speed when you need to check, running straight when you dare to, going into your turns just right and coming out of them all set for the next one, hitting bad spots and never letting them throw you and taking full advantage of the good ones—when you turn in a good performance at skiing (good, I mean, for yourself, and the hell with the experts), well, you *know* it, with a kind of whole-bodied internal satisfaction that's half muscular and half mental and has nothing to do with whether anyone is watching you.

So, then, there you are, thirty-five years old, we'll say, and you've decided you'd like to learn skiing. There's no question at all but that you can, and I could give you a sizable list of famous people who have actually done so, like Lowell Thomas and Harvey Gibson, the banker, and Claudette Colbert and John Atherton, the artist, to support my contention. I could also cite my own experience, for I learned at about that age, and though I'll never be an expert skier in consequence, I've at least reached the point where I can ski pretty much anywhere, without too much danger to life and limb.

I learned by the book—by which I mean that since I happened to live in the country at the time I simply bought a ski manual and went out on a hill and tried to put the instructions the book contained into practice. I shouldn't recommend that method. Ski instructors look wonderful on the slopes, but they just can't write, and when they try to describe the simplest maneuver they get so involved that it's practically impossible to unravel them.

You'll need lessons, right out there on the slope where you can watch what the man does and try to imitate him, and then hear his criticism afterward, and you'll hear plenty, for ski instructors are not noted for their reticence.

As it happened, when I did get some lessons, I learned what is known as the "Arlberg technique," and after considerable thought on the matter I've decided that I wouldn't recommend that method, either.

Choice of technique involves one of the great controversies of the ages, between the devotees of the "Arlberg" and the "parallel" style of skiing.

I do think, though, that for the person who's taking up skiing in middle age, and hence primarily for week-end fun and relaxation rather than for strenuous competition (one of the first things you'll have to face is that, starting at that age, you will probably never be an expert) the parallel style is the more appropriate.

The Arlberg style is primarily an all-weather, all-purpose style of skiing. It was developed by Hannes Schneider—to whom all skiers, Arlbergian or otherwise, should do reverence, for he is practically the father of modern skiing. It was perfected by him in the Arlberg Valley of the Austrian Tyrol, and it still retains the characteristics of rough mountain skiing.

It stresses caution. Its basic position is the crouch, with knees bent so you can take up the shock of sudden bumps and other obstacles, and its basic maneuver is the so-called "snowplow," in which the ski tips are brought together V-fashion, and the skis themselves, pushing out against the snow on either side, create a braking action that can slow you on any slope and stop you on all but the steepest ones.

Now, the snowplow isn't all there is to the Arlberg technique. If you keep at it long enough you can learn to ski just as fast by that method as by any other. But its purpose throughout is to train you to ski on all kinds of snow and in all situations, and because of that, the Army chose it as the style to be taught to its ski-troopers in the late war.

Now parallel skiing was developed by the French, and mainly in the Swiss Alps, where a good part of the skiing is done under somewhat the same conditions as those you can expect to encounter. To make a quick comparison, where the Arlberg insists on safety, parallel casts caution aside and concentrates on speed.

In it, crouch and snowplow are both discarded, and, as the name suggests, the skis are held parallel at all times; turns are made by a shifting of the body weight and a sidewise skidding of the skis. That takes speed, and unless you're an expert, it also takes well-packed "skiddable" snow and a fairly predictable terrain. But these are the very sort of conditions you're

Continued on page 348

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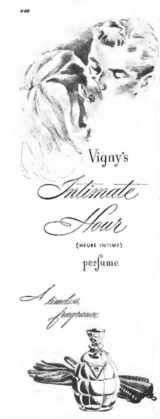

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You, Too, Can Ski—Maybe

Continued from page 347

likely to go for, and since it's easier to learn and much prettier to watch, it seems to me that for the late beginner parallel is the style that will give him most fun and quickest accomplishment.

Both styles have their disadvantages. In the Arlberg, the danger is that, once having learned caution, you may never abandon it, so that you keep jamming your skis into snowplow position and braking ignominiously—and so miss one of the great joys of skiing, which is its speed.

In the parallel, the trouble is that it's so easy to learn when snow conditions are right that you're likely to get to thinking you're a hell of a lot better than you really are—until you run into some snow that isn't so perfect (wet snow, crusty snow, soggy snow), when you're likely to go all to pieces in more ways than one.

Both styles, too, though they start far apart in theory, tend to get more and more alike in practice as the speed of the skier increases. That's because all skiing turns are in one way or another "skid" turns, and as you may have found out in a motorcar at one time or another, the faster you are going the easier it is to skid.

The Arlberg style, as I've said, doesn't end with the snowplow. It takes you on through the stem turn, the stem Christiania and the pure Christiania or "Christie." And as each one is faster than the one before it, in each case less snowplow or "stemming" action is needed and the skis tend to travel closer together—up, at last, to the high-speed "tempo" turn, when to his and everyone else's surprise the Arlbergian finds himself skiing practically parallel too.

I've said you'll need lessons, and you will. They cost a dollar or so an hour in a class, and rather more privately. Both for purposes of economy and for general comradeship I'd advise the class lessons. You won't get ahead so fast, perhaps, but to make up for that you'll find yourself in the company of anywhere from a half-dozen to a dozen other fanatics whose proficiency is no greater than yours is; you'll make friends with them, ski with them, drink with them, and if one of your fellow pupils is a girl and pretty, maybe—well, there's no telling how far these friendships can go, given the right circumstances.

It's no fooling about needing good equipment, incidentally. When I started, I approached the sport with a kind of inverted pride, which made me feel that until I was a good enough skier to use them, good boots and skis were beyond me, and it would be sheer ostentation for me even to think of buying them. As a result I did my first year or two of skiing in a pair of old hunting boots, pine skis, and leather bindings—and I suppose set myself back at least a year in point of progress.

That was nine or ten years ago, when skiing was much less well organized than it is now, but you still find a good many people going about the business of learning to ski in much the same fashion—buying cheap things to start with, on a kind of vague notion that they're likely to ruin it anyway, while learning, and they'll buy some really good stuff later, when they know how to use it.

That's foolish, as foolish as it would be to start playing tennis with a $1.98 racket, or learn bowling with a lopsided bowling ball. In fact, it's more foolish, for skiing, for a man to be proficient at it, requires thinking and acting at higher speeds than tennis, and an exactitude greater than bowling; and while an expert might ski fairly well if he had to, with bad equipment, the beginner would be licked at the start.

In the matter of dress, you can wear anything from a pair of old levis to the nattiest custom-made ensemble without appreciable difference in your performance on the hill. But your boots and your skis and your bindings are the three things that, combined, really make or break your skiing, and these should be first-rate. Get good, solid-soled, steel-shanked boots, with a strap to hold them firmly to the ankle. Get good hickory skis, not too long, and with steel edges.

The steel edges will make them cost about ten dollars extra, but steel edges will give your skis a bite in the snow on turns and a feeling of confidence generally that is invaluable. While an expert might get along without them, a beginner will be handicapped all the time.

As for length, the standard rule is this: that the skis should be as long as the man who wears them can reach with his upstretched hand. But that, I think, is a left-over from the days of mountain skiing, when long skis were necessary to keep a man from sinking too deeply into the soft, unpacked snow customarily encountered. On the kind of smooth, well-packed slopes you are likely to encounter, I've a feeling that you'll manage better with a slightly shorter article. I'd say, get them about a foot longer than your height if you're of average weight, and an inch or two longer if you're heavier. You may ski a bit slower because of it, but you'll find them a lot more controllable, and at your age, you're not out to break records—or are you?

As for the binding, my advice is, get the so-called "Bildstein spring" bindings, as against the more popular "cable" ones. I'm not going to try to describe the two here, for three minutes in any ski outfitting shop will make the difference clearer than three pages of description would here. While you're there, too, the outfitter will probably do his best to reconvert you to cable bindings, if for no other reason than that they're the most popular type

Continued on page 350

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You, Too, Can Ski—Maybe

Continued from page 3[illegible]

nowadays. Stick to Bildsteins. They're safer. If you take a hard fall with them, the ski and binding will come off. If you take the same fall with cables, the ski will stay on but your leg may come off—and particularly since I've already advised you to start with the riskiest style of skiing, parallel. I think it's common sense to hedge in other directions.

I might add, if it comforts you, that on this point of bindings, Hannes Schneider and I are in complete agreement. I skied with him a year or so ago on his home grounds, on Cranmore Mountain in New Hampshire, and found him using spring bindings—and if *he* uses Bildstein bindings, then by God, they ought to be good enough for you and me.

There are a few final words of advice that are usually given in an advice-to-the-beginner skiing article such as this. There's the question of terminology, in which such words as slalom, schuss, kanonen, finish gate, vorlage and geländesprung are inspected, dissected and defined. There's the question of waxes—the greasy substance you put on the bottom of the skis to make them go faster—and much can be said about when to use Klister and when to use paraffin, and when to combine them both. I propose to skip both questions, on the theory that you'll pick up that knowledge soon enough by yourself.

What I want to do is to get you skiing, and the best way to do that is to bring up one other maneuver, so far left unmentioned—the fall. Don't overlook the fall. You are taking up skiing just to have fun with it, and the importance of the fall in that respect shouldn't be underestimated.

First of all, it's the great equalizer. Experts fall as well as beginners, and the sooner you learn that fact, and learn too that they get just as much snow down their necks and arise just as shamefacedly, the more cheerful you'll feel about the whole business.

The fall, too, in an odd way, takes fear away. Skiing really isn't dangerous, despite the awesome names that have been given to some of the trails (Nosedive, Thunderbolt, Shincracker and Rattlesnake are a few of the famous ones) and the general aura of frightfulness with which the sport has been surrounded. You will probably come down the Nosedive at Stowe or the Shincracker at North Conway yourself someday, and live to tell about it.

But there are times when you need to stop, and stop fast, and if a turn won't do it for you, a fall will. Fall cheerfully, carelessly, and unself-consciously, fall freely and with abandon, fall lustily. Once you've mastered the fall, so you can fall with aplomb and get up with confidence, you'll practically have mastered skiing. ###

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Put This in Your Pipe

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after I was returning to New Delhi with General Stilwell for a brief visit. When Stilwell's plane landed on one of the Assam fields I saw the pilot loitering there in the crowd of curious soldiers who gathered to stare at their chief. When I stepped over towards him he recognized me. "Say, you overpaid me by ten rupees," he shouted. Reaching into his pocket he gave me a ten-rupee note. Bless that man and all his relatives and friends!

At the lowest period of the war in China we were limited to three packages of American pipe tobacco a month. Since most of the boys smoked cigarettes, the shortage of pipe tobacco did not bother them, but three packages were scarcely enough for five days smoking for me. In addition to the American pipe tobacco and my reserve of British stock—part of which incidentally came from Africa—there was one fairly palatable brand of Chinese tobacco—raw and stringy but nevertheless tobacco. By stirring equal parts of all three kinds into one mixture I had something with which to salute and sustain the day. China's peculiar system of fertilizing rice fields needed a strong pipe as counterbalance. I was able to neutralize the most flourishing paddies.

In the back country Chinese tobacco is wretched. Smoking stuff is shaved off a large block of tobacco with a plane and it is produced for the customer in thin fibers that burn like straw. When I was on the road afoot or on horseback I smoked Chinese tobacco for weeks at a time with temperate satisfaction. I smoked Chinese tobacco for two months in the Spring of 1943 when I first crossed the Salween River with an itinerant Chinese medical outfit that visited Chinese guerrilla bands. When the battle for the Salween opened a year later there were many Americans along the thin line that stretched from base headquarters near Paoshan to the various combat areas, and although the Americans were short of Spam and C-rations they maintained the monthly allowance of three packages of pipe tobacco. As things worked out I never had better smoking in my life. Nearly every mail that came by air from Kunming brought three packages of pipe tobacco that some cigarette smoker had thoughtfully sent to me. I smoked like a king. While the savage monsoon beat on our tent at base headquarters I could warm my hands on the bowl of a pipe and luxuriate like a civilized man amid the tempest. In the field tobacco was even more rapturously magical. No matter where we happened to be camping amid the rain-soaked mountains I could keep in my nostrils the mild and pleasant odor of Virginia tobacco fields. I remember with

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Put This in Your Pipe

Continued from page 351

particular relish one rainy night on a Salween mountaintop where by great good fortune I had found two trees to string a jungle hammock between. Since no fires could be kept burning in the downpour we had eaten cold rations. Everyone was wet, cold and muddy. But when I pulled off my wet boots and hung them under the hammock and twisted into the hammock under damp blankets and lighted a pipeful of Virginia tobacco I was filled with vast satisfaction. Home no longer seemed fifteen thousand miles away. I had a cozy evening. Swinging there in a black world of whirling rain that drenched the thin canopy overhead and leaked in the crevices, I was surrounded with home comforts and assurances. The lighted pipe transmuted that crowded mountaintop where Chinese soldiers were huddling under makeshift straw lean-tos and Chinese ponies and mules were restlessly grazing and moving through the darkness. I had to myself a little island of contentment. After thirty-five years of devotion I felt well repaid for smoking not wisely but too well.

Despite the stink it lays down all over the house, pipe smoking is a wholesome avocation that evokes the best in a man's character. The other day I read that a New York City magistrate (female) was fining subway smokers on a graduated scale according to the degree of their offensiveness to the public—cigarette smokers, $2; cigar smokers, $3, pipe smokers, $4. That's what she thinks! If she were interested in the social aspects of smoking she would realize that she penalized the finest group among her little lawbreakers. Pipe smokers are the most law-abiding, peaceful, reasonable, mild and tolerant men in civilized society. If pipe smokers were crusaders for justice who insisted on their rights with tiresome iteration they would rise as a mass against this magistrate's slanderous class persecution. But pipe smokers never insist on their rights. In fact, they expect certain vagaries and aberrations among people with irritable nerves and lack of composure—caused no doubt by cigarette smoking or not smoking at all.

I did not smoke much until I was fifteen years of age. Since smoking was a sin I limited my sinning to Friday afternoons when school was out, and it seemed very seemly to sin in secret. Through some hocus-pocus I got a cheap pipe and a can of Dill's smoking tobacco, and kept both hidden on a beam in the garret. I used to smoke one or two furtive pipes when no one was near-by. It never made me ill. For the first ten years I smoked with diminishing temperance. But I liked smoking very much; and when I finally left home to fend for myself I began to smoke as much as I wanted to, which was practically all the time I could keep my eyes open. It would not be entirely honest to say that I have never for a moment regretted smoking on such an abandoned scale. Once or twice I have succeeded in stopping smoking for a week or two. On these occasions I felt excessively virtuous. I imagined that I was refraining from smoking by exercise of will power. But afterwards I realized that the effect had a very scientific cause: that at the time the desire to smoke had weakened because I was not in vigorous health. When I felt in vigorous health again my enthusiasm for smoking returned. There was a period of almost a year when I reduced pipe smoking to about four pipefuls a day and all of them after dinner when the stomach was comfortably distended. During that period my appetite improved and I had more physical energy. I began to see life not darkly through a haze of tobacco smoke but clearly and whole. I am not sure that that is a good thing. And that period of temperance was certainly a mixed blessing. Unless I was physically busy with some exhausting labor I was restless and ill at ease. Sedentary work like writing was almost impossible until the time came when according to schedule I could light a pipe. When our world collapsed at Pearl Harbor my world of artificial rationing also collapsed, and I have been smoking my head off ever since. Smoking is a pleasant vice.

In its earliest stages smoking is exhibitionism. A boy wants to look like a man, he wants to imitate men smoking. That is the apprentice period when he is preoccupied with the art of smoking—styles of pipes, handling and polishing the bowls of the pipes, experimenting with elaborate mixtures of tobacco and such fripperies. In those days I had several styles of pipes to suit the drama I was unconsciously playing in imitation of my heroic elders. The pipes included a clay pipe that I was patiently trying to color with a rich nicotine stain, a churchwarden pipe which was a sentimental affectation and several corncob pipes, all of which were heavy, badly balanced and tiring to hold in the mouth. I smoked corncobs in the woods in imitation of gnarled and durable woodsmen whom I enviously admired. You can always identify the pipe smoker who has not mastered or has not been mastered by the vice. The inveterate pipe smoker is aware only of the brief intervals when he is not smoking. He smokes one blend, although he can smoke any other blend or brand when necessary, and he smokes one pipe day after day until it becomes too rank for enjoyment. That occurs in about two years.

Dilettante pipe smoking was commoner a quarter century ago than it is today. In the days

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Put This in Your Pipe

Continued from page 353

when men had dens with burnt leather cushions, mission furniture and sets of O. Henry and Kipling, they also accumulated batteries of all kinds of pipes—useful and ornamental, common and exotic. It was regarded as common courtesy to admire and praise another man's pipes. But that was the time when pipe smoking was regarded as a bold though pardonable assertion of masculine vulgarity—picturesque but in doubtful taste. In genteel society pipe smoking was segregated; there was a prejudice against it. Now that the nervous and trifling habit of cigarette smoking has flourished throughout the land and women smoke casually everywhere, including the street, pipe smoking is recognized as the royal use of tobacco. It is as masculine as tobacco chewing, though slightly less nasty. Since it holds the burning tobacco at a convenient distance from the eyes, it provides a better working job of smoking than the cigarette or the cigar which require constant handling. It is possible to smoke a pipe and write by hand at the same time. I like a cigar or two after dinner; the aroma is light and piquant. But there is nothing like a pipe when a man is sawing or hammering or trying to work usefully. A pipe makes work seem almost like a normal occupation. That shows how much alchemy there is in it.

If all pipe smoking yielded sensory pleasure it would be thoroughly sybaritic and a tapestry of mellow delights. But the truth is that during the course of a day at least half of the pipe smoking is an involuntary nervous habit. The first pipeful after breakfast has the tang of a well-seasoned delight. It is cool and sweet. After a night's repose the pipe is dry, the taste is spicy; the aroma is fresh and rich. Although the morning's news may be disquieting, the pipe smoker can face it with composure. Enjoying the tang of the first smoke of the day he can separate and assess the values of the different items and pull what looks like a tortured world back into reasonable shape. The next few pipes perform similar magic although in less degree. But by midmorning smoking has become an unrewarding nervous habit that yields no perceptible pleasure. It has degenerated into a mechanical motion. The pipe has become hot and sour and perhaps soupy, and the aroma has become stale. I am not sure whether the decline in pleasure is because the stomach has gotten empty or whether excessive smoking gives the stomach the illusion of emptiness. There again it is difficult to define cause and effect. But this much I do know: after lunch and again after dinner pipe smoking recaptures for an hour or more its finely tempered witchery. Again it knocks rough edges off problems; it draws the sweetness of human nature out of the stringency of life and it engenders patience and forgiveness. For these are the special geniuses of pipe smoking. In a jangled world pipe smoking is an enemy to quarrels and a friend of peace. It draws people affably together by making haste slowly and listening sympathetically to everyone's point of view. There is plenty of time, my friends. Every half hour or so a man has to stop long enough to knock the ashes out of his pipe, fill the bowl with fresh tobacco and light it evenly. Even if he is a good talker he has to stop every few minutes to revive the smoldering tobacco with several earnest puffs. There is no hurry, believe me. Pipe smoking promotes good society. Let us have about us men who are a little sallow from having smoked too much.

For what it is worth one should remember that the most useful pipes for steady smoking are produced in America and England. They are designed for heavy duty—decent and respectable in shape, capacious enough for a smoke of ample length and absorbent enough to transform the foul sludge of smoking into a deep brown redolent companion. Although French brier is the standard wood, I was never able to buy in France a pipe as sound as the ones America and England produce. Nor do Russians make pipes that a man can rely upon for steady duty. Those I acquired by force of circumstances were made of a wood that tolerated tobacco without actively sympathizing with it, and the shafts were so tiny that they clogged easily and could not be cleaned with a standard pipe cleaner. Chinese pipes seem to be influenced by opium smoking; they hold only a few whiffs as though tobacco were a coarse drug that had no philosophical creativeness. Chinese pipes regard smoking as an interlude and not as a full-time occupation. With the use of American and English pipes a man can saturate not only his body but his mind and spirit with the glorious elixir of tobacco. It seasons the facts that are heavy and releases the ideas and impulses that are naturally buoyant. With an American or English pipe in the mouth smoking becomes something more than an idle pastime; it becomes a form of constructive social activity. Is it merely an accident that the nations that produced the Magna Carta and the Declaration of Independence and that preserve most reverently all the civil liberties also produce the most useful tobacco pipes? Whatever the reason may be, the fact is that pipe smoking is best where civil liberties are most highly prized and respected. I should like to believe that pipe smoking helps preserve freedom in a world that has not yet learned what freedom is. In fact, I think I shall believe it. I am smoking a pipe at this moment. ###

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Successful men exercise to feel good . . . and look good Just as they use the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" to make their scalp feel good . . . their hair look alive For here's a workout that leaves your scalp feeling tingling. And Vitalis brings new "live" lustre to dull hair! Man you can be a new man . . . with vigorous-looking hair! Ready?

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On your way up the ladder or down the aisle the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" boosts your stock Buyer, bride or boss . . . people just don't say "no" to a vital looking young man. And a vigorous-looking head of hair spells *vital* in any company Try it. Get Vitalis today!

with the Vitalis "60-Second Workout"

Product of Bristol Myers

High Man on a Totem Pole

Continued from page 115

sacred to him—not even the songs published by Kalmar and Puck. Everybody in the firm soon knew about this—everybody but the boss Bert Kalmar was usually out on the road with his vaudeville act and had little opportunity to admire his song plugger's blasphemies.

But one day Ruby was at the piano, kicking the teeth out of a song called *America, I Love You*, which happened to be Kalmar and Puck's number-one hit when Kalmar walked into the office Ruby gulped and went on playing and singing The great Kalmar came over to the piano, heard the young man out, and then proceeded to compliment him on his lyric.

They soon started writing songs together The first one they ever wrote was entitled *He Sits Around the House* It has since been trampled upon by time, and forgotten—but it was the beginning for Kalmar and Ruby

Kalmar and Ruby were quick successes When Ruby was in his twenties he was one of Tin Pan Alley's best He and Kalmar, like all successful theatrical folk in those days, bought themselves houses in Pelham and settled down like country squires and Ruby might have gone on writing song hits for the rest of his life, except that one day when he was twenty six he happened to look out of a window in his Pelham home and saw some kids playing baseball in a back lot On an impulse he went down and joined them Ruby had never been particularly interested in baseball He had not played it to any great extent as a boy on the streets of New York. His sudden interest in the game at that ripe old age is therefore an interesting study in second childhood

Ruby went for baseball the way some men who suddenly find themselves rich and famous suddenly go for wine and women With characteristic perversity he had picked for his particular passion a game which no man who seeks relaxation, exercise, or plain sport will pick Adult baseball fans are interested in the game purely on paper. They follow the teams, the standings, the batting averages, and they root for the home team—but to actually *play* the game! And Harry Ruby actually started to play it

In the intervening twenty-five years Ruby's affection for baseball has caused him to be called a mild eccentric by some and a raving maniac by others Ruby is not only a baseball fan he is a fanatic. He not only plays the game with his pals and buddies, he plays it with professionals The biggest kick he gets in life is to step out on the field with a minor- or major-league team and to be allowed to share for a few fleeting moments, the roar of the crowd. Over the years he has become as familiar to ballplayers as other ballplayers He knows them all the great and the small, and he would rather spend five minutes in the presence of an honest to God .300 batter than win the sweepstakes Ruby is neither a party-giver nor a party-goer, but once a year at his home he has himself a ball—for ballplayers When his house is full of them, Harry's beetle brows will relax the old Dante Alighieri face will actually beam He fancies himself with his own kind, he is happy He has an enormous collection of baseball photographs They show Harry with Babe Ruth, Harry with Walter Johnson, Harry with John McGraw, Harry with immortals of past and present. "They aren't any good," Harry says of baseball photographs, "unless they've got me in 'em."

In the days of youth and first affluence, Ruby used to keep a butler His wife might interview the butler on his merits as a butler—but Harry would ask the applicant only one question "Can you play ball?" If the applicant could, Harry would hire him In the exclusive neighborhoods where he has resided for the major part of his adult life, some of Harry's neighbors have made inquiries as to the identity of the bum in the sweatshirt who plays catch with the Ruby's butler

At least once a week, Ruby sets out from his home in Beverly Hills and makes for one of the local ball parks. He works out with the local minor-league teams He keeps this up, all year long in order to keep himself in shape, because every spring he goes down South to work out with the major-league teams. He is the only citizen in the land who has *carte blanche* at all the training parks in the country, and who can walk into any one of them, don the uniform of the local club, and start tossing them around with the regular members of the team He is possibly the only man in the country who has played ball with every major-league team in existence—mostly when they are at their spring training camp

At the end of a season, when the standings of the teams have been established, and the loss or gain of one game means nothing in the official ratings, some managers will allow Ruby to step in and play an inning or two These, of course, are the moments for which Harry Ruby lives He has proved, more than once, that he would rather play two innings of real ball than make a lousy fortune When he first came out to Hollywood, to write pictures for Wheeler and Woolsey, and then for the Marx Brothers a Hollywood producer pushed a $1500 a week contract at him. The hitch was that Harry had to sign right away—or not at all But that same day Harry had received a wire from Walter Johnson telling him that if Harry hurried to Washington, D C, he could get into a pre-season exhibition game with

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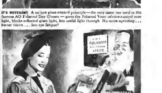

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You find all 4 only in
FLEISCHMANN'S . . .
America's First Gin

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK.

High Man on a Totem Pole

Continued from page 357

the Senators against the Baltimore Orioles. Harry therefore told the producer, "No, thanks," and packed his uniform, spikes and mitt, and traveled 3000 miles across the country to play two innings of ball with the Washington Senators.

When he got there he discovered that the wire had been a gag cooked up by Al Schacht, the celebrated baseball clown. But when the boys saw the forlorn look in Harry's eyes, they let him play the last two innings. He struck out in one time at bat and flubbed a double play that lost the game for the Senators.

Somebody asked him once, "Harry, if your father and Joe DiMaggio were trapped in a burning building, and it was in your power to save one of them—which one would you save?" Harry's answer came quickly: "Jeez! My old man can't even hit .200!"

Middle-aged ballplayers are generally lean and tanned, and their facial expression is usually sardonic. The expression comes from too much squinting at the sun or too much thinking about life. Ruby is lean and tanned, and he has the sardonic look. It comes, perhaps, from too much squinting at life. The look does not belie him. He is, when he wants to be, one of the best American humorists now functioning, and he is funniest when he is being slightly sour on life. The one institution in the world sacred to him is the game of baseball, but he is no respecter of any other institutions or conventions. Most men have an abiding respect for the profession they follow. For thirty years Ruby has been a writer of popular songs, and for thirty years he has been kidding popular songs. Next to baseball that is his favorite pastime.

Ruby's long association with Bert Kalmar was true mating of minds in more ways than one, for Kalmar also had an obsession. Kalmar is an amateur magician, and prestidigitation is as important to him as baseball is to Ruby. There are many stories about the frustrated ballplayer and the frustrated magician forced by cruel circumstance to write songs for their coffee and cake. "Whenever we'd manage to get together to write a song," Ruby says, "Bert would pace up and down the room thinking rhymes and ideas out loud—but he'd always have a deck of cards in his hand, and every time he'd pass the piano he'd hold the deck out to me and say, 'pick a card—any card!' Me—I'd be sitting at the piano wearing my baseball outfit and my spiked shoes. What a hell of a pair of creative artists we were!"

The team of Kalmar and Ruby, like Gilbert and Sullivan, was a marriage made in heaven. It too ended in divorce. Kalmar and Ruby wrote songs, shows, and movies for twenty-five years. They split up in 1943, not because of incompatibility but because the machine had run down. But Kalmar and Ruby, on their own now, still the best of friends, have found new leases on life. Ruby is discovering new springs within himself. Kalmar had always written the words and Ruby the music. Lately Ruby has been writing his own words.

In 1943 Random House published a book of Ruby's songs. It was called *Songs My Mother Never Sang*, and it contained not Ruby's commercial successes, but the songs he is proudest of—his parodies. It sold 1500 copies, which is just about the measure of that small but vociferous circle which mentions Ruby in the same breath with Benchley and Lardner. *Songs My Mother Never Sang* is a series of satires knocked off by Ruby in his spare moments, for parody writing is not a lucrative practice, and Ruby therefore feels morally justified in spending a great deal of time at it. The book contains a song entitled *Fight on for Tannenbaum*. Tannenbaum is the name of an institution of higher learning which was founded, according to Ruby, by a man named Carlyle Beasley. "This Beasley, like Huntington, Crocker, Stanford, and Hopkins, made his vast fortune out of the railroad business. He was the owner of the Rappaport and Western Railroad, formerly known as the North Dakota and Western Railroad, which was built by Thomas J. North Dakota." The varsity song of Tannenbaum runs like this:

In the foothills of Nebraska—
Six or seven thousand miles from Alaska—
There's a college gaining fame
By the name of Tannenbaum
When the football season is here
The students get together and cheer:

Fight on for Tannenbaum,
Be there on the spot
To give all you've got
For Tannenbaum
On the campus, in the classroom,
Fight, fight, and do it with all your might (right!)
Be there to do your share
Regardless of whether you reside in Peru or Guam
Give your might for, and fight for—
One, two, three, four,
Five, six, seven, eight, nine—
Tannenbaum!

Other songs in *Songs My Mother Never Sang* are *Indelible You*, *There'll Always be a Lindy's*, and one fragrant number about a football coach giving a pep talk. It is called *Get Off the Pot*. In the same book is a number called *Father's Day*, a song which Groucho Marx, a lifelong friend and detractor of Ruby's, will sing out loud at the drop of a hint. Its refrain:

Today, Father, is Father's Day
And we're giving you a tie;
It's not much, we know,
It's just our way of showing you,
we think you're a regular guy
You say that it was nice of us to bother,
But it really was a pleasure to fuss
For according to our mother you're our father
And that's good enough for us

It was the next to the last line

Continued on page 360

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High Man on a Totem Pole

Continued from page 359

which Alexander Woollcott, another of the Ruby coterie, called "one of the great lyric lines of all time."

Harry has written parody lyrics all his life, but lately he has been writing commercial lyrics too, to his own music, and the experiment has been eminently successful. *Do You Love Me?* which is one of the country's more recent favorites, has both words and music by Harry Ruby. In a letter to a friend he recently wrote: "Someone asked me how long it took to write *Do You Love Me?* I told him it took about five or six hours—from conception to completion. 'In that case,' said he, 'why not do one a week? That would give you fifty-two hits a year.' I thought that over for a few days, then ran into that fellow again. 'Look,' I said. 'I have given your suggestion a lot of thought and I'm going to act on it. But I am going to write only fifty hits a year.' 'Why only fifty?' he asked. 'Because,' I explained, 'I'm entitled to two weeks' vacation, the same as the next man.'"

Such letters as Ruby's, written in a style that defies the higher logic, have become famous. There has long been serious talk among his friends of gathering his communications and publishing them in a book to be called *Letters of a Self-Made Failure*. The only thing holding it up is that Harry keeps promising to dig up all his old correspondence, and never quite gets around to it. But there are enough of Harry's letters in the possession of Irving Hoffman, the New York columnist for the *Hollywood Reporter*, to make a sizable book, for Hoffman is Ruby's favorite correspondent. The so-called "piggie-bank letter" is one which has been printed in Hoffman's column and has attained a certain quiet fame in Hollywood. Ruby wrote it when he heard that there was such a thing as poverty left in the world. He was prompted to give his own solution to the problem. It was, in a word, Thrift. Ruby suggested that everybody in the country should buy himself a piggie bank, and every day, without fail, deposit a one-hundred dollar bill in it. If everyone would follow his advice, wrote Harry, there would be no poverty in the country.

Another one of his major efforts was the open letter to Franklin D. Roosevelt, written on the occasion of Roosevelt's election to a fourth term. Harry started it off:

"My Dear Mr. President,

"I will make this letter short because I am a very busy man." The very busy man then went on for eight paragraphs to say that he had voted for Roosevelt for his first and second terms, but he was bothered by the third-term campaign. "I do not like facetiousness in a presidential campaign," wrote Harry. "I am referring of course to the Fala speech. The speech of a candidate for the Presidency should always be delivered with stentorian emphasis. In other words, when you have nothing to say, say it at the top of your voice. The case of Abraham Lincoln should have been a good lesson to you. In 1864, when the country was faced with a serious crisis, he interlarded his remarks to Congress with some wisecracks. He got himself a few laughs, yes, but how many people outside of a few historians remember Lincoln today? By his ill-considered levity, he blew a chance to become immortal. . . . On my way to the polls this time I decided to vote for Dewey, because he was younger than you—until it occurred to me that Mickey Rooney was younger than Dewey. . . . But Mickey Rooney's name was not on the ballot, so I voted for you again."

Harry has long been a kind of humorist's humorist, with a perverse sense of the sublime that is a special delight to connoisseurs. Woollcott for years treasured a letter Harry had sent him. One night Harry had asked Woollcott out to dinner. Woollcott declined because he had a previous commitment with H. G. Wells and Charles Chaplin. Harry sent Woollcott a note. It read: "Dear Aleck: In fifty years from now, when they read that you had a chance to dine with Harry Ruby but decided in favor of H. G. Wells and Charlie Chaplin, they won't believe it."

But Harry's letter writing does not require too much of his time. Nor does his astronomy. Nor his reading—though he does a great deal of that. Harry's idea of a well-balanced program of reading for an evening is an equal division of his time between St. Thomas Aquinas and the St. Louis *Sporting News*. The major portion of his time, his efforts and his thinking still goes into baseball, because he is always in training for that. Harry is the only man in Hollywood who does not drive a car. His best friends say that the reason for this is that all the walking he is forced to do keeps him in good shape for the spring training season. No matter where Harry is, no matter where his restlessness carries him—and he is a great traveler—he is never without his glove, his bat, his uniform and his spikes. Sigmund Romberg tells the classic of all Harry Ruby stories. Romberg was traveling in Venezuela and he was making that long trek over the mountain passes between Caracas and La Guaira. That is a lonely, desolate road, and at sundown it can seem like the forgotten end of the world. Romberg came to a bend in the road on the side of a mountain and saw a car parked there, and beyond it a patch of flat ground, and on the ground a man playing with a baseball. "My God," shouted Romberg, "it's Harry Ruby!" And it was. #

Continued from page 115

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Christmas Carol in Blackface

Continued from page 121

activities. From the moment Julie's face etches itself on his consciousness, he sings directly to her. With the entire audience laughing and looking on, he invites Ziegfeld to bring her to a party at his apartment after the show.

The party turns out to be hilariously unconventional. For once, Al lets his guests shift for themselves, as he takes Julie out on a terrace overlooking Broadway and urges her to "call me by my Southern name—which is Honey." Al is ardent but respectful. Julie enjoys one of the most delicious sensations that can befall any woman—to be besieged but in no danger. By dawn, she's willing to call Al by his 'Southern name.'"

After they are married, Al and his wife are co-starred in pictures and live a life of theatrical glamour. But *The Jolson Story*, like that other great film musical, *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, doesn't make the mistake of trying to prove that theatrical people are different from the rest of the population. Neither does it imply that those who make their livings behind the footlights are a special breed of men who are entitled to unusual considerations and privileges. This arrogant attitude antagonizes many a ticket buyer, who wonders why the man who makes his living by dancing should be thought a cut above the man who earns his bread and coffee by driving a truck or selling insurance.

The Jolson Story says that most show people have the same struggles, the same desire for a home and the same love of family that motivate other Americans. And Jolson's wife soon finds that the glitter of the theatre is no substitute for her own desire for a home, a family and stability. In order to give Julie what she wants, Al retires from show business. His parents are delighted.

The scene in which the cantor and his wife celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary with the Jolsons and their friends has been directed by Al Green with a kindly and humorous artistry. The wine is good and the cantor gets feeling just a little bit high and sentimental. He wants to dance with his wife, and he asks Al to sing the song that was played at their wedding.

This song, which was written five thousand years ago, seems bound to become one of the musical hits of the 1947 season. According to Mr. Skolsky, the words have been translated into beautiful English from the original old Russian lyrics. They put modern Tin Pan Alley to shame.

Through an ironic plot twist, it is this song, in celebration of home and marriage, that brings about the breaking up of Al's own home. From the anniversary dinner, the party moves to a Hollywood night spot, where Al reluctantly responds when the emcee asks him to sing. One song leads to another, and before long Al is reveling in the old life again.

Seeing this, his wife realizes that he has been miserable (despite all his efforts to disguise it) in an existence of enforced domesticity. Life has played a wry trick on him by making him an innate minstrel and mountebank. He is the one man in a million born to sing. He craves the love of audiences as other men crave the love of women. It isn't ego and it isn't a desire for profit that makes him sing. He must do it because he isn't happy doing anything else. And because of this he can't quite qualify as a husband.

Al's willingness to take the blame for the failure of his marriage is one of the most generous gestures ever made in screen biography. The script, which was approved by Al, constantly says the wife's way of life is best. Al examines it longingly, wishing to God that it was a life into which he could fit. But he can't.

Larry Parks plays the role of the adult Al in *The Jolson Story*, though the real Al's voice has been dubbed in for the singing. You'll be amazed at the success of this teamwork. It comes off without the slightest hint of mechanical contrivance. Al's voice is as exuberant as ever and young Mr. Parks has managed to capture the same care-free postures and impish facial expressions that characterized the Jolson of twenty years ago. This isn't mimicry. It's a performance. Parks looks and acts exactly as Jolson did when I first knew him in the days when he was bringing such wonderful road shows as *Sinbad*, *Bombo* and *Wonder Bar* to Kansas City.

I hope the reader will excuse me if I lapse for a moment into a sentimental reverie over those days. In those days, except for a few bigots who were regarded as crackpots by everyone, our town never heard of such a thing as anti-Semitism. But the Jewish and Gentile communities tended to live somewhat apart, friendly, but not particularly intimate.

Al put an end to that.

His shows always played to packed houses and, at the conclusion of each performance, Al did a series of encores on the runway with the house lights turned on. The place ceased to be a theatre and became an aggregation of friends. When the rest of the cast had gone back to the hotel and Al had sung himself hoarse, he would silence the applause by saying, "Have a heart, folks! I'm hungry! If you want to see any more of me, come on over to Mrs. Lannet's—she's having roast goose for supper!"

And whole sections of the audience trooped after him. Mrs. Lannet ran a small Jewish restaurant on a second floor—out of the high-rent district. Until Al started plugging it, few of Kansas City's Gentiles had ever heard of the place. At first the good lady was undoubtedly astounded by the sudden influx of guests who ate

Continued on page 364

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Christmas Carol in Blackface

Continued from page 363

with their hats off. But she had a heart as bountiful as her means. With Al acting as a volunteer host she made all hands welcome.

Mrs. Lennet broadened our mental horizons, but she also broadened our waistlines for her roast goose was truly wonderful. So was everything else that came out of her spotless kitchen. Thereafter, she continued to serve a Jewish cuisine but she hardly could be said to be the proprietor of a Jewish restaurant. She moved downstairs and onto the Main Stem where her food continued to attract the enthusiastic patronage of all denominations.

I can trace a dozen friendships that have enriched my whole life to acquaintances I made under Al's rollicking influence—and those friendships continued on long after he had left town. Al was a great and good influence.

When Al Jolson was on the road he never tried to be the city slicker playing in the hick town. He had an uproarious humor that never was barbed or patronizing. He met hundreds of people in my town and he invariably met them as a friend. And they became his friends. When we local yokels showed up in New York Al never failed to make us welcome. After he'd finished his nightly stint on Broadway his apartment would be jammed with visitors from all over the country. He'd entertain until two or three in the morning.

To anyone else such a life would have been a hell. But I'm sure Al loved it. He has been called a "glorious ham." Perhaps he is. But he's also the closest thing to a real troubadour that's been seen by twentieth century America.

During all those years I never heard him say one word about "tolerance." He didn't need to. He lived it. He is one of the greatest and most successful men of good will of his generation. In allowing his life's story to be put on the screen, Al modestly omits all reference to his recent strenuous activities as an entertainer for the armed forces. He visited remote and dangerous outposts kidding and singing with equal fervor for individual G.I.s, squads or battalions. One of his lungs was removed following an infection he picked up while appearing at Naples. But even though he has more than earned his rest, I wish that he could go on the road again—to undo the evil Hitler has done.

It's a comfort to think that this picture, which retells the story of his youth, may do that for him.

Retrospect

The ablest critics are the baseball critics. In contrast to reviewers (most of whom couldn't enact the role of a drowning extra in *The Johnstown Flood*) the sports writers have worked their way up from one-o-cat to a point where they not only can play the game, but also can umpire it. They know what they're writing about.

Perhaps they are prompted toward integrity by the fact that they're criticizing robust actors with bats in their hands. But there's another reason. The sporting edition is sold at the ball park *after* the show. Therefore the baseball writer is a critic in the true sense of the word.

He discusses a mutual experience with his readers. By applying his professional knowledge to what they've just seen he increases their knowledge and pleasure in the game. The readers don't always agree with him. The fan mail in the sports department makes the ego of a baseball critic go up and down like the mercury of a thermometer in a malaria patient's mouth.

It's a provocative system that makes for brisk mental argument. It also fills the bleachers and sells newspapers.

It is in the hope of bringing some such invigorating interest to the real backfield of movie criticism that I indulge in a few post-mortems.

Blue Skies

This is one of those musicals that aspires to be the history of two decades and winds up by giving the impression that no events worth recording occurred in America during the past twenty years. Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire and Joan Caulfield are the inhabitants of this fictional vacuum, and do their best to blow into it a breath of life.

Fortunately, their best is pretty good. The picture has several entertainment advantages to atone for its plot paralysis. The greatest of these is Irving Berlin's musical score. This includes *A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody* (staged in the orthodox manner with the show girls tramping down a long staircase leading no place), and such nostalgia for writers as *All By Myself, Blue Skies, How Deep Is the Ocean* and *Say It Isn't So*—which Crosby sings with a nostalgic throb that will cause considerable Adam's apple gulping by all old gaffers as vulnerable as myself.

Oddly enough, it's a comparatively recent song that is the most copious tear-jerker. Crosby's unaffected singing of *White Christmas* to a group of homesick doughboys on a sweltering Pacific beachhead has a sincerity that touches the heart. The listening extras are the real stars of the shot. Producer Sol Siegel assembled a bunch of rugged-looking men whose faces suggest all of America's racial mixtures and regional types. They give the film its one convincing epic note.

Blue Skies is said to be Fred Astaire's final farewell movie. If this is true, it is sad news. His intricate *Puttin' on the Ritz* routine, done (by means of trick camera effects) before a chorus line of a dozen Fred Astaires, is a tour de force that hasn't been topped by Gene Kelly or anyone else. His song and dance number

Continued on page 366

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Christmas Carol in Blackface

Continued from page 365

(performed with Crosby) is full of wonderful early-American vaudeville gags and is a feast of golden bantam humor. It's the high spot of the show and is worth anybody's sitting for two hours over a hot plush theatre seat.

However, Astaire's *Heat Wave* number lacks the rowdy fun it had when Ethel Waters performed it in New York in *As Thousands Cheer*. He makes it spectacular but pretentious. The routine is rendered more unbelievable when Demon Rum gets a thoroughly unmotivated and unexpected grip on Fred, causing him to topple from a dizzy height right in the middle of a time step.

Olga San Juan, on the other hand, wobbles but does not topple. Perhaps I shouldn't mention what the whole world is bound to notice—but she sings *You'd Be Surprised* without benefit of brassiere. This freedom may make the vocalizing easier, but it makes the listening a lot more difficult.

Billy De Wolfe, a veteran of New York and Chicago floor shows, deserves stellar billing though he doesn't get it. His amiable clowning is of riotous assistance to Crosby throughout the picture, particularly in the *I've Got My Captain Working for Me Now* bit of musical slapstick. On another occasion, Billy's satirical impersonation of a broken-down housewife slipping into a gin mill for a couple of slugs on her eighteenth wedding anniversary, is a genuine show-stopper. It's good enough to be released by itself as a comedy short.

Right now Mr. De Wolfe is riding high at Paramount. He's in constant demand at the parties of studio executives, where he does imitations of stars who have fallen into disfavor by fighting over their contracts. But he'd better watch his step. One of these days, the stars will invite him to *their* parties to do imitations of the executives. That way lies disaster.

Whenever Hollywood looks for a convenient way to show a rift in a marital lute, it solves the problem by having the husband be foot-loose. In *Blue Skies*, Bing is a guy who keeps opening and selling night clubs. This makes his wife (Joan Caulfield) very unhappy. She wants the settled life that comes with one established set of cover charges. After the divorce, father love hits Bing with the suddenness of a pot of geraniums falling out of a tenement window. So there is a sort of groggy reconciliation.

As the leading woman, Joan Caulfield is something to baffle critics. As wholesomely pretty as the girls who appear on magazine covers, she plays Bing's wife with a dissolving sweetness that reminds one of a dish of strawberry ice cream about to run over the side of the plate.

The screen hasn't seen a performance like this since the early silent picture days, when directors screamed curses at ingenues when they wanted them to register tears—and told them dirty stories when they wanted them to show shock. In that somewhat tarnished golden age, the camera didn't record acting; it simply made a recording of reality. For this reason, actresses of great technical skill invariably were routed from the studios by high-school girls who could serve up emotions straight.

Miss Caulfield's convincing illusion of first love does much to make the hackneyed plot of *Blue Skies* seem romantic. She either was really in love when the picture was filmed, or she's one of the best actresses ever to get off the Santa Fe Chief. She even appears to adore Crosby when he takes his coat off—and the canary has wide hips.

Shock

After the critics finished their sadistic work, no one felt the appropriateness of this picture's title more poignantly than the producers. It was made on the Fox lot with a stray two hundred thousand dollars which Darryl Zanuck is said to have found in a tossed green salad. To send it back would embarrass the chef. So it was used for artistic pioneering.

A vast studio like Twentieth Century-Fox, with its great overhead and terrific production costs, seldom can afford to experiment. But when the budget is held down and young blood is called in, it is interesting to note that even so unwieldy an organization can achieve a rather dull imitation of *Gaslight*.

The picture was produced by Aubrey Schenck, directed by Alfred Werker, and written by Eugene Ling, three youths who had been waiting since Boy Scout days to set the world on fire without matches. Like most experimental pictures since *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (produced in 1919), *Shock* contained sequences where the walls wiggled and the sound track repeated all the past dialogue—while the principal actor assumed the look of a corpse drowned in a stream of consciousness.

The young men who made *Shock* performed the steps in this ritual both reverently and well. Having done so, it is unfair that they should not have been proclaimed geniuses. For twenty-seven years the critics have been putting bay leaves on the heads of anybody who made the sound track run backwards. Why should they start holding out on Schenck, Werker and Ling?

If the critics continue to be so capricious, how is a young man going to know what to do to be a genius? Would Norman Corwin and Arch Oboler be geniuses today if the critics of their youth had started fussing around with the qualifications? Every time Corwin and Oboler sold a two-bit war stamp during the last few years, the sound track went tear-

Continued on page 308

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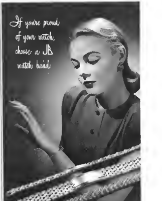
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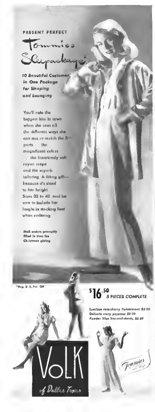
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Christmas Carol in Blackface

Continued from page 367

ing back to 1776 and everybody from Paul Revere's horse to the veterans of the Whiskey Rebellion started moaning.

If it was genius then it is genius now. Let the critics look to their standards.

In telling the story of a psychoanalyst who was driven to murder by the bloom of Lynn Bari the young men forgot one thing. Well no—they forgot two things—come to think of it. They carelessly left Miss Bari's body lying behind a screen in a corner for the cleaning woman to stumble upon—after the fade-out. But this wasn't the important oversight. Few critics objected to it.

The principal thing they forgot was that to a modern Leftist critic, a psychoanalyst can no more be a villain than Abe Lincoln can be the heavy in *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*. According to the gospels of modern dramaturgy, all our doctors, by inviting their patients to lie down on a couch and tell all their dirty thoughts, somehow render themselves pure. There may be something in this. A life devoted to the secret life of small-town sinners should make Don Juan barricade himself in the inner sanctum of the Epworth League.

The main reason the Leftist boys draw a charmed circle around the figure of the psychoanalyst is because psychoanalysis offers them one of their most tempting weapons in their assault upon the individual. It is a means by which they can call the shots on their adversaries in any situation. If a guy they want to favor has been acting like a rat—it is a defense mechanism. He's really sensitive. If a guy they don't like has been acting like a saint—it is because he's suppressing his real tendency to be a louse. *He* may not know it. But *they* know it.

You can't beat this setup. Mortimer Snerd can win arguments with Albert Einstein if you let Snerd have the last word concerning what's going on in Einstein's mind.

This is what Schenck, Werker and Lang forgot and this is what they got blistered for. Their picture was no attack upon the medical value of psychiatry, though certain reviewers tried to make it seem to be that. Actually, the real hero of the story was a reputable psychiatrist who saved the heroine by exposing the villain who was using psychiatric means to destroy her.

Schenck, Werker and Lang took issue with the pattern thinking of our times by suggesting that it was dangerous to surrender your mind to anyone without first being sure that the person to whom you surrender it is reputable. It is hard to construe this as an attack upon such men as Freud, Jung or Adler. The world didn't repudiate religion when it repudiated Inquisitors. ∎

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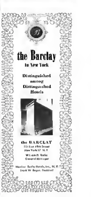
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Brazil—Land of Wonderful Nonsense

Continued from page 167

fifteen to eighteen days one way; the freighters carry very few passengers and, as is usual with freighters, accommodations are not luxurious. Of course, the situation will improve as new ships are delivered and old ones are released from government service.

The flying route is fine if you can afford it. Last summer Pan-American initiated a new service between New York and Rio in 40½ hours, airport to airport. Fare is $472 one way, ten per cent reduction for round trip. That brings the round-trip fare to $849.60. The fifteen per cent tax makes the grand total of $977.04 for your round-trip fare. Pan-American flies the trip in Douglas DC4's, four-engine jobs with a seating capacity of fifty-five. Meals are free, of course, en route.

Where to go

In a sudden stroke of civic rectitude the government recently clamped down on gambling and the casinos were still closed at the time of writing. Thus there has been a watering down of what was once the fastest night life in the Southern hemisphere and the addiction of wealthy Brazilians to Pif Paf, a card game now played at private homes. Cariocas and long-time members of the American colony predict the casinos will soon be reopened.

Gone meanwhile are the tremendous floor shows which were supported by the casino intake. The Casino da Urca, which presented the most lavish floor shows, is closed. However the Copacabana Palace Hotel remains as the center of night life at the beach. The Golden Room is the swankiest spot, with a European or Hollywood star heading the show. Lucienne Boyer was featured while we were there.

After midnight the smart crowd drifts out of the Golden Room and across the foyer to the Meia Noite Room, which sets up shop at midnight and stays in operation until the police have routed out the last after-dawn customer. The Meia Noite starts off as a nice quiet spot with subdued lights and soft music. Things go on until about three or four when the musicians come over from the Golden Room to jam. Then the joint really begins to jump.

With the closing of the casino the Golden Room puts on a $5.70 cover charge. The Meia Noite charges $1.70 per person cover and a $1.40 minimum. When you order Scotch, a bottle marked with a paper tape is brought to your table. The amount in the bottle is recorded and you are charged with what is missing from the bottle when the waiter takes it back at the end of the evening. Drinks are about 80c. per slug, and—what with one thing and another—your tab should run about $10 per couple. Inciden-

Continued on page 370

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Brazil—Land of Wonderful Nonsense

Continued from page 369

tally when starting off an evening at the Copa, you'll do well to have dinner at the Bife de Ouro grill-room which gives you a good table d'hote dinner to the accompaniment of music for $2.

Other top night spots are the Atlantico at Copacabana and the Casablanca, a small intimate boite at the foot of Sugar Loaf Mountain. All the leading hotels have good bars, and there are many other excellent bars on Rua Do Ouvidor, Rua Gonçalves Dias, Av. Rio Branco and Largo da Carioca in the center of town. The Wonder Bar on the Avenida Atlantica near the Copacabana is a café on the French style with an inviting terrace overlooking the beach.

If you have the eager, seeking look and the springy step of the sight-seer, Rio is your meat. Featuring its magnificent natural setting, the capital city offers splendid excursions to those who want to drive or hike around the hills and mountains surrounding the city. Take the air cable up to the top of Pao de Açucar (Sugar Loaf Mountain). Take the funicular to the top of Corcovado (Hunchback) Mountain, where you'll find the huge statue of Christ the Redeemer overlooking the city. A streetcar ride up the mountain to Santa Teresa and Silvestre is another experience. For that matter, so is any streetcar ride in Rio. You grab onto the pants of a man who is holding onto the belt of a man who has a foothold on the step of the car. Or you ride the coupling between cars or the taillight in the rear. No one ever is able to get inside of a Rio streetcar.

Racing at the Jockey Club in the Gávea section of Rio is your best bet for Saturday and Sunday afternoons. You pay a half dollar to get in and you pick up or drop a bob or two while looking over Rio's smart set at a beautiful track surrounded by mountains. The near-by Gávea golf course is so superb that you'll find yourself lifting your head to look at the scenery. After about the fifth hole—unless you're a character that shoots in the 70's—you'll say the heck with it, toss your clubs aside and stroll around the course, just soaking in the landscape.

On the beach at Copacabana you'll find yourself playing Peteca, which is a sort of badminton doubles played without net or rackets. You use your hand to bat around a leather-covered rubber disc with feathers attached. The idea is to keep the bird from hitting the ground. It's much better than it sounds.

Rio's leading summer resort, for Brazilians, is Petropolis, in the hills about forty miles north of the city. That—and Teresopolis, a little further—is where many wealthy Cariocas go in the summer. At Quitandinha in the mountains on the road to Petropolis is a fabulous ten-million-dollar hotel decorated by New York's Dorothy Draper and featuring a warm-water indoor pool with waterside bar, an outdoor pool floating on an artificial lake, lobby, casino and public rooms à la Hollywood renaissance, and excellent French food. Rates are from $8 single to $10 daily for a suite, dinner at $3. It's a top vacation spot.

What to wear

With an airline luggage allowance of fifty pounds, excess payable through the nose, you'll have to do some scrimping on your wardrobe. Two tropical suits—one dark and one light (the trousers of which can be worn as slacks)—and a sports jacket and slacks are about all you'll be able to get in under the weight limit after you've made allowance for shoes, accessories, and such gadgets as cameras and binoculars as you might want to take along. (By the way, if your camera or binoculars are not of American make, be sure you register them with Customs before you leave the States.) Take along a light gabardine coat to help keep you from freezing in your dark tropical suit on the way to the airport in the States and to serve as a topcoat while you're in Rio. You'll be wearing regular business shoes on the way to the airport in winter, so pack a pair of white or brown-and-white sports shoes.

Evening dress wasn't too much in evidence during the war years, but if you feel like dressing, a lightweight double-breasted dinner jacket is recommended.

A lightweight felt hat is best as you can wear it to the airport and it's definitely the style in Brazil. Brazilians rarely wear hats, but when they do it's usually a lightweight felt. Straws aren't popular.

Brazilians wear white linen a great deal during their summer time, and it might be a good idea to take a white linen suit along if you can cram it into your luggage. Cariocas have a summer uniform for affairs that are not quite formal. It consists of a white linen suit, white collar-attached shirt, black evening tie, black socks and black shoes.

Sports styles are greatly influenced by the States, so sports clothes are pretty much what you'd find at home. Take the usual swimming trunks, a light robe and traveling slippers to double for lounging and the beach.

You'll dress just about as you would for a beach resort during the summer at home. Year round temperatures at Rio range between 68 to 90 degrees Fahrenheit. During their summer season you'll find the mercury generally between 75 and 85. Be sure to bring sunglasses for the beach and for afternoon fishing.

What to eat

Don't worry about struggling with exotic native dishes. All the better restaurants in Rio and vi-

Continued on page 372

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Brazil—Land of Wonderful Nonsense

Continued from page 371

inity serve meals similar to those you're used to in the States and the cooking is as good as you'll find in any world capital. There is plenty of beef, pork, fowl, fish and vegetables. Fruits are varied and so plentiful that they make up the bulk of the diet of the poor people. Bananas and oranges are practically free for the asking.

If you go in for native specialties you'll find plenty to give your palate a workout. There is feijoada, the national dish, made of meat—pork, tongue or beef—black beans and rice cooked separately, seasoned with spices, herbs and other vegetables, and sprinkled with mandioca flour. Carioca chefs are masters at preparing fish as an entrée with rice and vegetables or in a thick chowder. You'll like churrasco, too. It's a grilled filet of beef garnished with roasted mandioca flour.

What to drink

Cariocas don't drink much alcohol, but that doesn't have to stop you. You'll find all the Scotch you can drink at any first-class bar, at prices comparable to what you'd pay at home. Rum and cola drinks are also very popular with the Anglo-American colony, as is the Collins family. Brazilian beer is as good as any you'll find in the world, and it will cost about fifty cents a quart—well iced.

The native firewater is a rum made from sugar cane and known variously as cachaça, pinga or paraty. If you get some that's been around a while it's not bad at all, and it sells at grocery stores for about fifteen to twenty cents a quart! It's illegal to serve it at bars, as the authorities figured that it is so cheap that they'd be forever jimmying the natives loose from bars if they let it be served by the glass. Cut off from his beloved cachaça, José Carioca drinks soft drinks, especially a beverage made from guaraná berries. If it's water you like, you can drink tap water in Rio without fear. It is perfectly safe.

How to be merry

Come to Rio for Carnival! Held during the three days preceding Lent, the Carnival will get under way in 1947 on Sunday, February 16 and blast on through Monday and Tuesday. The entire Carioca population goes into the streets during the holiday, and the city's business life ceases to be for three days. Rio society throws gala parties, costume balls and dances at private homes and in the hotels, but the most fun is in the streets, where the housemaids and laborers dance all day and night and forget about inflation, low wages, high prices and the endless standing in queues that make up so large a part of the Carioca's daily existence. Carnival groups work all year to prepare their costumes and polish up their song and dance routines, and the best Brazilian composers—those who haven't gone commercial—save their prize numbers for Carnival.

What to buy

An inflation of 300% since 1941 has brought Brazilian prices up to a point where they're just what they are in the States. However, you can still buy a number of Brazilian specialties which are better or cheaper than you can get at home. These include precious and semiprecious stones, handmade lingerie, trinkets made of butterfly wings, inlaid trays, boxes and small chessboards, tortoise-shell combs, jewelry and cigarette cases, anything made of snake, lizard, alligator or crocodile skin, native Indian handiwork and pottery. The best buy is a precious or semiprecious stone mined in Brazil. Take it back to the States to be mounted by your local jeweler. Avoid the street-corner perfume peddlers. The bottles are genuine but they are strictly refill jobs.

Where to stay

The hotel situation in Rio is—to be charitable—mediocre. In a city of more than two million population you have about eight habitable hotels. At the time of writing eight new hotels are abuilding in the Rio area, but—Brazilian *schlamperei* and the speculative real estate market being what they are—it will probably be years before they are open for business. Meanwhile you've got to book months in advance to be sure of getting a reservation. And get a confirmation by wire or in writing from the hotel; *get a confirmation*; GET A CONFIRMATION! Otherwise you're likely to find yourself sleeping in the park.

Far and away the best hotel is the Copacabana Palace. This is the one people mean when they speak of the Copacabana or just "The Copa." The porters and most of the clerks speak English. Try to avoid changing your money here. We were clipped for about nine cents to the dollar. Do all you can to get into the Copa, as it gives you far more than most other hotels in town for the same rates. Recently the Copacabana Palace was charging $3 to $10 daily, single, and $5 to $10 daily for a double room with bath, without meals. It's a good idea to check rates with your travel bureau.

Next in our book comes the Gloria, on Russel Beach near the heart of Rio. It is beautifully situated, old-fashioned, well-run and serves excellent food.

The Serrador, downtown, is Rio's newest. It is primarily a commercial hotel, but it is centrally located and quite modern. We'd rate the Copa, the Gloria and the Serrador one, two, three. After that, it's potluck among the Riviera, the Pax, the Palace and the Luxor. The Riviera and the Luxor are on the beach at Copacabana. The Palace is in downtown Rio. It's the oldest hotel in town, but the service is

Continued on page 374

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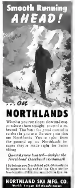

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Brazil—Land of Wonderful Nonsense

Continued from page 373

still excellent The Pax next to the Gloria on Russel Beach in Rio has two things to recommend it its roof garden and bar overlooking the harbor and the airport providing one of the finest vistas in Rio and the telephone numbers scribbled on the walls of its rooms The Pax was taken over by the Navy as an officers' billet during the war and it wasn't until we were on the plane headed home that we figured out the telephone numbers must all speak English

Extra added attraction

On your way back home, take a twenty-four-hour stopover at Belem for a quick view of civilization at the edge of the jungle There's no extra charge for the stopover, and you can catch the same flight the following day On your way up from Rio, you'll land at Belem in the early afternoon There you'll discover a city that features orchids growing from trees along the main street, salamanders in the bathtub tropical insects on the bed monkeys in the back yard boa constrictors in the roof—and the jungle is a ten-minute walk from the heart of town. About the boa constrictors—we didn't believe it either until we checked They are put in the space between the ceiling and the roof to take care of mice and rats They're also useful for keeping away tourists

In your twenty-four hours in Belem you'll go down to the harbor on the Amazon River where hundreds of fishing boats come in with the tide sell their cargoes then wait on their keels in the mud flats for the next tide to float them You'll visit the zoo to view the damnedest collection of snakes and animals seen since Ray Milland found the spare bottle in the chandelier And you'll visit the Bosque, a jungle made into a splendid municipal park Stay at the Hotel Grande—$6 per day with meals—and have a fine French dinner at the Pensao Gures

What it will cost

Brazil once was a tourist's Eden, where you could live like a maharajah for a fraction of what it cost to drag along at home Not any more Under the present inflation you can figure things will cost you about the same Figuring your plane fare and incidentals at $1000, your hotel room at $45 per week, food at $25 per week about another $30 per week for knocking about gifts $100 (that's the most you can bring back to the States duty-free)—we find that the complete cost of your two-week winter vacation in Brazil runs about $1340 A month's visit would cost only $1580, so you can see that a man with more time to spare gets the better deal. It's no poor man's vacation but for one who can afford it—brother, book me a seat to Rio! ###

Continued from page 164

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You Got to Have a Good Lip

Continued from page 178

struggling and yelling out into the kitchen Everybody shook hands with everybody else because they knew that Sonie was getting it, but good

In about a minute and a half, Sonie stepped out of the kitchen flexing the fingers on his right hand. Bronson wasn't really out—his face was just chopped to hamburger by a big seal ring that Sonie wears. After that people hated him as much as ever, but they didn't get rough with him.

I guess that in his own way he was having himself a time. He enjoyed blowing that horn and he enjoyed being a big shot He went around town sneering at people and cutting some of the best records that you can buy—if you like your horns sweet and full and true He cut records with pickup outfits that included the best in the country They all hated him and loved the music he could make In a way it's strange because most good musicians are damn nice people once you get over the idea of expecting them to think and react like we do

It looked for a while as though he was going to ride along through the years, blowing the best horn in the business. He was too smart to try to start his own outfit I guess he knew that he couldn't ever get any of the boys to work for him for longer than a week.

The way it happened, the trouble that took him out of the music business was completely out of character I always figured that if he'd stuck to his specialization, if he'd been one hundred per cent stinker all the time he'd be right up there with the colored spots now!

Wavely, the gal who plays the harp with Sonny Sanders's outfit saw it happen She was walking right behind him and saw this little colored kid on roller skates coming toward Sonie. Just in front of Sonie the kid stumbled and fell and skinned his knees. Most people figure that if Sonie had stayed in character he would have kicked the kid and walked on

Instead, he stooped over and picked the yelling kid up and tried to stand him back up on the skates. Maybe he wanted to see him fall down again. Nobody can figure why he did it

But the kid's dog heard the kid yelling and saw this strange guy with his hands on the kid So the dog jumped at Sonie's face and caught him by the bottom lip. It stripped the lip off like ripping a fungus off a pine tree

Sure the docs built him a new lip using flesh off his upper arm, but you can't blow horns with that kind of lip

If you want to get a look at him I got him a job cooking hamburgers in a joint up the street.

I'd like to tell you he's different That he's all sweetness and light. But he's the nastiest, sourest short-order cook in town ###

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